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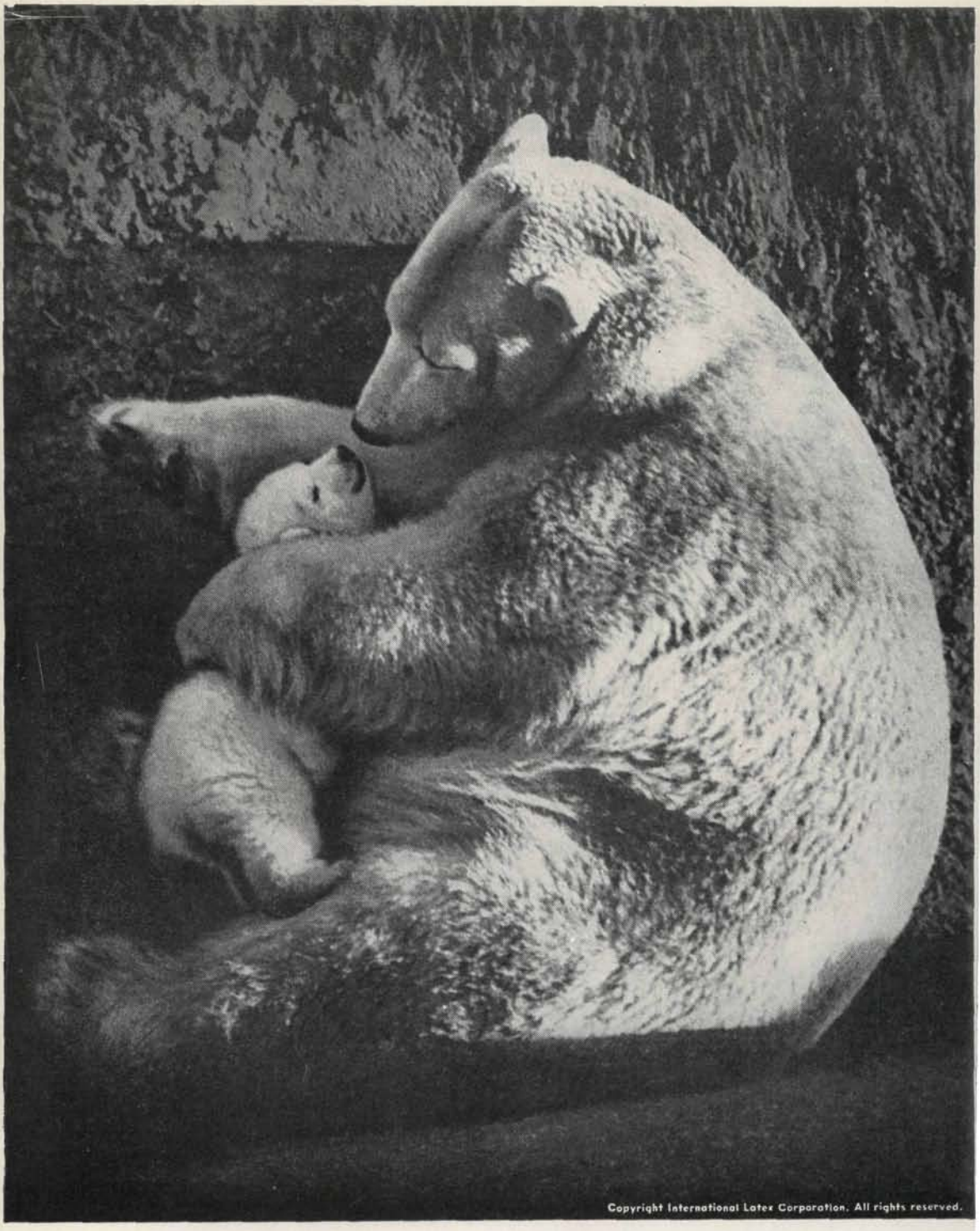

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COMMENTARY

PRODIGAL REPUBLICANS & ECONOMIZING DEMOCRATS

Congressional Inanition

HAROLD LAVINE

ORDINARILY, no one pays much attention to party platforms, and that's fair enough, because, ordinarily, no one is supposed to, not even the candidates themselves. Writing a party platform is simply part of the ritual of a national political convention, and no more meaningful than most of the other antics the delegates perform. True, the delegates will occasionally squabble over a plank or two, and with a great show of passion. The Democrats, who are a particularly boisterous lot, rarely fail to squabble over the plank on civil rights. Once written, however, the platforms are quickly forgotten or steadfastly ignored. And, ordinarily, that's just as well. It certainly was just as well, for example, that Franklin Delano Roosevelt displayed such a monumental talent for ignoring the Democratic platform of 1932, a platform which pledged, among other things, to pare the Federal bureaucracy, cut spending, and balance the budget.

Nevertheless, there was one plank in the Democratic platform of 1956 that did deserve some attention. And this, strangely, was the plank on reciprocal trade. As every red-blooded American school child knows, from the days of Thomas Jefferson on, the Democratic party has always been the party of the low tariff, and it was, in fact, a Democratic Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, who invented the whole reciprocal trade program. In 1956, the Democratic party abandoned this historic low tariff principle, though without quite saying so.

The plank on reciprocal trade did start out by praising the program and pledging to continue to support it vigorously, but, but, but. "Under the present Republican Administration," the Democrats charged, "there has been a most flagrant disregard of . . . important segments of our economy resulting in serious economic injury to hundreds of thousands of Americans. . . . We pledge correction of these conditions."

The paragraph was written into the plank by a curious, and unprecedented, alliance of Southerners and New Englanders, led by Senator John F. Kennedy, of Massachusetts. The chances are that few Americans bothered to read it and that fewer still had even the foggiest notion of what it

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HAROLD LAVINE, who here examines the changing political complexions of Republicans and Democrats on Capitol Hill, has been a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY. The National Affairs editor of *Newsweek*, he was born in New York City in 1915 and is the author of *Fifth Column in America* and co-author, with James A. Wechsler, of *War Propaganda and the United States*. His most recent appearance in COMMENTARY was with "Mr. Eisenhower's Far East Policy" in May 1955.

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meant. It had a very distinct meaning to Kennedy and his friends, however. They were demanding protection for the American textile industry.

The significance of the plank on reciprocal trade lay not only in what it said but even more, perhaps, in the fact that it dramatized a change that has been taking place in the whole political complexion of the country. In recent years, it has become increasingly difficult to tell a Democrat and a Republican apart.

By and large, even the professional politicians themselves, even the members of Congress, are only dimly aware of what has been happening to the complexion of U.S. politics, but they are aware that something has been happening, and it makes them highly uncomfortable. Not long ago, for example, Democratic Representative Eugene McCarthy, of Minnesota, a devout New Dealer, buttonholed a group of his colleagues in the House cloakroom and said, half jesting, but half in earnest: "It's *unbecoming* for Democrats to be economizers. We can't be any more convincing in that guise than a drunk who lectures on the virtues of temperance." Soon after, Republican Senator Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, rose on the Senate floor ("with deepest sorrow") to admit that he, too, felt like a displaced person. "Until quite recently," Goldwater said, "I was personally satisfied that this Administration was providing the responsible and realistic leadership so vital to the maintenance of a strong domestic economy. . . . Now, however, I am not so sure. This [Eisenhower] budget not only shocks me, but it weakens my faith in the constant assurances we have received from this Administration that its aim was to cut spending, balance the budget, reduce the national debt, cut taxes."

Significantly, none of Goldwater's Republican colleagues was present in the Senate when he made his plaintive admission. And that was by prearrangement. None of them wanted to find himself in a position where he might have to defend the administration's budget.

THE discomfiture of Democrat McCarthy and Republican Goldwater is easy to understand. Since the famous First Hundred Days of the first Roosevelt administration, the Democratic party has been the party of spending and taxes. The Republican party had been the party that cried for an end to spending, for a balanced budget, and a cut in taxes. Now, suddenly, Republican Goldwater found a Republican administration proposing the biggest peacetime budget in United States history, while Democrat McCarthy found his Democratic colleagues fretting and fuming about extravagance like so many resuscitated American Liberty Leaguers.

What makes this reversal even more startling is the way the Democrats talk when they talk of cutting the budget. Since the Wilson administration, the Democratic party has consistently been, by far, the more international-minded of the two parties. That may still be true, but the fact nevertheless remains that the Democrats keep talking of cutting foreign aid. In part, this is because they can't see any other way of reducing expenditures, but, in part, it's also because they're no longer quite as sold on foreign aid—and internationalism in general—as they once were.

The Democrats have not turned isolationist, but isolationist sentiment has begun to develop within the party. The sentiment has reached full flower in Senator Herman Talmadge of Georgia, who drove his predecessor, Walter George, onetime chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, into retirement precisely on the issue of foreign aid.

One of the reasons for the changing complexion of the two parties is, naturally, the changing economic complexion of the country. The Democratic party was the party of the low tariff as long as the South was primarily an agricultural region. What happened at the Democratic convention in 1956 was that Jack Kennedy suddenly awakened the Southerners to a realization that the South had become an industrial region, too—with the same interest in protecting the textile industry as New England.

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Actually, when most Americans think of the Democratic party they think of the party of the New Deal. That party was born out of a nation in depression. It was a coalition of the have-nots. Even the Negroes switched to the Democratic banner in 1936 primarily for economic reasons and not because of Eleanor Roosevelt, as many Americans are inclined to believe.

The simple fact of the matter is that the economic conditions which created the New Deal coalition no longer exist. The Democrats may pity the poor farmer, and there are, indeed, quite a few farmers who can barely manage to stay on the land, but they are in the minority. And those who are forced to leave the land have no trouble getting jobs in town, jobs which usually pay them more than they've ever earned before.

There are millions of Americans who don't know what unemployment is. It's something they've heard their parents talk about, but that's all. This is true even among Negro workers, for, in more and more unionized industries at least, Negroes no longer are the last hired and the first fired. In more and more unionized industries at least, Negroes pile up seniority rights, just like anyone else.

Equally important, this has become a nation of homeowners. A clear majority of the American people now own their own homes.

Now the coalition hasn't fallen completely apart, of course. Even in this age of galloping prosperity, there still are millions of have-nots in the United States. And there still are millions more who can remember when they were have-nots. They continue to vote Democratic out of loyalty and out of gratitude and because they conceive of the Democratic party as "the party of the little man."

Even many Republicans conceive of the Democratic party in that way.

Granting this, it still is true that a great many people who became steadfast Democrats back in the depression have drifted away from the party in recent years. And the whole drive within the party for keeping it a party of the New Deal has petered out. There just isn't any economic impetus behind the drive.

THE changing economic complexion of the country is not the only reason for the growing conservatism of the Democratic party. The election of Dwight D. Eisenhower also gave the party a sharp nudge to the right. The whole tone of a party which has lost the White House inevitably is set by the party's Congressional leadership. In the case of the Democratic party, this means that the tone is set by the Senators and representatives from the Southern and border states. New Dealers in the North may bewail the fact, but it remains a fact: no matter how badly the national ticket may do, the Southern and border-state Democrats still manage to get elected to Congress. For that reason, they dominate the Democratic bloc in Congress, and they determine what the Democratic program will be.

Politics is the art of compromise, and, in the long run, the policies of the Democratic party, between national elections, really are determined by the Congressmen from the border states. The Northerners couldn't possibly follow the leadership of a Deep Southerner. The Deep Southerners couldn't accept the leadership of a Northerner. So they settle on a man who is from neither the North nor the South, but from a border state. That is why, right now, both the Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn, and the Majority Leader of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson, are Texans. New Dealers may deplore the kind of leadership that Mister Sam and Senator Johnson have given the Democrats in Congress, but the odds are overwhelming that, if they were to die tomorrow, the Democrats would pick men who hold exactly their views to replace them as Speaker and Majority Leader.

There is a final reason for the growing conservatism of the Democratic party. And this is that it now is the opposition party. Eggheads shuddered when the late Senator Robert A. Taft said that the function of the opposition party was, simply, to oppose,

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but Taft merely stated a fact of life. Politicians must make issues; that's their stock in trade. By adopting much of the Democratic program, Mr. Eisenhower has made it almost impossible for the Democrats to create issues, except by turning conservative. In 1954, the Democrats did run—and win—on the slogan, "Ike needs more Democrats in Congress," but this slogan has worn thin. Why should anyone vote for an Eisenhower Democrat when he can vote for an Eisenhower Republican? Thus have the exigencies of politics forced many Democrats to turn against the very things they once believed in.

MEANWHILE, the Republican party has been undergoing an even stranger metamorphosis. All during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations, Republican policy was dictated by the Midwesterners in both houses of Congress, for they are the dominant group in the GOP on Capitol Hill. Now, President Eisenhower lays down the policy.

Mr. Eisenhower, of course, has never been quite as rock-ribbed in his Republicanism as many of the Midwesterners. And he always has been a good deal more internationalist-minded than most of them. Quite aside from this, four years in the White House have taught Mr. Eisenhower that much of what he once believed about how to run the government simply isn't so. He constantly has found himself forced to pursue policies that he formerly deplored. He originally thought, for example, that he could cut the budget to $60 billion. He finds himself asking for $71.8 billion. Somehow, in spite of all his efforts, Federal expenditures have kept growing.

Mr. Roosevelt had a genius for making a virtue of necessity. When he found that he would have to spend and tax in order to cope with the depression, he decided that there really was nothing objectionable in spending and taxing; that, on the contrary, they would be good for the economy. Mr. Eisenhower, in contrast, is simply unhappy about the whole thing.

The Eisenhower administration is not a Republican administration in any sense that a real old-fashioned Republican like, say, Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio or Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana can understand, and Mr. Eisenhower, therefore, has been forced to invent a name for it. He calls his program "Modern Republicanism." The trouble is, men like Bricker and Jenner can't see the difference between "Modern Republicanism" and the old New Deal. They look at the foreign-aid program, at the roadbuilding program, at such measures as Federal aid to education; and they simply throw up their hands.

And yet, in public, they normally have no choice except to back the President or remain silent, distasteful as that may be. Only rarely can they afford to stand up—as Goldwater did—and criticize him, for, if they made a practice of doing that, they would destroy the Republican party.

The bewilderment, frustration, and bitterness that have overwhelmed the Republicans in Congress can hardly be exaggerated. The day hardly passes when someone in the House or Senate cloakroom doesn't come up with a new, nasty definition of "Modern Republicanism." Sample: "What's a 'Modern Republican'? A New Dealer with clean drawers."

Curiously, this attitude is not confined entirely to old-line Midwestern Republicans. A great many of the so-called Eisenhower Republicans share it.

One reason for this is the clamor back home, particularly from party workers. The people who ring doorbells for the GOP are a pretty fervent group. They really believed the Roosevelt and Truman administrations were driving the country to bankruptcy. They really expected Mr. Eisenhower to cut spending to $60 billion, cut the Federal payroll, cut taxes, and restore a "sound dollar." They want to know what's going on. And the Eisenhower Republicans simply can't tell them.

The result of all this is that Congress has become a band of milling men, with no idea of where they're going or what they'll do when they get there. The Republicans at

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least have a program, handed down from the White House, but it's a program they find distasteful. They'll vote for it—if Mr. Eisenhower really puts the heat on them—for they'll have no alternative; but they'll hate themselves for doing so. The Democrats, to their utter consternation, don't even have a program, except: cut taxes. This may be popular with the voters. The Democrats certainly hope so; but more than one Democrat feels just as uncomfortable as Representative McCarthy: "It's *unbecoming* for Democrats to be economizers."

Harry S. Truman called the 80th Congress a "do-nothing Congress." Compared with this Congress, the 80th probably will go down in history as a monumental example of legislative zeal. For, without leadership and without a sense of direction, the 85th Congress is completely incapable of any real accomplishment—except, probably, a cut in taxes. Early in the session, it looked as though a civil rights bill might be passed. The outlook for such a bill now is dim. At one time, during the Hungarian revolt, Congress got excited enough to start talking about revision of the immigration laws. Hungary has been forgotten. The movement to revise the Taft-Hartley law is dead; the movement to extend the minimum-wage law is even deader. The program of aid to depressed areas and the public housing and slum clearance program never had a chance. The school-aid program is dying.

Theoretically, with the exception of the civil rights bill, all these are measures which Democrats could be expected to favor. And the Democrats are in control of both houses of Congress. Actually, much as the idea may displease some New Dealers, most of the Democrats on Capitol Hill no longer give a tinker's dam about them, no matter how they may talk in public. The measures all were proposed by Mr. Eisenhower. Theoretically, at least a majority of the Republicans should favor them. Actually, no matter how they may talk in public, the Republicans can't understand what has gotten into the President.

For the Democrats no longer are New Dealers. As for the Republicans, they don't know what they are.

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THE PEASANT CAESAR

Hitler's Union of German Imperialism and Eastern Reaction

SOLOMON F. BLOOM

THE world, it seems, had rather forget about Hitler. The subject suits nobody. We all have good reason to foreshorten him in one way and magnify him in another, to write him down as a unicellular worm or a complex monster, and so be done with him. His victims have a natural aversion to reducing their wrath to analysis. Western scholars are not at home with *outré* phenomena.

It is hard to say which is a greater impediment to the understanding of a historical figure: to regard him as ordinary and therefore self-evident, or as *sui generis* and therefore inexplicable. The historians stand on better ground, but they have a predilection for antecedents—Frederick the Great, Nietzsche, Gobineau, Bismarck—and their search has not been strikingly fruitful. However you turn them, Frederick, Nietzsche, Bismarck, *et al.* were not proto-Nazis.

The generals and politicians who as eyewitnesses and associates had the best opportunity to gather and give evidence on Hitler have been more concerned to excuse themselves for ever having had that opportunity than to exploit it to round out the world's understanding of him. Dozens of leading men in the professional, economic, and political life of Germany worked long and closely with Hitler; not a single one of them has produced a convincing portrait of him. If only they could have felt that in touching Hitler they did not touch Germany, or themselves!

German refugee scholars, as well as those who remained at home, have hesitated to tackle the most spectacular subject of their time. This is understandable but unfortunate. The result has been that the image of Hitler, in the democracies at any rate, remains a thing of patches: half-demagogue, half-doctrinaire; or half-militarist, half-monster; half-strategist, half-fanatic; half-nationalist, half-rootless condottiere; or half-bohemian, half-provincial.

The facets are varied, and most of them reflect a part of the truth. Taken together, however, they are incoherent. How often do we hear it said of Hitler: up to this point his aims and deeds are explicable, but beyond. . . ? The points vary with different observers, but for most of them there is an incomprehensible beyond.

The question arises, however, whether Hitler's aims and his deeds did not exhibit sufficient consistency to suggest a pattern. Was there not method as well as madness in him? We cannot take refuge in the "extraordinary personality." Personality is the style of the man. And the style of a man, like the style of a writer, is his way of arranging and expressing his content. It is, when we are in the presence of an authentic personality, a distinctive coherence between manner and content. Granted that a personality is unusual, many of the elements of his thought and action generally are representative of his time and place. And if they are, we may trace them to their source with a certain confidence.

It is true that with Hitler we are dealing with a congenital and professed liar. He behaved like a man with a "secret." He did not share his intentions fully with his most intimate associates. He was no man to give anyone a weapon against himself. "Nobody," he boasted, "can use a letter in my own hand against me." Letters are the most

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THIS interpretation of Hitler's character and mentality is one of several articles SOLOMON F. BLOOM has contributed to our pages on Nazis and Nazism; the most recent were "The Myth of the German General Staff" (September 1954) and "Nazism on the Assembly Line" (October 1955). Mr. Bloom, who is professor of history at Brooklyn College, is now preparing for publication by Harcourt, Brace a major study of the common forces that have shaped American and European history since the 18th century.

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self-revealing documents. But complete dissimulation is one of the most exigent of arts. There are few men who, if they keep on talking long enough, do not end by giving themselves away. Then there are deeds; if a man's deeds fall into a pattern that matches that of his implicit intentions, the inner self and will of the rankest hypocrite are exposed to view.

Many are the words of Hitler that match his deeds with a startling appositeness.

WHAT, then, was Hitler? Was he Konrad Heiden's "armed bohemian," Hermann Rauschning's nihilist, a typical nationalist and racist, a fanatic, or a self-taught petty bourgeois? Hitler himself would have us believe that he was a man with the soul of an artist, a man of "ideas," who had chosen the life of action reluctantly and in obedience to an ineluctable destiny and task. How many times did he not "threaten" to abandon politics for art or architecture; how many times did he not say that had it not been for Germany's need of him he would have become the great architect and city planner of his age!

Hitler led what is vulgarly regarded, by many insiders as well as outsiders, as a bohemian life. He reveled in interminable discussions and monologues on "interesting" subjects; he got to bed in the early hours of the morning and rose late; he was unathletic and usually sluggish; he hated all regular work and all systematic, continuous, serious application. He needed constant distraction, and his amusements were banal: mostly movies, the same Wagnerian operas repeated indefinitely, sweet pastry, and petting.

Insofar as he contemned established notabilities—professional generals, respectable statesmen, aristocratic diplomats, and pedigreed bureaucrats—he was indeed a rebel. But he belonged to that familiar variety of rebel that craves to elbow those above him out of their places but not abolish the places themselves. In essence, he was a thoroughly absorbed, even possessed, *politician*. The finer bohemian values—freedom, spontaneity, individuality, and the renunciation of worldly advantage—meant nothing to him.

Hitler posed as a "thinker." He was indeed a "thinker" of sorts, a curbstone or rather beer-hall "philosopher." Was there a subject on which he did not have a decided and "original" or at least shocking opinion? The range was vast and would bespeak an encyclopedic mind were not the mind itself so shoddy. His opinionatedness reveals the self- and semi-educated man, who was content to pick up his information and views, which included startling bits of esoteric lore, from the popular press, the movies, and especially from conversation and argument with kindred spirits. He had the retentive memory of the man who feels that almost everything he knows is somehow his own private discovery.

Hitler has been most often classified socially with the petty bourgeoisie. The classification is justified in a mildly genetic sense. His father, Alois Hitler, was, true enough, a salaried customs guard, and he was living on a government pension when his son Adolf was growing up. Alois came of peasant stock on both sides, as did Adolf's mother: Alois always retained a connection with the land, inheriting a parcel here, trying to buy a parcel there; and when he retired it was to live and work on a farm. The restricted outlook of both father and son, and their simultaneous envy of the superior classes and disdain for the inferior masses—for people who worked with their hands—strengthens the case for calling them petty bourgeois. But while Alois belonged, at any rate, to a definite class by virtue of his official post and of his place in the social scheme, Adolf belonged, strictly speaking, to no class. He refused to follow in his father's footsteps and become a petty official or white-collar worker. He possessed neither the ambition nor the industry to achieve a conventional calling or position. He kept looking for "a good thing" which would not require regular or routine work. This was the main reason for his early failure in Vienna.

As in so many cases, the exalted but vague hankering after "art" covered a lack of will and self-discipline. He did have a gift, in his vocal organs—and a passion for using them. It was principally these organs, with their strangely steely and harsh commanding ring, that secured him his first regular job, as a propagandist and agitator for the German army in 1919. He was then thirty years old.

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It is clear that Hitler was not "standard." We cannot infer his attitudes and ideas from his social position or ambitions, his way of living, or his image of himself. To get at his mentality, we must watch it unfolding in his decisions and deeds, in *Mein Kampf*, in his myriad speeches, and in informal and unguarded remarks. In his last years he unbuttoned himself to his intimate circle in interminable after-dinner *causerie*, which was duly recorded for posterity by secretaries and edited by associates in the *Tischgespräche* (Bonn, 1952).* As one winnows this vast mass—a sad chaffy and gritty mass—three features emerge.

For the most important of these it is difficult to find an apt expression. I shall call it *literalness*. Hitler was unable to grasp any meaning except in its literal sense. He lacked that capacity for perceiving nuance and shading which marks the cultivated man. He lacked the feeling for metaphor and the figurative without which only the most palpable phenomena can be perceived. Hitler's mind was the opposite of the poetic. What was generalization or approximation to others was inflexible law to him. That politics and diplomacy are often fed by half-truths and untruths; that force plays a large role in domestic and international success; that peoples may be distinguished by differences of culture or skill, are considerations that are usually subjected to discount and modification in judging particular cases. Hitler's mind translated them into the propositions that all politicians are, and ought to be, *nothing but* barefaced liars; that success in international affairs is based on *nothing but* force and cunning; and that, while a few peoples are creative, all others are not only inferior to them but hardly distinguishable from animals.

The literal quality of Hitler's mind was revealed in his view of nature, of technology, and, above all, of evolution.

Nature was to him the supreme law. He conceived natural law with abecedarian simplicity. There is a passage in the *Tischgespräche* in which he holds forth on airplane construction and shipbuilding. Nature, he lays down, has anticipated everything, and it is therefore always best to follow her. But one must be sure to read her verbatim. In the process of walking, for example, nature has anticipated the wheel. If you ignore the rim and look at the spokes, you will see that rolling is only another way of walking! The fact that the circular principle is more important than the spoke —the first wheels had no spokes—eludes him. Again, the principle of the lighter-than-air craft is wrong. He would not trust himself in a Zeppelin. For nature has endowed no bird with a bladder for the purpose of flying, as she has fish for rising and descending in the water. The future belongs to the air, for birds are "one degree ahead of flying fish, which itself is higher than the ordinary fish." [Speaking of fish, modern ships are built wrong. They are pointed fore, bulge aft, and propel themselves from the rear. They should be constructed like fish, rounded fore—in order to reduce the pressure (for the same reason, spades should be round, not pointed)—and should be driven by side "fins." But the rudder seems to be all right, because fish have rudders.]

Hitler was a "scientist." There is hardly a word that was oftener on his lips than *Wissenschaft*. *Wissenschaft* did not mean to him a special application of rational culture, the by-product of a free-ranging imagination coupled with a disciplined outlook on the world. "Science does not claim to know the essence of things." "As for the *why* of these [natural] laws we shall never know anything about it. A thing is so, and our understanding cannot conceive of other schemes." Yet his faith in "laws" was absolute. Science meant to him statistics, technology, and even a kind of magic. He would reel off, on the least provocation and to the dismay of his hearers, miles of statistics—statistics of population, of inhabitants per square mile, of ball bearings, of motor fuel consumption, of railroad mileage, and, of course, of military potentials, weapons, and logistics. "I'm mad on technique," he exclaimed.

The machine was the contrivance of an ingenious deity whose logic was impenetrable and less interesting than its effects. He worshipped technology, much as certain primitive peasants worship the first tractor they see, as a powerful beast concealing an enor-

*Reviewed in COMMENTARY in "What Manner of Man Was Hitler?" by Francis Golffing (February 1953).

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mously clever and mysterious spirit somewhere within it. Hitler was persuaded that to establish astronomical laboratories in every sizable town would be the best means of putting an end to Christianity, the priesthood, and all "cerebral aberrations" of a religious kind. In order to predict the weather, "we need . . . men gifted with a sixth sense, who live in nature and with nature—whether or not they know anything about isotherms and isobars." The weather prophet "might be a man who has never set foot outside his own village, but who understands the flight of midges and swallows, who can read the signs, who feels the wind, to whom the movements of the sky are familiar. . . .The good fellow would be excused from making written reports, and he would even be authorized to express himself in his own dialect. . . .It is known that in every region there are such beings, for whom the weather has no secrets."

The obverse of this faith was the rejection of "intellectuals," "thinkers," and "theoreticians." "I regard everything that comes from a theoretician as null and void," he laid down in his latest, and most dogmatic and pompous, phase. Hence his preference for engineers, mechanics, inventors, and organizers. Hence his faith, to the end, in secret weapons, in a *deus ex machina* that would at the last moment bring his many enemies to their knees in a stunning triumph.

How Hitler read the law of nature was shown strikingly in his view of evolution. In the hands of other Darwinians, the translation of evolution from the biological to the social realm always implied some qualification or attenuation of meaning. The struggle of human beings or classes, the rivalry of ideas or institutions, and the clash of nations bore a largely figurative resemblance to the "struggle for existence." For Hitler, however, the resemblance was literal.

His argument for exterminating "abnormal" individuals was that "animals who live in a social state have their outlaws. They reject them." He had seen a movie of wild horses in Tibet. They were running after their lead horse. (Incidentally, Hitler picked up much of his "science" and even politics from the screen. As an "artist," he felt there was a superior virtue in visual information. Having once seen the film *The Grapes of Wrath,* he concluded that most Americans were rootless and nomadic.) "Every community of living creatures," he commented, "which wishes to prevail behaves like the wild horses. When there is no bellwether, the community dissolves, it is even atomized, and everything is at an end. That is why monkeys, for example, trample to death outsiders, as alien to the community. And what is true of monkeys must be even truer of men."

He regarded the Jewish question in the same light. To justify killing Jews he asked, "Whose fault is it when a cat kills a mouse?" He could not account to himself why the Jews had survived over the centuries unless he could bring himself to believe that they possessed superior powers of physical endurance. He proceeded to do so. He never had any trouble believing whatever was necessary for his logic or his purposes. He asserted repeatedly in his *Tischgespräche* that the Jews could withstand any climate: *"Der Jude ist der klimafesteste Mensch der Erde."* It followed that it was particularly difficult to destroy them. Siberia might kill others, but it would only harden them. But that meant merely that one must make a greater effort! No conclusion stumped him. Nor did any conclusion, however extraordinary, suggest to him that he might have another look at his premise or make doubly sure of his "facts." (This quality of drastic logic is but feebly conveyed by the term "literalness.")

The premise, then, of Hitler's racial politics was a simple equation of the human with the animal kingdom. Mankind was divided into races as sharply distinguished from each other as the various animal species. The races were arranged in a similar hierarchy. Each race had a special characteristic or bent. To cross them was to go counter to nature and instinct. The discussion of *"Volk und Rasse"* in *Mein Kampf* opens with arguments from the animal kingdom. The human races, like so many different species, have distinguished themselves by the rawest evolutionary struggle, a war of competition, destruction, and suppression in which the strongest and most brutal survived and dominated. Physical strife was still the law of human intercourse.

The solution of international problems was conceived in the terms of animal hus-

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bandry. The eugenics of the race and the family was the eugenics of the barnyard and stall. It is of more than passing significance that Hitler's principal coadjutors in racial matters were trained agronomists and animal breeders by profession. Heinrich Himmler had been a chicken farmer and Walther Darré had raised rabbits. They had been the party's original agrarian experts, and as rulers they brought to bear the methods of animal breeding upon the problems of imperial control and aristocratic leadership. This was for them, as for Hitler, the last word in "science." Their conclusions are familiar to all. The colored races were to be subjugated and segregated to prevent the "contamination" of the white race. Within that race, the non-Nordics and particularly the Slavs were to be similarly segregated. As their number was too high to permit of easy domination, they must be decimated. The Jews, and other "races" such as the Gypsies, were ruinous to the blood of Aryans and must be exterminated.

Since the higher races were already corrupted, they must be purified. The unfit or the half-breeds must be carefully weeded out in order to create a natural aristocracy. The unfit were those who were physically weak, mentally ill, or endowed with sensitivity. They were to be done to death or at least sterilized. The aristocracy was to be recruited, blood-wise, from the "purer" groups, which, in general, meant the peasantry. Hitler and his agronomists felt that the urban population, and the upper classes with it, had run down biologically, and that the peasants were the last reserve of healthy blood. "Just as we have again produced the old Hanover type of horse from sires and dams who had little of the old purity left," wrote Darré, "so we shall again, in the course of generations, breed the pure type of the Nordic German by means of recessive breeding. . . . We shall in the first instance make use of the peasantry. . . ."

THE new aristocracy would distinguish itself from the mass of Germans as fiercer beasts distinguish themselves from domesticated animals. "A violently active, dominating, intrepid, brutal youth—that is what I am after," Hitler informed Rauschning. "There must be no weakness or tenderness in it. I want to see once more in its eyes the gleam of pride and independence of the beast of prey."

It becomes clear why he eventually made, indeed why he had inevitably to make the statement that Germans have held so much against him: "In this too I am steel-hard [*eiskalt*]: If the German people is not ready to stake everything for its survival, all right, then let it perish [*verschwinden*]. . . . If I should go under, let the German nation also go under, for it has not proved worthy of me."

It is difficult to imagine Napoleon or Frederick II making a remark of this sort. Yet such utterances did not spring from megalomania alone. Megalomania grew on Hitler—this statement was made long after his accession to power and during the war—but the implicit distorted evolutionary thinking was with him always. When the Allied armies invaded Germany, Hitler gave the order to destroy the factories, utilities, power plants, bridges, and rails in their path. To those who protested that this would do more harm to his country in the future than to the enemy in the present, he replied, *eiskalt*: "If the war should be lost, then the nation, too, will be lost. That would be the nation's unalterable fate. There is no need to continue to live a primitive life. On the contrary, it is better ourselves to destroy such things, for this nation will have proved itself the weaker and the future will belong exclusively to the stronger Eastern nation [the Russians!]. Those who remain alive after the battles are over are in any case only inferior persons, since the best have fallen."

This is what General Heinz Guderian reports. But whether the words are accurate, whether they were spoken in anger, whether they are put together in such a way as to exculpate Guderian himself and others like him, this is not the place to decide. Their substance, however, is consistent with Hitler's view of other nations and civilizations. It flowed quite simply, and "unalterably," as he would have said, from his view of the law of nature. Defeat would be the ineluctable verdict of nature on the inferiority of the Germans. They would have been judged as unfit to prevail. Hitler condemned whole races to death with the utmost equanimity; why not the Germans to economic inferiority? *He was not committed to the human*

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race! Was that what he meant with his remark: "Plainly I belong by nature to another species"? To anyone else, that Germany had "lost" the war might mean that she had forfeited her claim to international leadership and material greatness. To Hitler it meant quite simply that she had forfeited her right to anything more than a nominal, physical existence. Henceforth she should not have railways and bridges and factories; her inhabitants would be lucky to be allowed to scratch the soil, raise cattle, and scrounge for wild fruit. It was Hitler, and not his enemies, who *seriously* believed that Germany not only should become "pastoralized," but deserved to be. That is what failure means in Darwin's, or rather Hitler's, jungle.

Hitler did not grasp the doctrine of evolution; rather, it grasped him.

HITLER'S chief psychological trait was an obsession with cunning. He read the history of civilization as a triumph of craft. The advances and inventions that raised man above the animals boiled down to a string of "tricks and ruses" by which the highest races circumvented and exploited nature, the animal world, and the inferior races. Further progress rested similarly upon the strategic enslavement of men. International success began and ended with wile. Hermann Rauschning suggested to Hitler that two could play at that game. "Trickery invited counter-trickery: 'Maybe,' replied Hitler, 'but anyhow I get there first.'" Hitler's opponents were all foxes, but he would outfox them. If the Marxists have discovered the means of enticing the masses, he has discovered their discovery and will beat them at their own game. If the British have built an empire by the crafty exercise of violence, Hitler, alone of all their rivals, has penetrated their mystery and will turn their own methods against them. The Jews have used the theory of the "chosen people," and have drawn strength from their very dispersion. He would do the same: he would raise the Germans to be an elect people and use the ethnic Germans in all parts of the world to second his aims. The simulation of "socialism" on a larger scale; the duplication of a more compact and extensive British empire; the facsimile of the "Elders of Zion" in an even cleverer form—that is the "New Order." Hitler was the "hick" who outsmarted the city "slickers." His "idea" was a composite counterfeit of the "secrets" of his enemies and rivals.

If the psychology was crafty and the mentality literal, the content was splashed with predilections and images stemming from the village and the small town. Bucolic pictures spring spontaneously to Hitler's mind. When he wished to say that community was not based on natural instincts and that only force created society, he was reminded that when, in his native haunts, the farm boys and servants met at the local inn they always got to quarreling and fighting with knives. They were welded into a "society only when the gendarmes came on the scene." To justify sexual intercourse and childbearing out of wedlock, he recalled that in his rural Austria no peasant would marry a woman who had not already proved fertile and capable of giving birth to healthy children.

Through Hitler's speeches and writings there runs a strong undercurrent of antagonism to urban and cosmopolitan civilization. He was for some years a derelict in the great city of Vienna; he never became a confident citizen of it. He always extolled the countrified Munichs and Linzes, the Weimars and Bayreuths above the Viennas and Berlins. Even in his days of power, he preferred his country retreats to the German capital. In former centuries, he remarked, the towns were centers of culture and art, but the modern city was merely an accidental place of temporary settlement.

His speeches abound with diatribes against cities: "The bigger a town is the more it is tempted to play the role of metropolis . . . and try to grab everything for itself." The city was to him the seat of "decadent bohemianism," "the personification of incest," the focus of the infection of syphilis. (Hitler was obsessed with the unappetizing aspects of sex.) The city was the breeding ground of the plagues of modern society, particularly of the miseries of the proletariat. "In the country there was no social question, as the master and the servant did the same work, and, above all, they ate out of the same dish." A nation, he shouted, can exist without cities, but not without peasants. The cities themselves are replenished with country blood. The peasant "may be primitive but he is healthy." He is a sound heathen,

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while the bohemian only pretends to heathenism.

Behind his attack on Marxism there lurked this animus against urban-centered civilization. In the *Communist Manifesto,* as elsewhere in his writings, Karl Marx expressed a deep contempt for peasant life. He rejected it as isolating, primitive, and brutalizing. To erase the distinctions between rural and urban life, or rather to immolate the village in urbanism, was one of the principal objects of his program. In this aim he expressed, in rather extreme fashion, a traditional attitude that reached back to antiquity through the Renaissance.

Hitler voiced the defiant retort of the peasant: "Just as liberalism and Marxism denied the peasant, so did the National Socialist Revolution consciously confess him as the surest support of the present and the only guarantee of the future. . . . So long as a nation can rely upon a powerful peasantry, it will constantly derive new strength from this class. Believe me, the resurgence which we have just lived through would not have been possible if part of the people in the countryside had not always been in favor of our movement. It would have been impossible in the cities alone to conquer those starting points which have given us the sanction of legality in our actions."

Whenever Hitler compares them, the city-dweller comes off worse than the small-townsman and usually much worse than the peasant. The city-dweller is unstable and vain. He is likely to "hurl" himself "frantically upon everything new." The peasantry is happily immune to the ideological aberrations of city folk. It is "the solid backbone of the nation, for husbandry is the most chancy occupation on earth. What, think you, would happen if the work of a city worker or an official depended on chance? Work on the land is a schooling which teaches energy, self-confidence, and a readiness to make swift decisions; the town-dweller, on the contrary, must have everything exactly mapped out for him, and does all he can to eliminate the slightest chance of any risk. . . ."

His personal predilections were clear. "By God! how right the peasant is to put his trust solely in the earth! What's the use of talking about scenic beauty, when the earth is oozing with wealth!" He explained the spirit in which he made war as "that of a peasant whose property is attacked and who leaps to arms to defend his patrimony." His strategy is prehensile. He praised a soldier who asked him to hold on to the Atlantic Wall: ". . . it shows that a man hates to abandon a place on which he has worked so hard." Instances abound of his refusal to give up Russian territory once gained, regardless of military necessities.

This preference for the rural was reflected in Hitler's view of the state and the empire. The basis of his state was essentially territorial. The best guarantee of its defense, and the best basis for its own attacks, were to be found in physical amplitude. Much land held the promise of stability through the growth of a large peasantry. "A solid stock of small and medium peasants was at all times the best protection against social ills as we have them today. This is also the only solution that allows a nation to find its daily bread in the inner circle of its domestic economy. Industry and trade step back from their unwholesome leading positions into the general frame of a national economy of balanced demand and supply."

While the farther ambitions of the "Thousand Year Reich" were industrial and colonial in character, the core of that empire was to be agrarian. Greater Germany would extend over Central Europe, the Balkans, and most of European Russia, if not all of it. This vast region would become the reservoir of food, oil, industrial resources, peasant blood for the new "aristocracy," manpower, and trained military forces for the control of Western Europe, as well as of overseas colonies. The empire would be organized by a division of functions. Germany proper would monopolize industrial, hence military production. The rest would become a semi-feudal preserve. The indigenous population, principally Slavs, would be decapitated: their articulate classes, professional men, and the propertied and middle classes, indeed their whole urban population, would be put out of the way—by methods that have become too familiar to bear recounting. Only the villagers would remain. They were peasants, hence "healthier" than townsfolk, but peasants of a lesser race, and hence of inferior blood. Indeed the whole racial theory of Hitler may be reduced to a hierarchy

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of peasant bloodstreams. The Slavs would be reduced, in numbers, in fecundity, and in possibility of resistance, to a safe and convenient level. They would become the permanent slaves—or, if you will, serfs, without, however, the rights of medieval serfs—of large-scale farmers recruited from the surplus population of Germany.

The Slavs must be taught just enough German to make it impossible for them to pretend that they cannot follow the commands of their masters, but not a word more, or they will give themselves airs. None of Tolstoy's clever Lavrushkas for Hitler. Education was not for the Slavs or for any other subject people. Particularly must they not be taught the history of their countries; it might remind them of better and prouder days, and suggest that things might be different again. Let the slaves, however, have all the music they want; the radio would play all day; especially dance and light music; the "people" love to listen to music. "For cheerful music promotes joy in work. And it would be a desirable thing generally, as we learned from our experiences under the Weimar Republic, that the people should dance a lot."

Above the layer of well-endowed German farmers, a smaller layer, an agrarian and military elite, would live in superior biologic purity—tall and blue-eyed blond mating only with, though not necessarily marrying, blue-eyed and tall blond—and in military omnipotence, its homes half-palace, half-castle. This was a streamlined version of the old Teutonic Knights who had lived in fortified settlements among the Slavs of Prussia and the Baltic regions. The modern knights would be supplied with the most effective instruments of destruction. They would speed in armored splendor over a vast network of "Roman" *Autobahnen* reaching to the utmost corners of their realm. Revolts would be unthinkable.

LAND- and peasant-mindedness, cunning, and literalness—these were the attributes of Hitler's mind. They do not add up to a complete portrait. To finish it one would have to describe Hitler's sinuous opportunism when out of power and his intransigence when in power, his brutality and tenacity, his insight into political psychology and propaganda, his oratorical energies, and his quality of obsession and hypnosis. Nor do the traits that we have sketched go far to explain the rise of Nazism, however much they may explain of its denouement. They do not account fully for Hitler's policy during his first years in office, when his power was hedged by severe domestic and international limits.

Hitler's freedom of action expanded as his hold on power stiffened. His personal intervention, notably in foreign and military affairs, became increasingly significant and at last all-determining. His mind and purpose grew in fulfillment. That is why the late Hitler was so much like the early Hitler, and why the *Tischgespräche* are so redolent of his early images, impressions, and ambitions. The enduring pattern of his mind stamped itself increasingly upon the course of events, particularly during the war. And if we keep that pattern in view, we may at last penetrate some of the more paradoxical and "incomprehensible" features of his policy: the exterminations, the failure to arrange a compromise either with the East or with the West; the contortions, and at the same time the essential rigidity and obstinacy, of his diplomacy and his strategy.

Hitler's literal reading of evolutionary law, combined with his brutality, account for the immolation of whole peoples and the criminal "experiments" with individuals. The extermination of the Jews and other groups cannot be put down merely to political opportunism or to the search for scapegoats. The exterminations were begun in 1942, when the Jews had exhausted their role as scapegoats, and they gathered in intensity and volume as the fortunes of the war turned against Germany. Hitler was determined to snatch a "racial" victory from the jaws of military defeat, feeling, quite correctly, that he could commit under the cover of war mass murders that would be difficult, if not impossible, in peace. War was, to him, the great racial revolution. It exalted the strong, and devoured the weak.

It has often been argued that he could have made good his conquest of Western Russia by coming to terms with the Ukrainians. This was certainly common sense, but his territorial plans and his hopes for a refreshed German peasantry and nobility made a compromise impossible, since they required the decimation and abasement of the Slavs.

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The nationality policy of the Third Reich in Russia was not a "mistake" of judgment or tactics; it followed "unalterably" from Hitler's purpose and methods.

Finally, his reliance on cunning explains how he deceived, and eventually antagonized, the great powers. On his theory that diplomacy was mere deception, he could not believe that the British would enter the war in 1939 or that, having entered it, they would fight seriously. If they did, the war would spread to two fronts, and the two-front war was the principal score on which he attacked, and mocked endlessly, the former imperial regime of Germany. The British called his bluff instead of countering it with another, as they were expected to do.

SUCH were the consequences of Hitler's outlook. What was its inspiration and source, where its local habitation?

Was it Germany? Certainly Hitlerism found a powerful echo in German traditions, institutions, and movements. Hitler's literalness met its more sophisticated foster brothers in German pedantry, narrow specialization, and blinkered expertise. Led by the primitivist doctrinaire, technologists and "scientists" who could not detect, with their finest instruments, the difference between vivisection and murder, between experiment and crime, produced the most dreadful holocaust in history. Hitler's chicanery appealed to a people that for two generations had worshipped a Bismarck. Diplomatic deception fertilized the old military machine and the professional General Staff and drove them to achieve remarkable if inconclusive victories. Hitler's insistence on territorial power struck a sensitive chord in the heart of the Junkers. His bent for the natural, the rustic, and the pagan reinforced the romantic youth ideologies and movements that abounded in Germany: the hikers, the solstice-celebrants, the Nordic and nudist enthusiasts, the sex orgiasts. Without these passions, without the Prussian instruments, without the invertebracy of the ubiquitous German expert, Hitlerism could not have got very far. Germany, and not Hitler, is responsible for the *success* of Hitlerism.

Yet there is a great difference between Hitlerism and Prussianism. The combination of Junkerdom, militarism, and efficiency which was Prussianism, was ambivalent. Prussianism was Janus-faced. It tried to make the best of two worlds, the old world of Eastern territorial power, aristocracy, and privilege, and the Western world of science, industry, and maritime empire. The Prussian tradition was Protestant and Hitler was a pagan who thought Roman Catholic methods and institutions superior to those of Protestantism. Prussian conservatism appealed to Germanic, as opposed to Roman, traditions, and, like some Western conservatisms, was based on admiration of the medieval. But Hitler, as the years passed, harked back more and more to classical models, particularly that of Roman imperialism, and tended more and more to consider the early Germans, as the Romans themselves did, unkempt and brawling barbarians. And the whole Christian Era, until the rise of despots after his own heart, like Frederick II, he regarded as the most degraded in human experience: "an era of 'bloodlust, ignominy, lies.'" Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, and their ilk were all native Germans, and topped Hitler in their special departments. Goering was a more unscrupulous opportunist, Goebbels a more determined "nihilist" and "permanent revolutionist," and Himmler a more efficient organizer and spectator of millioned crime. Yet can we imagine any of them providing the rationale and the driving force of their movement? They were mere Nazis; the Austrian corporal was the supreme Hitlerist.

It is interesting to notice that Hitlerism made a stronger appeal in Southern Germany, particularly in Bavaria and eventually across the border in Austria, than in the more industrial and Prussian areas to the west and the north. But Hitler's rise to supreme power owed little to the force of his ideas. He presented them in such an exaggerated and contradictory fashion that they were largely discounted. The more they were understood, the more incredible they seemed. His rise was due, at first, to the miseries and confusions of the economic depression. That he won power was due more directly, and above all, to the political irresponsibility, moral dullness, and intellectual bankruptcy of German conservatism, of the traditional German ruling class.

It must never be forgotten that Hitler did not seize power. It was presented to him by

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the military Hindenburgs, the aristocratic von Papens, the arch-monarchical Hugenbergs, and the industrial and monopolistic von Thyssens. From the mid-19th century onward, German conservatives (as the Japanese conservatives later) snatched at the tools and political forms of the West but were careful to reject its culture and political principles. By fighting liberalism without cease, they deprived themselves of a barometer and a good sense which from the first would have warned them of the real danger and evil of Hitlerism. (It is worth noticing that the conservative conspirators who plotted the assassination of Hitler on July 20, 1944, appealed to Christianity for spiritual sanction of their "act of treason" in a final effort to avoid commitment to liberal principles.)

In the end, the armor of the conservatives turned out to be mere brass. They looked upon the union with Hitler, whom they made Chancellor in a cabinet conservative in its majority, as a clever marriage of convenience in which they would naturally play the dominant male. They became instead the passive bride upon whom Hitler fathered the monster we know. To this day, most German conservatives have refused, in defiance of the facts, to acknowledge the offspring. Yet it is as much theirs as it is Hitler's—indeed more so, since it was they who owned and made the bed upon which they coupled with the Devil.

But if the character and actions of German conservatism account for the triumph and potency of Hitlerism, they do not account for all its policies and conclusions. Hitler was not a product of the industrial world over which the German conservatives presided. His literal mentality, his emphasis on peasant blood and crafty imitation, and his excessive concern with territorial expansion place him closer in spirit to the village and the small town than to the industrial cosmopolis.

Hitler's descent and upbringing, his tradition and environment, suggest the principal source of his motives and ideas. It is well to keep in mind that he was eighteen years old when he left his native rural region of Upper Austria for the larger scene of Vienna. He was already a grown, not to say a finished, man—as Rudolf Olden properly insists—and not the wide-eyed romantic boy of Nazi hagiology. Psychologists and novelists assure us that eighteen years is a respectable age for the formation of character. Hitler was distinctly not one of those people, rare in all events, who "grow" with their work, with their responsibilities, or with their years. He was, rather, mulish and self-absorbed, in the end as in the beginning. He lived and went to school in a succession of villages and small towns. In the secondary grades he was a failure. How he must have hated his teachers! No group is covered with so much contempt in the *Tischgespräche* as teachers and professors. Even "thinkers" and "intellectuals" are treated with less venom. The professor, Hitler said, "is a race apart. And that is not intended as a compliment." One of his early teachers had criticized his German and said he would never write a decent letter; how right he turned out to be! *"Dieser Stümper, dieser kleine Knirps,"* Hitler hissed back at him, forty years later, from his bunker in the Eastern front, pausing in his conquest of the world.

Hitler quit school at the age of sixteen and lazed around, debating what to do with himself and coming to little conclusion. He daydreamed about an artistic or architectural career. Later, in Vienna, he was unable to enter a professional school for lack of preparation. He boasted that he refused to learn from books. In *Mein Kampf* he explained that one should pick out of one's reading only facts and arguments that are useful in the pursuit of one's ambitions or confirm ideas one already has. He not only failed to make his way in the Austrian capital but, what was more significant, he failed to assimilate the ways of thinking, the nuances and attenuations, of the city.

Hitler's forebears were small farmers, touched on the paternal side with a tendency to vagrancy, restlessness, and to side-excursions into milling and cobbling. His father was the first of the line to rise above petty peasantry. On both sides, again, Adolf Hitler was a *Waldviertler*. The Waldviertel was notorious as a particularly isolated and backward Austrian district situated on the frontier of rural Bavaria. One of the borderlands where German met Slav, it was tangential to the mainstream of modern communications and intercourse, a provincial

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backwash. The forests of the Waldviertel were thick, its arable land scanty.

Hitler's remark that the beauty of forested mountains was an invention of "professors" came from the land-hungry heart of the *Waldviertler*. He recalled in the *Tischgespräche* that the life of the peasants in his native region and contiguous districts of Southern Germany was "a real hell on earth . . . the whole of my homeland was strewn with boulders." No wonder the fertile Ukraine beckoned so tantalizingly.

The hamlets, villages, and smallish towns of the Waldviertel were steeped in prejudice and superstition, ridden by witchcraft and, like many a retarded peasant area, inbred. Hitler's own family history was a typical illustration of inbreeding and incest. His paternal grandmother was a country girl who gave birth to a son, Alois, out of wedlock. Alois bore her maiden name of Schicklgruber and was brought up in the home of a married fellow villager who may have been his real father. However, his mother subsequently married the brother of this villager, Georg Hitler. When Alois was nearly forty years old, and his mother long dead, Georg Hitler swore that he was Alois's father. It seems that Alois would come into a small inheritance if his name were Hitler. Thus it came about that Schicklgruber became Hitler. There is no adequate explanation, except the obvious one that someone else was the father, why this "subsequent legitimation" was not made at the time of the marriage, as church and rural tradition commanded.

Alois himself had an illegitimate child and another was born only three months after his second marriage. His third wife was a niece, Klara, twenty years his junior, whom he had raised in the household of his first marriage as a sort of stepdaughter. It is surmised that their relations had been of a more intimate character, however. Klara's third child, born in 1889, was Adolf Hitler.

The story has a fitting climax. When Adolf was thirty-seven years old, living rather comfortably as a Nazi leader in Munich, he invited Angela, his half-sister, to keep house for him. She brought along her daughter, Geli, who was then seventeen. The rest might have been foretold. Uncle promptly fell in love with niece. But Hitler was not the marrying kind. He made Geli's life so miserable that five years later she killed herself. Adolf and Geli had repeated, with exactness, the pattern of the family, particularly the story of Alois and Klara. There is no reason to think that this pattern was anything but ordinary in the villages of the Waldviertel, and of those of Austria and Bavaria generally.

Such was the native habitat of Hitler. It was a rural one in which the small town faded easily into the village. Small towns deep in rural areas are urban by a courteous convention; they are often merely large villages and market places for peasants. Their inhabitants were fresh from the soil, and bound to village life by family relationships and a passion for land-owning. Nor is an intimate connection with the countryside restricted to isolated small towns. There are cities, like Linz, and even great capitals, like Vienna, which recruit much of their population, including domestic and other labor, directly from the countryside. Such cities have a busy turnover, with the result that many a townsman retains contact with the native hearth and heath. The distinction between rural and urban becomes blurred. It was blurred in the case of Hitler. In externals, he was a distinctly urban phenomenon. His greatest triumphs were achieved in the ambiance of industrial and metropolitan life. Yet his early, persistent, and permanent outlook was nurtured in a world largely rural. This, the world of Bavaria and Austria, rather than of Western or Northern Germany, stretched east and west beyond the confines of German-speaking countries into the backwoods of Eastern and Southeastern Europe: a world of oppressed peasants and reactionary landlords, sprinkled with towns whose inhabitants were often of different tongues and faiths from those of the enveloping countryside.

For centuries the agrarian frontiers of Central and Eastern Europe had been under the pressure of the superior culture, the wealthier economy, and the more potent armaments of the West. In the 19th century the influence of liberalism began to penetrate the urban middle classes, and then to trickle further down. The resistance of rural society stiffened, and often took the form of xenophobia. Both landlords and peasants felt it. The Jews were an urban people and

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had good reason to embrace liberal and democratic ideals. Anti-Semitism became a favorite expression of anti-Westernism in Central and Eastern Europe.

Hitler grew up in an atmosphere of incipient rebellion against the West. Did Hitlerism express, in however exaggerated and distorted form, this rebellion? Hitler himself was thoroughly aware that he was exploiting, among other things, the division between East and West—a division that began, he wrote, "nearly 120 years ago at the moment when the Jew was granted citizen rights in the European states" and the process of industrialization started. "Then Europe stood at the parting of the ways. Europe began to divide into two halves, into Western Europe and Central and Eastern Europe." He traced the division to the higher susceptibility of the Western peoples to liberal ideas, which in turn was due to their racial and political corruption.

Hitler regarded the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe as healthier racially and spiritually, just as he regarded their traditional regimes as sounder politically, since they were based on a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, army, and bureaucracy. When he thought of agriculture, it was in the expansive forms of the East. Intensive farming repelled him. He must have the open spaces, like the Russians of his fancy. Farmers "are apt to lose the broad view, which, after all, is the most important. The man who possesses the vast spaces must show himself to be the master of the others, even if he restricts his activities to the colonization of his own country."

Examine the list of the men Hitler admired. Mussolini excluded, for obvious reasons, no Western statesman appealed to his imagination. The Churchills and the Roosevelts are madmen and fools; even the Pétains, Lavals, and Francos are unimpressive. There are a few compliments for Lloyd George, and if cunning was the criterion, Hitler did not hit wrong. But the East teems with outstanding personalities. Kings Ferdinand and Boris of Bulgaria are admirable; "under the rod of the old fox, son Boris himself became a young fox who was able to work his way out of the complicated tangle of Balkan affairs." And what a "preeminently sly old fox" was the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem: "his quite exceptional wisdom puts him almost on equal terms with the Japanese." Kemal Ataturk was so able it was impossible to believe that he could have been anything but an Aryan. To Rasputin, the shifty and hypnotic Siberian peasant monk, Hitler attributed "a power that could have contributed to the Slavic element a healthy life-affirmation."

But the greatest praise was reserved for another Russian. In Joseph Stalin, Hitler felt he had found a kindred spirit, a rival worthy of his wand. "The cunning Caucasian" commanded his "unconditional respect." He was "in his own way . . . a hell of a fellow! He knows his models, Ghengiz Khan and the others, very well. . . ." Stalin was "one of the most extraordinary figures in world history." Hitler gave several reasons for his admiration, but one was particularly illuminating: "Stalin pretends to have been the herald of the Bolshevik Revolution. In actual fact, he identifies himself with the Russia of the Czars, and he has merely resurrected the tradition of Pan-Slavism. For him Bolshevism is only a means, a disguise designed to trick the Germanic and Latin peoples."

HAVE we strayed onto a strange path? Was there a double Hitler? Does Hitler appear, under one guise, as the hunter of the German frontier—the Ostmark—looking eastward to the conquest and displacement of the Slavic aborigines, and bearing the banner of German imperialism; but, turned around, does he appear instead as the leader of an Eastern rebellion against the urban and civilizing forces of the West? Did Hitler reinforce the *Drang nach Osten* with a *Zug von Osten?*

If Hitler gave a special touch to German imperialism, he also gave a special touch to Eastern reaction. That reaction had usually taken more conventional forms. In the Poland of Pilsudski it was military; in the Austria of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg it was clerical; in the Hungary of Horthy it was aristocratic; in Rumania it was monarchical; and in all these countries dictatorial regimes had found a strong basis in landlordism. The Russia of Stalin and Khrushchev professes Marxism, but a Marxism purged both physically and morally of its Western elements of liberalism and democracy. These regimes could never combine for an on-

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slaught against Western philosophy *in toto*. It was not they that adopted Hitlerism. Hitlerism was adopted by a country that possessed the military and industrial means to attempt to weld the Eastern world together and lead it against the West.

Hitler thus played a double role. He promised to satisfy the aspirations of German imperialism and militarism, and so obtained control over the German army and economy. He gave expression to the hatred for Western ideas which had nourished reaction in Eastern Europe for generations, and so foisted German dominion upon it. The resentment and ambition that delivered Eastern Europe and Germany into Hitler's hands at the same time blinded them to the real price he proposed eventually to exact of them. Germany craved that leading role in Western society and civilization which states like Great Britain and France had held in the past. Instead, she got a kind of Oriental barbarism that even Oriental despots had long abandoned. The difference between what Germany herself desired and what she tried to foist upon the world through Hitler is the reason for the lingering confusion in the German mind over the meaning of the Nazi experience. Much of the nature of the German catastrophe is explained by its incoherence.

The price Hitler meant to exact of Eastern Europe was, of course, higher than that he demanded of Germany. Eastern Europe he would use as a hammer to beat Western Europe into submission—and then melt down the hammer. He would destroy the best part of the peoples of Eastern Europe and make primitive slaves of the rest. In the end, Hitler deceived his allies—and his own people—much more than he did his enemies.

It was as if, after the First World War, German imperialism and Eastern reaction had shouted their wrath and resentment into a vast abyss. A single echo answered them—Adolf Hitler.

PASSOVER

LEONARD WOLF

Into the annual Passover leaps
The firstborn son, back from his travels, wise
With mileage and the well-conducted tour.
At the unsteady table, there is wine
And matzos, and his father leans a little
Heavily into the pillows. The son
Has eyebrows that have arched at better tables,
Lips that have tasted better wine. Indeed,
He has gone far, fared well, and done much worse
Than most in half a lifetime; but he knows
At least the difference between fraud and fraud.

As for Elijah in the other room
For whom the extra beaker has been poured—
Let the bald-head wait. The eldest son
Avoids his father's groan, his mother's eyes
To listen to the beat his heart makes: calm,
As always, careful. And full of care, the son
Waits out the feast until his father dips
His little finger in the wine and reads:
"Blood. Frogs. Lice. Flies. The death
Of cattle. Boils. Hail. Locusts. Darkness
And the firstborn dead." The fingers of
The company all dip. The widely traveled
Son dips too. Steadily, his stubborn

Finger counts out blood, frogs, lice.
Flies, the death of cattle, boils, hail,
Locusts, darkness, and finally, the death
For each Egyptian of his firstborn son.

LEONARD WOLF, who teaches English at St. Mary's College in California, appears here for the first time in COMMENTARY. He has had verse in other magazines, among them *Poetry* (Chicago), the *New Yorker*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Hudson Review*.

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THE UNKNOWN LEO BAECK

"Teacher of the Congregation"

ADOLF LESCHNITZER

LEO BAECK, the subject of these commemorative words, would have been eighty-four this month. The life of this noble man was an epitome of the German Jewish fate. Born in Lissa May 23, 1873, Baeck became a rabbi in 1897 after studying at the Jüdisch-Theologisches Seminar and the Hochschule für die Wissenschaft des Judentums. First he served in Oppeln (1897-1907) and then in Düsseldorf (1909-1912), and finally he was called to Berlin to teach homiletics and Midrash at the Hochschule. In 1922 he became chairman of the liberal (or Reform) German Rabbinerverband. When, with Hitler's advent, the Reichsvertretung der Deutschen Juden (National Chamber of the German Jews) and the Zentral Ausschuss für Aufbau und Hilfe (Central Committee for Aid and Improvement) were set up, Baeck was made head of both. And when the Reichsvereinigung der Juden in Deutschland (National Organization of the Jews of Germany) was created in 1939 he became head of that, too.

Most of the war Baeck spent in the "model" concentration camp at Theresienstadt, in Czechoslovakia, where the effect of his leadership and personal example on his fellow inmates, all Jewish, wrote one of the inspiring pages of wartime Jewish history. After liberation he took up his home in England, where, between extended visits to this country and the Continent, he passed the remaining years of his life, writing, teaching, and counselling. (This magazine published two contributions from Baeck's pen: "Why Jews in the World?" in June 1947, and "The Jewish Spirit Among the Nations" in February 1949.) His death came on November 2, 1956, in London.

ADOLF LESCHNITZER, who teaches German at the City College of New York, was born in Posen—in what was then Germany but is now Poland—in 1899 and educated at the universities of Heidelberg and Berlin. From 1933 to 1939, when he was chief of the education division of the Reichsvertretung der Deutschen Juden, he worked together with Leo Baeck. He came to this country in 1940. Every year since 1952 he has returned to Germany to lecture on Jewish history at the Free University in West Berlin, of which he is an honorary professor. Dr. Leschnitzer is also the author of several books, among them *The Magic Background of Modern Anti-Semitism*, published in 1956. The present article was translated from the German by L. Leo Taub.—ED.

ONLY during the last twenty or twenty-five years of his life did Leo Baeck become a public figure. After his rescue and return from the concentration camp at Theresienstadt, when world Jewry paid him homage and loaded him with honors, he became, at least for a while, one of the most famous of living Jews. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, he remained an unknown figure in more than one respect. Just as he had failed to win widespread recognition during the first sixty years of his life, so, later on, when large numbers of people were showing him every mark of esteem, essential aspects of his personality continued to remain hidden from many even of those who were close to him.

On the occasion of his eightieth birthday Baeck was described as an aristocrat, as the man who had been the real leader of German Jewry, at a time when the word "leader" (*Führer*) itself had become debased, emptied of content, indeed changed into its opposite. He was depicted both as a great theologian and as a great religious educator who did not merely interpret the essence of Judaism for the Jews and Christians of his time, but whose very life exemplified this essence. He was, moreover, a man who could be characterized in words that he himself once used in eulogizing a friend: "He labored without ostentatious display." In other words, Leo Baeck did the opposite of what is considered the normal and usual thing in our day. He did not strive to be-

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come known, to become famous, to be conspicuous. He wanted his person to disappear in his achievements and his work; he *wanted* to be inconspicuous. It was healthy instinct no doubt that told him how necessary it was for him to live in this way. Despite many achievements which attracted attention, he had to remain, as it were, anonymous; he had to be permitted to work and to grow quietly.

In another sense too Baeck was and remained "unknown." His self-control, which he possessed to the highest degree, could not but make him appear the kindly, dignified, reserved sage; and this is what he appeared as not only to the general public, but to people more closely acquainted with him. Yet this self-control, whether dearly won or whether developed early as a product of upbringing and character, was only a veneer. It would be wrong to say that it was a mask. Not only was it something much more; it was something quite different: it was his face. But behind this face, behind the self-control and the kindness, lay an enormous fund of energy, a tremendous reservoir of power and passions, which, had they belonged to another man, would have erupted in a way to attract attention and become visible and audible far and wide. We can say therefore, that in a sense Baeck is not quite aptly characterized by the words "laden with the wisdom of age"; that he did not possess the tranquillity and the serenity of his years, but rather that his heart remained young, that he was capable of passionate and generous partisanship, that the angry ardor of youth was an integral part of his innermost being.

And nevertheless, his manner frequently suggested the diplomat. It was no accident that in the office of the Reichsvertretung der Deutschen Juden he would be referred to as the "Cardinal." He seemed to have much of the diplomacy, the prudence, the imposing presence of a prince of the Church. But this was only a half-truth; his nature rendered him something else. He was a leader who could be severe, even hard, first of all on himself, but also on others.

For this reason his judgments of people when in informal conversation with only a few listeners could be severe. When human foible made him angry he could, at times, shed every vestige of diplomacy and speak his mind without reserve, free of all restraint, without mincing words, without attenuation. At the same time, however, he generally expressed his verdicts in a highly polished form which betrayed that what he was saying was not the product of momentary exasperation but had been merely released by it; that it was based on keen observation, painstaking appraisal, and instinctively accurate assessment of people.

For example, there was once a man quite active in the affairs of the Jewish community, who, though himself never a Reform Jew, had often agreed with the Reform Jews and had frequently been delegated by the latter to serve on boards whose members enjoyed no mean emoluments. Of this man Baeck said, "Mr. Z. has allowed himself to be fettered to the chariot of the liberals with silver chains." There was another man who, though of unblemished character, had something in his manner which at times made it unpleasant for Baeck to work with him. This is what Baeck said of him: "He seems to have raced through his formative years in a super-express."

These terse, seemingly casual remarks of his were most impressive and pregnant in their effect. They were his immediate, instinctive reactions to people, despite the fact that a judicious weighing of all the pros and cons had preceded them. This was instinct which did not avail itself by mere chance of such metaphors as "silver chains," "chariot," and "super-express." The aphoristic turn, the telling comparison, the charm which was always there despite anger or emotion—all these must have become part of him at an early age as the distillate of a humanistic education based on the study of Roman and Greek authors that was married to Jewish theological lore and the language of the preacher.

But now and again certain brief remarks

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of his had a more enduring effect than these sallies of wit—remarks which at first made the listener disagree, statements which dealt with events rather than with personalities, and which in their simplicity were free of every trace of figurative or metaphorical expression. It must have been in 1936 or 1937 that Leo Baeck made the following observation at a staff meeting of the Reichsvertretung while in a state of great excitement about some brutal and insidious regulations of the Nazi government: "This system cannot endure; it must perish and it will perish because it is built upon lies." I still remember how we, the younger men, were moved to skeptical smiles by these words. Not during the meeting, to be sure, but afterwards. Had the "Cardinal" still not learned the ways of the world? Did he not realize how often baseness and lies were triumphant? Or, to express it in the words of Goethe, whom he loved so well and whose style—above all that of the elder Goethe—found so pure an echo in Baeck's own writings,

If baseness have its hour,
Let none cry "Wellaway!"
For baseness—it is power
Whatever folk may say.

Our skepticism was probably seasoned with a touch of envy. Very likely we realized even then—long before Baeck was proved right—how very secure he was within himself, and that he was fortified by his personal convictions to such an extent that nothing could unnerve him. And this at a time when, although we tried to do our jobs to the best of our abilities, we were all in a state of despair—that is, had already become unbelievers.

MANY of us had known for years that Leo Baeck was one of the great men of our age. To some he seemed not unlike the figure of Don Isaac Abravanel, the great representative of Spanish Jewry in the era of its decline; the one name that lives on when—in an ensuing time—we remember only the group and forget the individuals. Spanish Jewry—Don Isaac Abravanel; German Jewry—Leo Baeck. Baeck himself would certainly have taken umbrage at the comparison. Why?

We can distinguish two different kinds of men among historically important individuals. The one is aware of his greatness; the other is not, and although—as is the case with the former—his achievements are of the highest order, he is not at all aware of their import. Plato and Goethe are representatives of the former type; Johann Sebastian Bach of the latter. Are we compelled to surmise that Leo Baeck, despite all his nobility, pride, and self-reliance, was unaware of his own historical stature? One of the best psychologists of our time, a man who, though much younger than Baeck, was on close terms with him, once put it like this: the amazing thing about Baeck is that despite all his importance and attainments he is essentially nothing but an "old *Rav*"—thus the representative of a shrinking group; not a clergyman in the sense that Catholics, Protestants, and Jews have had clergymen over the past few centuries, but a figure descended from antiquity and the Middle Ages, untouched by modern times—*the teacher of the congregation,* not the mediator between man and God.

It is probably this simple interpretation of Leo Baeck's nature and character that comes closest to the truth and which he too might have been able to accept. But only one type of greatness, if any, can apply to an "old *Rav,*" and that is the second. Or perhaps none at all. For he strives not for greatness, not for manifest, surpassing significance, but only for righteousness. The truly righteous man *must* remain unknown. To quote the Talmud, "In each generation the fate of the world depends upon thirty-six unknown righteous men."

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MODERN JUDAISM'S NEED FOR PHILOSOPHY

A Question of Vitality

ERICH UNGER

PHILOSOPHY has at some time or another made its appearance in all the great religions of the world. Why? Because the problem of God and the world can be approached by way of philosophy too; because at some points both ways converge and merge; and because the dovetailing of the philosophical and the religious view of the divine becomes so important at times that upon this interaction may depend the vigor and very life of a religion.

There is a widespread view that the importance of philosophy is necessarily restricted to the small number of those who study it, and that it is therefore of no consequence to the overwhelming majority of mankind. On the other hand, the language of religion, its images and doctrines, are easily assimilated by all, and the words of the prophets are in a certain way grasped by the masses. Even where there is a union of religion and philosophy, however, we may find that a barrier has been interposed which prevents normal understanding and communication between the few who lead and the majority of men. What good is such a union when its result and its significance cannot be communicated to those for whom the religion exists?

History, it is held, has shown time and again that religion can stand on its own feet. The word of religion has consequently often been taught without taking into account the sphere where religion and philosophy border on one another, or where they actually merge.

But there are times when "mere" religion —that is, religion which repudiates, or is incapable of undergoing a certain transformation through, philosophy—becomes divorced thereby from the spirit of the day and loses its relevance and vigor. This tends to happen when spiritual forces other than those of religion are emerging in the world. These take possession of the souls of the masses as well as the souls of their spiritual leaders, and the fate of religion then depends on whether or not the spiritual leaders can stand up to such non-religious forces.

For the survival of religion requires that it unite with and assimilate the indestructible and life-giving forces that arise outside its domain. If such assimilation and harmony become impossible—perhaps because of the particular content of the dogmas that are inseparable from the religion in question—then religion declines. At this juncture the true accord of religion with the other authentic spiritual forces of the given time is dependent on religion's receptiveness to philosophy.

But how can the masses, from whom the refinements of philosophical reflection are indeed remote, know whether their religion is able to withstand the onslaught of free philosophical inquiry? Strangely enough,

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IN PREVIOUS ages, from the time of Saadia to that of Maimonides, Jewish religious philosophy served as an intellectual and spiritual source for revitalizing Judaism. In our own age, however, while Jews have made outstanding contributions to secular thought, Jewish religious thought has been virtually moribund—with the fateful consequences for modern Judaism explored here by the late ERICH UNGER. Professor Unger (1887-1950) left his native Germany in 1933, resided in Paris from 1933 to 1936, and in Oxford and London from 1936 to 1950. He contributed to many philosophical journals, including *Mass und Wert, Revue Philosophique,* and *The Universities Review*. His books, which frequently express a Judaic interpretation of ethics, include *Politik und Metaphysik* (1921), *Gegen die Dichtung* (1925), *Wirklichkeit, Mythos, Erkenntnis* (1930), *The Imagination of Reason* (1952).

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they do know. They can sense it without having the least comprehension of the battle of opposing ideas that is being fought over their heads. They can see it in their own sphere: from religious pronouncements or from the religious conduct that is being demanded of them; by all this they are able to judge whether their religious leaders can emerge from controversy with the other intellectual powers of the world with their fundamental beliefs untarnished. They themselves may be unable to penetrate the maze of knowledge, but they can sense whether their teachers are possessors of the truth.

We must pass over the interesting question of how values and ideas whose appreciation presupposes deep and subtle intellectual study can in some form or another reach and affect the untutored minds of the majority. Between the small group of creative individuals and the broad mass of mankind, there are to be found many intermediate spheres which, bordering on one another, interpret and transmit questions and answers between the many and the few. The true content of the discussion between religion and philosophy cannot be communicated to the many, but they can nevertheless perceive whether this is because of their own lack of knowledge, or whether it derives from the attempt to hide a defeat and consequent retreat on the part of religion.

One is almost tempted to say that the majority of men sense all this just as the man in the street is aware of medical and technical discoveries without understanding them at all—i.e. by their success. Religious pronouncements, religious institutions, and religious norms of conduct show clearly enough in the long run whether or not they are the real remedies for the evils of the age.

No religion has since the Middle Ages concerned itself less with philosophy than Judaism. None has fallen more deeply into the error of divorcing religion from philosophy than the official trustees of the Jewish heritage. In general, rabbis have not ventured into discussions of the relation of Judaism to free philosophical thought. No one will dispute that Moses Mendelssohn, Nachman Krochmal, Lazarus Bendavid, Solomon Formstecher, Samson Raphael Hirsch, Salamo Ludwig Steinheim, Moritz Lazarus, Hermann Cohen, Ahad Ha'am, Martin Buber, and Franz Rosenzweig are the most representative names in the recent history of Judaic thought. Yet one finds only two rabbis among them. One sees that it has been mostly "laymen" who have sought, in one way or another, to reformulate the content of Judaism. The indifference of most of the appointed leaders of Judaism to a philosophical refounding of the Jewish interpretation of the world, and the rapidly growing indifference of Jews at large to the religion "of their fathers" in the same period, are certainly not unconnected. At the same time something else, of a peculiar nature, has been happening.

Was it only the Jewish spirit, or was it perhaps the spirit of Judaism itself, that in this same period broke out of the strictly religious sphere and blossomed forth in a wealth of significant, but secular, contributions to the intellectual life of mankind—contributions on the part of Jews such as had not been seen in any previous period of recent time? The earliest and perhaps the most important phenomenon in this respect is the philosophy of Spinoza. But Karl Marx, Emile Durkheim, Henri Bergson, and numerous others belong essentially to the same category.

The ready explanation of this sudden overflow of ideas and concepts—which can only be classified as Jewish biographically, and not in substance, is usually given in the slogan "Emancipation." It is not surprising, it is said, that the Jews, from the moment they were admitted to the cultural life of Europe, should have participated so eagerly in it. This appears so self-evident that one tends to overlook, rather naively, that it is only half the story. For the Jews would never have thrown themselves with such unbridled passion into the spiritual world of the European nations—from which the impulse of their genius had taught them to

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remain aloof for two thousand years—if Judaism had not ceased to afford room for a spiritual creativeness that would not be denied realization.

But what Spinoza and Bergson had to do outside religion in the 17th and 19th centuries, Saadia and Maimonides were able to do within it in the 11th and 13th. Is this, then, only the result of a natural tendency of the spirit to outgrow the limits of religion? Or is it, perhaps, a sign that what men understood by religion in 1900 was of incredibly diminished scope compared with what had been understood by religion in the year 1000, let alone in earlier times?

It is not difficult to trace the process of atrophy of Jewish culture and show how, one after the other, all the provinces of intellectual activity—politics, law, economics, philosophy, science, art—were abandoned to the surrounding world, until only the domain of religion remained as a purely Jewish phenomenon. It is very important to note that this process of shrinkage was characterized by the gradual disappearance of a quite distinct idea: the idea of the universal significance of Judaism, the idea that Judaism would be able to fulfill a world function in an imminent future. Because Judaism had lost its world perspective—because it could no longer instill the feeling that to be concerned with Judaism was to be concerned with nothing less than the whole world—no scope was left for the productivity of its people. For this reason Judaism began to lose adherents.

A chosen people is of necessity a world phenomenon—but so is science. At one time the Jews had sincerely believed that they possessed the *true* view of the world. Therefore it did not matter that the other nations had the power. Such power, one could be sure, was only transitory; in the Messianic view such power had to follow the path of truth. But more lately it has been the other nations that have had, not only the power, but *also* a free access to true knowledge, or at least to the avenues of approach to it. Since Moses Maimonides's *Guide for the Perplexed,* no Jewish theologian had made an intellectual effort on a high plane to harmonize Judaism with scientific truth; the profound conviction that this could be done had been lost not so much because the unattainability of truth was assumed in advance, but rather because the gulf between the religious and the non-religious ideas of reality had become so wide that it could no longer be bridged.

The decay of the Jewish religion that resulted from the atrophy of the many-branched culture of medieval Judaism and the subsequent diversion of Jewish intellectual energy into non-Jewish culture; and, concomitantly, the desertion by the Jewish masses of a religion no longer nurtured by such energy: all this was the consequence of the ever-growing feeling that truth, the world, and reality lay now with "the others."

Has the great discussion between Judaism and the free thought of the world ever been resumed since the time of Maimonides, or since the 15th century? Did the theologians of Judaism take up the fight, placing themselves in that great line of thinkers which began with Saadia but stopped with Crescas? (Was it then already settled that Judaism had nothing more to contribute to the controversy than ancient moral truths known, and more than known, to the opponent, and whose significance they stressed over and over again and persistently proclaimed, because mankind persisted in ignoring them?) No such discussion has been resumed. That would have meant the rebirth of a philosophy of Judaism of a scope and intensity equal to that possessed by the philosophy of Judaism which the Middle Ages produced. This, modern rabbinic thought has not been able to achieve, nor even tried to achieve.

One can well understand why Jewish spiritual leaders should have avoided philosophy when one bears in mind the risk to their religious ideas such an approach involved. They feared that a frank discussion of the divergence of their religious ideas

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from the trends of free philosophical thought might do more to reduce the vigor of traditional Rabbinic Judaism than leaving everything unsaid and unsettled would. The second possibility, that of transforming Judaism so that it would be attuned to a spiritual environment different from that in which Rabbinic Judaism originated, was just as unattractive to the guardians of tradition. They saw the threat of dissolution in every change.

It has been said that the idea of God which Moses ben Maimon had was very different from that of Moses the Levite. It should have been added that this very difference contributed more to the preservation of the first Moses' idea than has the apparent identity with it of the traditional idea of the divine in which Orthodox Judaism persists. Everything living preserves itself by transformation, and when it loses the faculty for that, it perishes.

The timorous think that transformation may result in loss of identity. Rash reformers of Judaism, whose grasp of their heritage was not sufficiently firm or profound, and who were eager to sacrifice the allegedly irrational in Judaism to their own notion of rationality, have shown the fear of change to be justified inasmuch as their reforms tended to reduce Judaism to a collection of stale commonplaces in which nothing was disturbing because nothing was great or unique. Admittedly, it is difficult to know in advance whether a re-vision—the word taken in its literal sense—of a spiritual heritage will result in decay or in renascence. But the development of a sense of discrimination was, in this respect, both a religious and an intellectual duty. An attitude which, consciously or unconsciously, strove to evade the issue, or decided that it would be better not to expose Jewish tradition to the attacks of free philosophical thought, did not speak for inner security, did not speak for an undivided mind on the part of those who embodied this tradition. Nor did it speak for their own confidence in their cause.

The limited vitality and the lack of philosophical minds in Judaism for almost three centuries, the absence of a significant philosophical effort on behalf of Jewish religion in modern times—these become still more conspicuous if one modifies one's criticism of Rabbinism by extending it—as one must do—to the Jewish people as a whole. For the distinction between clergy and laity has by no means the same significance in Judaism as it has in other religions, and one may therefore ascribe the responsibility for the decline of Judaism to the Jewish clergy only in a limited sense. The responsibility is really that of the Jewish community as a whole.

In view of this small difference between clergy and laity, the lack of productivity in the domain of a Jewish philosophy of religion becomes even more striking. Think of all the philosophical attention devoted by non-Jewish lay thinkers to religion in general, and to Christianity in particular. Not only has every one of the great philosophers, from Spinoza to the present, made a contribution to the sphere of religion—that is to say, not only were general philosophies of religion developed by Herbert of Cherbury, Pascal, Leibniz, Locke, Berkeley, Toland, Maine de Biran, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Martineau, William James, *et al.*—but the non-Jewish world can also show a list, hardly any shorter, of strictly theological thinkers who have acted as spokesmen for Christianity and its dogma. Among these were minds of outstanding originality: Friedrich Schleiermacher, Cardinal Newman, Karl Barth, Barnes, Tennant, and numerous others. And the task these spokesmen for Christianity undertook was a considerably larger one than that involved in a rationalization of Judaism.

It is indeed an astonishing fact that almost all those in the first group of non-Jewish philosophers understood religion almost exclusively as pure monotheism and, in trying to harmonize religion with the results and demands of scientific knowledge, hardly attempted to justify the orthodox "dogma" of Christianity. One should give a great deal of thought and attention to the fact that all these thinkers, whether they knew it or

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not, argued in a direction that would have suited the theology of Judaism better than that of Christianity. They spoke, simply, of God, and the overwhelming majority of them omitted Christology altogether—i.e. any discussion of the dogma of a Man God. Christianity in this version is, to quote Seth Pringle Pattison (*Studies in the Philosophy of Religion*), "the religion of the greater prophets but only realized more inwardly," and there is no need of a Man God to inform us more authentically of the character of God.

And even among the theologically concerned philosophers of the second group there is—albeit with a few definite and certainly outstanding exceptions—a clear tendency to turn away from the literal interpretation of the tenets of Christianity, and an explicit inclination to press the meaning of these doctrines toward a religion of reason.

The polemical direction of all the work in which Christian writers like Schleiermacher, Tennant, and others have philosophized about religion has completely shifted since the era of fundamental religious discussion. Criticism is now hardly ever aimed against any specific religious system, but almost always against irreligiousness in general. This leads far more frequently to the laying of an intellectual foundation for a belief in God in general than to a belief in the Christian God. At the same time one must admit that even the intellectual inaccessibility of the content of Christian belief —which, for so many centuries, divided the domain of the human mind into faith and knowledge—never really paralyzed Christian philosophizing. Christian theology has only recently evolved new and vigorous conceptions under which the mysteries are accepted, and which are less designed to think the unthinkable than to protect the holy central points of the system of faith from the irrepressible intellect. It is to this category that such great movements as Neo-Thomism in Catholicism and Dialectic Theology in Protestantism belong.

Can Judaism show anything comparable to this productivity in the domain of Christian thought? One cannot answer this question more succinctly than Isaak Husik has done; in his survey of Jewish religious philosophy he entitles the section dealing with the post-medieval period: "No Modern Movement." It is of no use to fall back on the argument of the disproportion in numbers between Jews and Christians; a glance at any cultural sphere other than the religious one refutes it. The Jews are an intellectual people. Why, since they were not inhibited by an unacceptable and irrational dogmatism in their religion, have they not been able to create a pregnant reinterpretation of their inherited system of life and thought? Such a restatement, even if it never reached the wider field of general human thought and knowledge, would at least have given the Jewish community a new security and creativity.

It is often held that the decay of Jewish learning is what is responsible for the alienation of an ever increasing number of intellectuals and others from Judaism. Those whom the idea as such of a nation has no power to bind to their people, the argument runs, succumb inevitably to the powerful gravitation of a non-Jewish order of life and thought; in these circumstances, every consciously Jewish attitude will be discarded unless it is supported by a certain spiritual content and intention which we may call Jewish. This content, it is said, can actually be found. It lies in the immense literary heritage of Judaism; therefore we should enjoin our youth to "go forth and study." The times of true loyalty to Judaism were the times of profoundest familiarity with its spiritual values. Reestablish this familiarity, and the loyalty will follow—or at least be strengthened.

There is undoubtedly some truth to this argument. When a person willingly acquires knowledge, instead of having it forced on him, he cherishes it. The advice to go forth and study is good, but it is too simple, and it is premature. The reasons for the alienation from Judaism are not to be sought in the decay of the knowledge of things Jew-

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ish. For no rejuvenation of the spirit issues out of learning, knowledge, education, and study as such. The decay of learning and knowledge follows rather from a prior inner reorientation; and this reorientation concerns far more fundamental questions than are involved in the sphere of mere Jewish learning. The idea of God as it was specifically understood by Judaism, the idea from which the impulse to know and to learn originated, is not discussed, but presupposed, in Jewish learning. It was the change in this idea of God which led to the subsequent decline in the study of what were supposed to be God's commands. Learning cannot give life to an idea of God when the course of spiritual history has reached a point where that idea, precisely because of its association with what was learned for its sake, grows faint and is replaced by other conceptions of the Deity.

But awareness of God and of the complex of ideas about His nature—which is the heart of Judaism—can inspirit the old learning and even call new learning forth; every change here determines the growth or the atrophy, the content and the method, of a culture of Jewish teaching and learning. Therefore one cannot begin straightway with Jewish learning, or at least one cannot expect a renascence from such a beginning, unless a far more fundamental inner clarification has prepared the way. Such clarification cannot come, however, from the people. It must be performed in the minds of those who are able to penetrate to the central idea of the Jewish world system. It implies a grasp of the profoundest reality on which Judaism rests, the idea of God's nature and of what Buber has termed "the direction of God." Not until one knows oneself what to think about the ultimate reality can one answer other questions with certainty and confidence; and only then can one translate the answer for those who need to have it stated more simply.

But here two fallacies must be guarded against. The first holds that "feeling" is enough, that, indeed, divine reality is only accessible to feeling. This is a fallacy because the faculty of the mind that grasps reality is not feeling but cognition. Feeling can herald and signal the proximity of reality. Feeling is a psychical accompaniment of the real, which is itself transmitted otherwise—through the senses and through the intellect. Without cognition, reality cannot be truly grasped and retained. It eludes the inquiring mind, and as one's grasp on reality fails, the certainty likewise fades as to whether what one had sensed through feeling was at all real. And with the loss of certainty there disappears the impulse or the motive to learn something about the sphere—in this case, the religious one—whose reality has become uncertain. If, then, religious experience and the reality of its object are not confirmed by cognitive thought, religion cannot feed and constantly renew the flow of common ideas that shape history.

What is more, "feeling" alone cannot stand up to the world of non-Jewish thought; "feeling" alone cannot answer: "Why do you Jews do that?" "Why do you Jews believe this?" The less "mystical" the mental climate of a period, the heavier becomes the burden which the inability to answer such questions places on the Jewish mind. And as often as not, a Jewishness that cannot face up to the inquiries of free "alien" thinking is soon enough abandoned. It is vital to Judaism to have the answers—answers for Jews and for others.

At this juncture the second of the two fallacies to which we referred is likely to bemuse the Jewish teacher: the illusion that a perfect command of Jewish knowledge, as it is given in Jewish learning—a mastery of the *Wissenschaft des Judentums*—guarantees his competence to discover all the answers. But "all the answers" means answering more than just those questions one wishes to be asked; the choice of questions cannot be suited to what the teacher knows, suited, that is, to the literary heritage of Judaism. He is in duty bound to admit questions the answers to which cannot be fetched, at least right off, from the storehouse of this literary heritage. He has to work out the answers for himself. In every age, he has to set out

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anew to search for a knowledge that should, theoretically, be valid for all times.

For the quest for truth is not the concern of the Jewish people alone. No delving into Talmud and Midrash will help the teacher answer someone who is looking for, or has discovered, an idea of the Divine different from that which is presupposed in the literature of Judaism. If it were true that all doubts and questions about Judaism could be resolved by the savant fully possessed of all the treasures of Jewish tradition, then the philosophers Saadia, Maimonides, Jehuda Halevi, and Ibn Gabirol need not have gone to the trouble that they did. Their contribution to Jewish tradition was not merely to add more traditional material. They made it their task to *relate* the spirit of the traditional material, which was certainly alive in most Jewish scholars of their times, to the spirit of a civilization *outside* Judaism of which the scholars had at best but a shadowy idea. Entering into the spirit of that "alien," or at least more comprehensive, world, the great philosophers of the Jewish religion looked back on the venerable structure of historical Judaism and saw bathed in a bright new light traits and aspects which had remained hidden to those who moved only within the structure itself.

But, one might argue, now that the relation of Jewish to "general" ideas has been established by the great medieval Jewish philosophers, and their work has itself become part and parcel of the traditional material, now, surely, Jewish learning is in a position to answer any and every question about Judaism. Not so, because the discussion is never ending.

In any historical period, the sum of Jewish traditional knowledge never embraces everything that that epoch will ask of Judaism. The unlooked for, unanticipated questions are just the most decisive ones for the men born into that time as Jews. On the authority and capacity of Judaism to answer these questions depends the Jewish readiness to "learn." To the man who lives and breathes in the ambience of modern science and art, of contemporary technology, and social and political realities, the answers of Maimonides and of Ibn Gabirol seem exiguous and remote; even though, like all great thinking, they contain indestructible truth, they would need to be reformulated and related to what has happened since, to what has now become our common world. This relation is not discovered by a theological interpretation (hermeneutics) which manipulates vague metaphorical language and assures us that a scriptural text still significantly or strikingly "applies." And surely there are newer, different things to be said besides what the great initiators of Jewish philosophy have set forth.

A Jewish philosophy is nothing but an organ of perpetual renewal. To Judaism, in its journey through the ages, in its contact with ever new aspects and strata of mankind, in its passage through new mental spheres that are apparently or really alien to it, renewal is as indispensable as it is to an organism that must respond to the changing impact of time and environment. It is the means whereby its essential identity is preserved. To achieve this the spirit of the external world, the world outside traditional Judaism, must be grasped entire, in the fullness of its meaning.

CLEARLY, Judaism's relation to the general mental environment need not be the explicit theme of a Jewish philosophy; that is to say, Jewish philosophy need not necessarily take some "outside" mental product as its starting point. It may give a philosophical interpretation of the meaning of Judiasm in its own language, without alien mediation. For there are two kinds of Jewish philosophical ideas. The first kind is explicit in traditional Jewish literature; easily isolated, it readily lends itself to philosophical formulation—as, for example, the doctrine that God has no form. This kind of idea demands no reference to non-Jewish thought; it stands in the same implicit relation to the non-Jewish mental world as the prohibition of images does to the image cult of the Gentiles. It is not the Jewish-Gentile dialogue that matters here, but the

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formulation of concepts within Judaism.

The other kind of Jewish philosophical idea, however, has a content that becomes apparent only as Judaism makes contact with alien thought. It was clearly impossible to perceive that certain principles of social philosophy were implied in the Hebraic Law *before* the doctrine of socialism had made its appearance in the world. Or again, the Biblical assumptions about divine power and providence, on the one hand, and about human freedom and responsibility, on the other, could not be expressed in philosophical terms *before* philosophers began to speculate about freedom and predestination. Philosophical problems of this kind are only implicitly or potentially present in Jewish Scripture; in dealing with them, Jewish philosophy evolves by relating itself to the cultural world outside Judaism.

The first kind of Jewish idea, the generally valid, the universal—the philosophical idea, in short—is already given in the texts of Judaism. But the general validity of the second kind of Jewish idea has to be worked out and sustained in terms of, and in contact with, a different world of thought. Here the reference to trends outside historical Judaism does matter, and the very idea of Judaism itself is developed through dialogue with these. However, this does not mean that Jewish thought must be strictly divided in two. Living Jewish philosophy is bound to exhibit both sorts of ideas to some degree, taking its orientation from Jewish as well as from "alien" thought. But the distinction gains importance in an age like ours, when the presence of a civilization that is actually or apparently outside Judaism may well be overpowering.

If the preservation of the Jewish people into the 20th century is indeed due, in the last analysis, to a spiritual source of strength, to an effective order of life and thought; and if, further, the effectiveness of this order depends on its not appearing, even to the untraditionally minded, to be in decay or obsolescence, then the continued existence of the majority of Jewry as Jews is still bound up with the question of Jewish religious thought. As we have already indicated, the reason for the stagnation of Jewish religious thought is to be found in the ever narrowing meaning of religion, while at the same time a transformed religious impulse sought active and wide-ranging expression in the secular sphere. The survival of Judaism may well depend on how it copes with this impulse, on how well it is able to assimilate this impulse.

LOUIS M. RABINOWITZ 1887-1957

Jewish scholarship owes an eternal debt of gratitude to Louis M. Rabinowitz, whose love of learning led him to give generously toward its furtherance in so many fields. A valued friend of COMMENTARY, *he served as a member of its Publication Committee for the past eight years. His sympathetic counsel will be deeply missed.*

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ZONING BOARDS, SYNAGOGUES, AND BIAS

Religious Tolerance in the Suburbs

WILLIAM SCHACK

DURING the last few years in widely separated parts of the country, many congregations have been denied building or use permits for the construction of houses of worship or for the occupancy of already existing structures on the ground that such construction or occupancy would violate local zoning ordinances. As one heard of such incidents in Long Island, Wilmington (Delaware), Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and St. Louis, one's first thought, one's first suspicion, might well have been that these were cases of discrimination, that the concept of "restricted" residential districts was being extended to include synagogues and temples. For it was hard to believe that a congregation would go to the trouble of selecting a site, preparing plans, and raising funds before it had made absolutely certain that it could satisfy the requirements of the zoning ordinances. The suspicion of anti-Semitism was nourished by the further circumstance that all the congregations encountering difficulties were located in the suburbs—they were newcomers from the large cities, where they had been relatively immune to the gross forms of discrimination practiced against Jews as a group.

But Jews are not the only people to have been defeated by zoning ordinances. Where there is anti-Semitism, there is often anti-Catholicism; and the very large postwar construction program for Catholic institutions has also had its run-ins with local building regulations. Yet a spokesman for the Building Commission of the Archdiocese of New York writes me: ". . . to my knowledge, we have never felt that there was any bias or anti-Catholic opposition. Wherever we have had difficulty, it was in the technical language of an ordinance and its interpretation." This is, of course, an official statement; about particular situations individual Catholics may have another opinion. Yet the Building Commission's statement must give us pause in charging anti-Jewish bias whenever a congregation's petition to build is denied. Bias, certainly, is often a factor, yet the cases discussed in this article indicate a variety of other factors among which bias —if it exists—may well be a secondary one.

Where bias does exist, it is not written large for all to see. In a study of "Bias in the Use of Governmental Regulatory Powers," Charles Abrams reported on his investigation of cases in which regulations governing sanitation or building or zoning were used to keep a minority group out of a housing development, or, if the group was already in, to hound them out. "Administrative chicane," he writes, "is highly difficult to detect and contest. . . . Those in control are not prone to make a record of their discriminatory policies or give the minority the evidence on which their oppression can be tested. The civil rights lawyer is no longer afforded the luxury of the clear test on the admitted facts. Each case requires money, labor and patience to dig out evidence, and in the end victory may establish only that the particular administrative act was unreasonable. . . ."

By and large, these observations apply to the cases of the synagogues refused permission to build. Congregations with the money,

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THE elusive question of how far bias figured in the denial of permits to a number of suburban Jewish congregations seeking to establish quarters for worship is here examined by WILLIAM SCHACK. Mr. Schack's two-part article, "The Books of Doom," written in collaboration with his wife, appeared in our issues of last October and November.

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patience, and spirit to contest the adverse verdicts of zoning boards have found that the courts would sustain them in the end. However, even when the issue of anti-Semitism could be raised explicitly, resolving it often turned out to be impossible. But the cases before us are so various that we had better pass on from these generalizations to considering them individually.

Two of them are clear-cut enough. In the city of Pittsburgh, the zoning board withheld a permit from Temple Emanuel until it agreed to pay taxes on twelve of the twenty acres it had acquired as a building site, which the temple finally agreed to do. The issue here concerned the applicability of the law exempting religious institutions from taxation—since the temple avowedly planned to use only eight of the acres for itself, reserving the rest for ultimate sale, presumably for profit. This question of taxation was the only issue; there was no talk of withholding the permit for any other reason.

Almost as clear-cut was the case of Congregation Beth Emeth, in Wilmington, Delaware. The congregation had purchased a site in a private housing development fully aware of the fact that there was a perfectly straightforward clause in every bill of sale which required any public institution seeking to build in the development to obtain the written permission of everyone owning property contiguous to and opposite its site. With only one person did Beth Emeth encounter any difficulty: this man, I was told, offered to sign a release, but on condition that the congregation buy his house at what was said to be an outrageous price, plus a $5,000 "convenience" fee. But as it happened, the temple's land was crossed at one end by a busy state highway, and it went to court to seek release from the restrictive covenant on the ground that its particular location was not of a "quiet residential nature," as the development purported to be. This move persuaded the recalcitrant property owner to accept an out-of-court settlement of $1,000—the congregation could now build.

According to Congregation Beth Emeth's Rabbi Herbert E. Drooz, the man who gave them all the trouble was a person known to have made derogatory remarks about Jews. So what we have here is not a case of discrimination by a dominant group or even by any group, but merely the balkiness of one reputedly prejudiced individual.

FAIRMOUNT TEMPLE in Beachwood, Ohio, is an offshoot of Cleveland's Euclid Avenue Temple, over which Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner has presided for thirty years. Euclid Avenue is Cleveland's Broadway, running far to the east from its point of origin in the downtown Public Square. When the large, austere Romanesque temple was built four miles from Public Square, that part of Euclid Avenue was suburban. During the 1940's the neighborhood turned commercial, and most of the congregation, grown to some 2,300 families, moved to Cleveland Heights and the suburbs beyond, such as Shaker Heights and Beachwood.

In looking for a site big enough to accommodate a new and larger temple, the building committee found a tract of more than thirty-one acres of undeveloped land, in the Village of Beachwood on the eastern boundary of Cleveland. When it took an option on this land in 1948, the building committee informed the village council what its purpose was, and this was formally recorded in the minutes of the council for July 19 of that year. When the council signified informally its lack of objection, and the then mayor of Beachwood, John B. Mullaney, assured the committee that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a building permit, the purchase was completed; $45,000 was paid for the land and $5,000 to satisfy delinquent taxes. But when Mr. Mullaney reported this at a meeting of the six-man council on August 23, its president announced that he himself would never approve a permit, and one councilman took exception to the size of the property.

To placate this councilman, the temple offered to dispose of a four-acre strip that could be used for home development. Satis-

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fied then that only the president of the council would oppose the granting of a permit, and that he would be overridden, the temple launched a fund-raising campaign, and kept the mayor of Beachwood informed of its progress through 1950 and 1951.

Early in 1951, one of the temple's architects presented plans to the Board of Architectural Review, which declared that an additional set of plans had to be submitted to the council accompanying a formal request for a permit. Receiving these in August, the council set a date for a hearing five months off—for January 21, 1952.

Twenty-five people—all owning property adjacent to the temple site—turned up at the hearing. Eighteen of them were in favor of permitting the temple to build; of the five opposed, the most forthright said that he had "moved out here to get away from churches." Another put the same idea less bluntly: he had come to Beachwood thinking it was to be an entirely residential neighborhood. (When he learned that the Catholic Diocese had been granted a permit to build in Beachwood, he said the temple should also be allowed to establish itself in the community.) A third resident wanted to know just why the temple had selected Beachwood, and found the answer—that it could find no other suitable site—reasonable. (But he later recommended that the Council should deny the permit.) Two other objections were raised: to the size of the temple, and to the fact that it would mostly serve people living outside the village.

There were no other opposing speakers from the floor, nor did the Council receive any further communications on the subject except a few telephone calls (whose tenor it did not disclose) and a "personal letter" from the former mayor, Mr. Mullaney, whose contents it also did not reveal at the hearing. (Unfortunately for the temple, Mr. Mullaney was abroad at the time of the hearing and could not appear in person.)

In his letter Mr. Mullaney still advocated a favorable decision, first because the Council had meanwhile granted building permits to both the Catholic Diocese and a Presbyterian church, and secondly because he was sure that the leaders of the temple were "prepared to meet any reasonable Village requests in the final plan and arrangements." Following the hearing, an anonymous petition was circulated among all the residents of Beachwood; when a large majority registered their opposition in the petition to granting the permit, the Council, on February 19, 1952, obeyed their mandate.

FAIRMOUNT TEMPLE took the case to court, charging the Council with abuse of its discretionary powers—and with discrimination. The defense consisted largely of an elaboration of the objections which had been raised at the hearing. The council's attorneys, Mr. Walter C. Kelly, Jr., and Mr. King Wilmot (special counsel), laid particular stress on the size of the temple, "the largest Jewish organization of its kind in the United States, probably the largest in the world." They pointed out that it was a county-wide, not a Beachwood institution, and asserted that "a large institution of non-residents comprising a membership over three times the size of the community in which it is located [Beachwood's population was then about 1600] would soon dominate" its social and political life. It would also destroy the "quiet, natural, semi-rural surroundings and atmosphere" which, "in these days of nervous breakdowns, neuroses and complexes," could not but have "a relaxing, prophylactic effect." Certainly Beachwood did not want to stand in the way of progress. But was it progress when "the virtues of small-town life" were sacrificed to the demands of 'bigness'? Learned counsel invoked Justice Brandeis's *The Curse of Bigness* (Brandeis meant bigness in industry!).

The brief declared that the Council had "no antipathy or antagonism" toward the temple. "Its good works and noble purpose are recognized. As a large institution, it has its place in a large metropolitan community. But, like a whale in a goldfish bowl, it would be totally out of place in the Village of Beachwood."

This and all the other arguments raised

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by the defense—that most of the members of the temple lived outside of Beachwood, that it would create a financial burden for the community by removing so much potentially taxable land from the tax register, that it would create traffic hazards, that it would not serve the public welfare—were answered by the temple's counsel, Mr. Morris Berick, of Halle, Haber, Berick and McNulty, to the satisfaction of the court of first instance; and its ruling in favor of Fairmount Temple was sustained by two higher courts.

Mr. Berick openly charged that the Council acted from bias in turning down the temple's application. Before the Court of Appeals he declared: "The method of refuting the possible charge that the discrimination against the Temple was based on racial and religious grounds is hardly persuasive. Respondents' [defendants'] counsel asked the Village officials whether anyone at the Council meeting expressed opposition to the Temple on the ground that it was Jewish. We are sure that he did not expect a 'yes' answer. Neither did we, and that is why we did not bother to put the question. Indeed we were surprised when the President of Council did not immediately answer with a positive 'no' but gave the qualified answer, 'not to my recollection.'"

In order to show that the Council was free of religious bias, its attorneys in their first brief pointed out that there were already a Presbyterian church and a Catholic church and parochial school in the community and that "in all probability a pending application for a small Jewish temple . . . will also be granted." But why, asked Mr. Berick later, "was a permit given to one church [the Catholic] without a public hearing? Why did the notice for a public hearing for the other [the Presbyterian] expressly advise the neighbors that the Zoning Commission had recommended the issuance of a permit? Why did Council in the Temple case act without any recommendation—favorable or adverse—by its Zoning Commission? Why were not petitions circulated to obtain the views of the entire Village population in connection with the other [church] applications, or with the applications for the golf range and the schools [which were also granted]? If the Village population in 1950 was 1057, it was undoubtedly about 700 or 800 in 1948. It is very unlikely that any Christian denomination or any one of the three Jewish denominations then had enough residents in Beachwood to support a church. Why was the question of the non-residence of the members not a factor in the 1948 application [of the Catholic church]?"

The courts did not take cognizance of the issue of discrimination. They didn't have to: the case was won upon the courts' determining that failure to issue a permit to Fairmount was an abuse of discretion in the administration of the zoning ordinance. But what we should like to know is how the Council came to commit this abuse—innocently, in mistaken judgment, or deliberately, from bias?

ONE may or may not think that Mr. Berick made a case for the existence of bias. Against it, however, must be set the fact that the Council did grant a permit to the "small Jewish temple" to which the attorney for the Council referred—granted it without fuss, within three months after it had filed its petition. That was more than five years after Fairmount had acquired its site—and while its case was still in the courts. Why the Council's hostility toward Fairmount and benignity toward Suburban Temple (Reform, as Fairmount is too)? The official answer was that Suburban was a much smaller congregation, in keeping with the size of the community. The undisputed granting of a permit to Suburban therefore strengthened the Council's claim that it was denying one to Fairmount only because of the latter's large size. Of course, it could have favored Suburban for the very purpose of bolstering its case against Fairmount. Certainly this would have been discrimination against Fairmount, but is it anti-Semitic to prefer a few hundred to a few thousand Jews? When

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anti-Semitism turns quantitative in this way, surely it has lost a good deal of its virulence.

UNLIKE Fairmount, the Community Synagogue of Sands Point, New York, was a new congregation, under Rabbi Eugene B. Borowitz, and the community, unlike Beachwood, was an old one. The case also differed from Fairmount's in that the Community Synagogue was not building from the ground up, but was taking over an already developed property; this entangled it in an even more complex web of technicalities.

Before 1950, some twenty Sands Point families had held services in a small Conservative synagogue in the nearby town of Port Washington. The Jewish population of the area skyrocketed, and in 1952 a Reform group took shape in Sands Point. It continued to share the Port Washington synagogue with the Conservative congregation, but an attempted merger did not work out. The new Community Synagogue therefore acquired its own site—four acres in a development of moderate-sized homes known as Harbor Acres—and applied for a building permit. Harbor Acres is at the beginning of Sands Point, over the line from non-exclusive Port Washington and some distance from the elaborate estates established long ago by both Jews and Gentiles. The village trustees granted the permit; Mayor George S. Bergman, himself of Jewish origin, was present at the ground-breaking ceremony in 1953. Not long after, however, residents of Harbor Acres brought suit against the promoters of the development; they claimed that it was supposed to have been limited entirely to one-family homes. When the court ruled against them, they appealed the decision. A year passed—a year lost for the congregation, during which its membership grew to some two hundred families, causing the Port Washington synagogue to press it to find quarters elsewhere. For two years the newcomers had to hold their High Holiday services on rented premises.

While the appeal was pending, the Community Synagogue learned that the estate known as "The Chimneys" was for sale. This was a 31-acre property which Mr. Christian R. Holmes had bought in 1928 and developed at a cost of some two million dollars. The main building had forty-two rooms, including fourteen bedrooms and twelve bathrooms. There were several other substantial buildings on the property, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, tennis court and greenhouse; and the generous grounds were extensively landscaped. After the death of Mrs. Holmes in 1941, The Chimneys had been used, successively, as a recreation and social center for the crew of the French battleship *Richelieu*, as a convalescent home for the U. S. Merchant Marine, and then as a naval officers' home and club.

Some years before, the Astor estate in Sands Point had been sold to the International Business Machines Company as a rest home for its employes and there was some talk about pressure having been brought to bear on the Holmes Foundation to sell The Chimneys to an airline company for a similar purpose. However, for whatever reason, it preferred to give the Community Synagogue an option; the price was fixed at $215,000. The congregation was pleased at the bargain price and at the fact that the place seemed ready-made for their purposes. The main building had one room large enough to serve as the sanctuary—it even had an elevated cabinet with sliding doors that could be used as the Ark. The other buildings answered the needs of the congregation's social and study groups for meeting rooms. Add its recreational facilities, and The Chimneys provided accommodation for all the social and sports activities that the contemporary synagogue-center demands. There was even a commodious kitchen with a still valid motto perdurably baked into the decorative tiles above the range: Waste Not Want Not.

But there was a catch. On August 17, 1954, soon after the synagogue took its option, the trustees of the Village of Sands Point amended its zoning ordinance so as to restrict the right to maintain a church on

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hitherto residential property. The congregation took the matter to court, asserting that the amendment was unconstitutional. Before the case came to a hearing, however, the trustees of the village, apparently appreciating that its action might be interpreted as being directed at the Community Synagogue and it alone, amended the amendment. The ordinance now simply stated that to convert a one-family residence to another use required the approval of the Board of Zoning Appeals. Satisfied that the congregation would be able to obtain such approval, its attorney, Mr. Henry Root Stern, Jr. (of Sprague and Stern, a prominent Nassau County firm) withdrew the suit and recommended completion of the purchase. The synagogue took title to The Chimneys in February 1955.

THE public hearing before the Board of Zoning Appeals was held on April 26, and it soon became apparent that a long time would elapse before the congregation would be allowed to take possession of its home. When first informed that his case would appear only seventh on the agenda, Mr. Stern had asked it to be put at the head of the list. Not until 8:30 on the night of the hearing was he told that his request had been granted. But as he did not have all his witnesses ready, he asked for an adjournment. Mayor Bergman protested that such meetings cost a lot of money—the village had engaged special counsel for the occasion—and that since Mr. Stern's request had been granted, there was no valid reason for postponing the hearing. And he added, "I think Mr. Stern is over a barrel." However, the chairman of the board, Mr. Chester E. Bates, put the hearing over until May 10.

On May 10, 1955, anticipating the main lines of the opposition's arguments, Mr. Stern presented five witnesses to refute them in advance. Mr. Louis L. Tieman, resident architect and general manager of the Holmes estate, testified that the main building and garage were fireproofed, that the other frame buildings were backed with solid brick walls, and that none of the tenants who had occupied the premises since the Holmes family moved out had complained about the sanitary facilities. An engineer who had inspected the swimming pools said that with certain changes they would be approved by the New York Department of Health; so would the drainage system.

Rabbi Daniel Davis, Director of the New York Federation of Reformed Synagogues (the metropolitan agency of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations), explained the three-fold function of the synagogue as a place of worship, a house of study, and a house of assembly. This had also been set forth in the synagogue's application for a use permit, which declared that the various social groups in a congregation "are a great source of strength to the synagogue, financially as well as spiritually, and they provide an important means to reach out to persons who might otherwise stand at the periphery and thus bring them to the service of God." In corroboration Rabbi Davis referred to his own quarter-century of experience as a spiritual leader in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where, he said, not one Jewish child had been brought before the juvenile court; he attributed this to the facilities provided by the synagogue.

This defense of the social activities of the synagogue had particular point in the case; for Mr. Nathaniel E. Hess, then president of the congregation, in his testimony objected "vigorously to the malicious rumors that have been spread through Sands Point that this is going to be a country club." To meet a possible charge that the noise of children and cars might disturb the neighborhood (though there are few homes close to the grounds), he said that attendance at the Sunday School sessions on Saturday and Sunday was expected to be about a hundred, and that a maximum of perhaps four hundred and fifty persons would gather for the High Holidays.

An experienced real estate man was put on the stand to testify that the establishment of a religious institution in The Chim-

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neys would "certainly not depreciate" the value of adjacent property since "prospective buyers [of land] would possibly want to live near their house of worship."

The only witness put on the stand by the village was its recently appointed building inspector, who had looked the estate over in the course of a two-and-a-half hour visit. He testified that the buildings did not conform to the village's building code, dated January 3, 1955. (Mr. Stern objected, to no effect, that the code was not *adopted* until March 15, the very day on which the synagogue filed its application for a permit.) Since Colonel J. A. Dykman, special counsel for the village, had previously stated that a provisional use permit could not be issued while the changes required by the building inspector were being made, the inspector's testimony cut the ground from under the synagogue's case.

AT THIS point in the hearing Mr. Hess had had his fill of law: "There is an undertone to the whole proceeding since we started to apply for a permit. . . . There is an undertone to this whole thing of constant delay. In addition . . . there have been public statements made by Mayor Bergman of Sands Point that we will never get a permit. . . ."

"One moment," said the chairman. "I'm not going to allow this."

But Mr. Hess was not to be stopped. After a heated exchange he went on: "I think it is time somebody spoke up. We have heard all the testimony. We have heard from experts of all kinds. There isn't any question . . . that that building is strong enough to put the Empire State Building on top of it . . . and yet this folderol goes on and on while our synagogue is without a home. . . ."

Nevertheless the folderol continued, and indeed with new variations; for the question of the submission of plans of The Chimneys—on which the building inspector could specify the changes required to make the property satisfy the requirements of the law—provided a fine opportunity.

Mr. Stern's position all along had been that the ordinance did not require the submission of plans with an application for a use permit. But when it appeared that the village authorities were going to make their absence a ground for denial of the permit, he offered to put in evidence such incomplete plans as were available. We need not follow all the devious legal moves. Mr. Stern asserts that he withdrew his offer when it seemed that the board was going to use the plans for further delaying action—a result his action did not prevent. For when the hearing of July 26, previously scheduled, took place, Mr. Bates opened and closed it with the statement that there was nothing before the board to hold a hearing on. In the enforced absence of Mr. Stern, an associate offered to put the plans in evidence. Mr. Bates held that this was unfeasible: the village's special counsel was abroad and the building inspector needed time to study the plans before he could discuss them. Counsel left the plans, presuming that he was putting them in evidence for the next hearing. But when that was held, on August 30, Mr. Bates ruled that the plans had merely been filed with the village clerk or building inspector. Hence there was again no agenda for the hearing; he would accept the plans in evidence, but would not allow immediate discussion of them.

The matter was becoming farcical. It was ended by Mr. Stern's amending the original application to request the use of only the main building—to avoid the possibility that the Board would make a finding of fact that the request to use the recreational facilities was not within the purposes and usages of a religious institution, a finding that would have been difficult to combat in the courts. The congregation was willing to forego use of the outdoor recreational facilities and the smaller buildings, which it was ready to place at the disposal of the village. It was even willing to consider paying taxes, though it was legally tax exempt. Despite these concessions, despite the fact that half a dozen ministers of the area urged the village authorities to grant the

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permit, and not a single individual had opposed it, the Board of Zoning Appeals ruled against the synagogue, citing seventeen "findings" for its action.

THE Community Synagogue took the case to court. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York upheld the board by a vote of four to one, but the Court of Appeals, the highest tribunal in New York State, reversed the decision of the lower court by a vote of six to one. It held that, since an interpretation of the ordinance was involved in determining the validity of the synagogue's petition, a question of law and not of fact was at issue. And as the synagogue's statement of its purpose was "almost entirely in the words of the ordinance," its petition should have been granted. The court held several of the board's findings, such as the one that the synagogue "would be inconsistent with the character of this district," to be "arbitrary and capricious." The board had found that the synagogue was not going to use the property entirely for religious purposes; the court declared that this objection was based on too narrow a definition of "religious purposes." As for the findings that the plans of the property had not been submitted, and that the board was therefore unable to judge whether the main building was a place fit for public assembly, with proper sanitary facilities, sufficient light and air, protection against fire, etc., etc.—the court held them all invalid—by means of them "the board [had] attempted to impose conditions which were not set forth in the ordinance." It was in the board's power to see that such conditions were met before the premises were occupied, but it should have first granted the synagogue a use permit. Without such a permit, the synagogue would have no assurance that the alterations it made would not be in vain.

Thus was the case happily resolved. We still do not know why the village trustees and members of the Board of Zoning Appeals were so dead set against the synagogue. Sands Point has never had a church of any kind and it has also refused to sanction a (private) school. (Only recently, however, this edict was defied and its legal attempt to "disestablish" the school defeated.) This would seem to bear out the contention of the village that it opposed the synagogue only to preserve its rusticity against the incursions of public institutions. And Mayor Bergman has pointed out that the village gave the synagogue permission to build in Harbor Acres in the first place. (An Indian gift, say those who believe that the suit of the Harbor Acres residents was "inspired.")

While the case was in litigation, Mayor Bergman was interviewed over the telephone by a writer for the *National Jewish Post*. (Subsequently he refused to speak to this writer.) Among other things, he said that the Holmes Foundation was creating a religious issue for publicity purposes, in order to sell its property more easily; that the telegram from Averill Harriman (a Sands Pointer) calling the zoning restriction "un-American and un-democratic" was a gesture toward the Jewish vote; that it was not the good old Jewish families of Sands Point—Bernard Baruch, the Guggenheims, and others—but the newcomers (Mr. Hess has lived there for sixteen years) who were "creating religious problems that they came here to escape," in a town "where there has never been any discrimination and where there are probably the largest number of successful intermarriages in the country." Possibly Mayor Bergman felt that a synagogue in their midst would disturb the equanimity of the successfully intermarried. But it is possible that the chief motive of the opposition was a quite trivial one. At the hearings in Beachwood, several people objected to the establishment of a temple for the reason that they had moved to a suburb in the first place to escape churches and all such institutions. While no one voiced this objection at the Sands Point hearings, I have heard it many times, from Jews as well as non-Jews, around Sands Point and elsewhere; and it was a realistic rabbi who said to me that "a religious institution—

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church or synagogue—is a royal pain in the neck in residential areas. Traffic, noise, parking—all are legitimate concerns of the neighbors." Very possibly Mr. Bergman had this in mind when he said, in the interview from which I have already quoted: "We are constantly denying applications, and we feel no moral obligation to let people make a club, or synagogue, or any other institution wherever they want to."

In its brief submitted to the Court of Appeals, the village had claimed only the right to restrict the *location* of a church or synagogue, not the right to deny it a place in the village; but the court saw the possibilities of evasion in so arbitrary a power, and denied it. Still, people do say: "Would *you* want to live near a synagogue or church or school and stand for all that noise? Would *you* want your property to depreciate in value?" In refusing a permit for such reasons, which are not always avowed, local authorities may be simply executing the will of the people.

THE decision of the Court of Appeals in the Community Synagogue case, on July 11, brought to a speedy close a similar case which had developed elsewhere in Long Island at about the same time. Toward the end of 1955, the Garden City Jewish Center, which had been conducting services in quarters made available by Adelphi College, contracted for the purchase of—and later took title to—a three-story building with the intention of converting it into a synagogue-center. In Garden City the zoning board, after holding six hearings in as many months, denied the center a permit because among other reasons, the site—less than an acre and a half—was too small. Too small, that is, to allow for *future expansion*. So patently indefensible an objection argued a desperate case. What really seemed to be troubling the board came out openly in its further finding that the synagogue "would alter the character of the neighborhood." This is a broad statement of the kind usually made in cases of this sort. In Garden City, it had a more precise meaning. As the New York *Times* reported the case, "Until about five years ago, Garden City was, in effect, a 'restricted community,' with few Jewish families living here. But in the last few years the Jewish population has increased, with the center now numbering 200 members [representing 68 families]." The implication is plain. Among the center's members, the belief that they were faced with discrimination was very strong, even though they were unable to point to any more overt evidence of bias than the extreme bitterness of the opposition.

Fortunately, the attorney for the center, Mr. C. Walter Randall, did not have to grapple with this shadowy issue to make his case; he based it entirely on the right of any sect to establish a church in Garden City. The zoning board turned down the center's petition on May 14. The Court of Appeals ruled in favor of the Community Synagogue of Sands Point on July 11; and on July 23 the Supreme Court of New York, with this precedent before it, granted the Garden City center's appeal.

Since the courts have so far upheld the reasonable petitions of synagogues, zoning boards are likely to be more careful about captiously denying building permits. This does not mean that congregations may expect only clear sailing in the future; undoubtedly there will be further cases of determined opposition to synagogues and temples coming into suburban communities. Individual congregations will continue to have to decide whether to yield or carry the fight to the courts. Litigation costs are only one factor causing synagogue leaders to hesitate to resort to law. A greater deterrent is their distaste for making themselves conspicuous in the courts, for seeming to be "aggressive." Yet if the courts cannot enjoin a community to welcome its Jewish residents in the spirit of good neighbors, they are able to enforce the principle of religious toleration. And that is always something worth fighting for.

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WHY DID KHRUSHCHEV DO IT?

De-Stalinization and the Manner of Stalin's Death

G. F. HUDSON

A YEAR has passed since Khrushchev by his speech to the closed session of the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist party hurled the image of Stalin from the lofty pedestal on which it had been raised by the organized worship of the world Communist movement. Today, efforts are being made to restore the somewhat battered statue to a position of honor, on a pedestal not quite as high as that which it formerly occupied, but still far exceeding the worth of the dead dictator as portrayed in the scathing indictment of Khrushchev's speech. In the meantime the disastrous effects for international Communism of the denunciation of Stalin have become fully apparent. It was impossible to hold up to execration and ridicule the man who for thirty years had been the leader of the world's orthodox Communists without discrediting the party which had sustained his leadership and calling in question the virtue of a political system which could produce such results. Not only were great numbers of the fellow-travelers and camp-followers of Communism shocked and alienated by the scandal, but the most zealous and devout of the adherents of the creed—those who for years had blindly followed every turn and twist of the party line because of their faith in an infallible leader—were suddenly and utterly let down. In the recent events in Eastern Europe nothing has been more striking than the spread of disaffection in the ranks of the Communist parties themselves, and especially among the young, but this is not to be wondered at if it is borne in mind how their indoctrination had been undone by the reversal overnight of everything they had been previously taught about the history of their revolution.

The consequences which have in fact followed from the demolition of the Stalin myth have been so inevitable, and should have been so easy to foresee, that it becomes more than ever a problem to explain why it was done. There are three possible interpretations of the Khrushchev speech. One is that it was an act of reckless folly prompted by feelings of pent-up resentment against the dead dictator and carried through without any adequate consideration of its probable consequences. The second is that it was an act of calculated policy designed to overcome resistance in the name of Stalin to measures taken by his successors, and that though the price which should have to be paid for it may have been underestimated, there was a deliberate weighing of political profit and loss in the decision. The third hypothesis is that the move had nothing to do with any changes in Soviet domestic or foreign policy, but was forced on Stalin's heirs by a hidden factor arising out of the circumstances of his death. It is this last explanation which is the special theme of this article. But before considering it in detail the two alternative theories must be briefly examined.

The view that Khrushchev's speech was a virtually unpremeditated outburst in which he was carried away by his own oratory to work off all the grievances against his dead master that had for years been rankling in his breast, has in its favor the intensely bitter and vindictive tone of the speech, which

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certainly reads like that of an angry man. Khrushchev, moreover, has been known, on other occasions, particularly when under the influence of liquor, to talk publicly with an outrageous indiscretion which appears to be embarrassing to his colleagues. But a closer examination of the 20th Congress speech does not support the idea that it was just Khrushchev flying off the handle. The argument is developed in a most comprehensive and systematic way, giving evidence of careful planning, and Khrushchev definitely states that "the Central Committee of the party considers it absolutely necessary to make the material pertaining to this matter available" to the Congress. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the speech was the outcome of a decision taken by the collective top leadership of the party and that Khrushchev was not in any case in a position to make a move of such importance without the approval of his colleagues. If it was a collective decision, it cannot be assigned simply to the "ebullience" of Khrushchev and must be regarded as the deliberate policy of a group of men who were neither young nor inexperienced in politics, but had been for many years in or very near the highest seats of power in the Soviet Union. It is incredible that such a group should have reached such a decision on the spur of the moment or in a fit of pique.

We are driven, therefore, to the second hypothesis, that it was a calculated act of policy, and at first sight this seems to imply that it was aimed at getting rid of the cult of Stalin as an obstacle to something that the new rulers were wanting to do. The speech, then, would be a necessary part of a process of "de-Stalinization." But if it is asked exactly how the Stalin myth was impeding Khrushchev and his colleagues at the beginning of last year, or how they gained a greater freedom of action by destroying it, it is extremely difficult to give an answer.

The Soviet Communist leaders had no intention of altering the system fundamentally; there had indeed been some considerable changes since Stalin's death, notably in the curbing of the secret police, but these had been made long before the 20th Congress, and there is no evidence of any attempts to reverse them in Stalin's name which might have made an attack on his memory appear as a political necessity for a reforming leadership. Nor is it clear why it was so urgent to deal with "the practical consequences resulting from the cult of the individual"; if this cult was merely one of Stalin himself, it was directed at a man who had been dead for three years and could no longer intervene in political affairs, but if it meant a tendency to excessive submission to the foremost leader of the party, the perpetuation of the cult could only be to the benefit of Khrushchev himself. Moreover, if, as was certainly the case, the Stalin era had left many bitter memories among members of the Communist party as well as among the masses of the Russian people, Stalin's heirs had already found, and made full use of, a perfect scapegoat for that period in the person of the executed Beria. Whatever had been wrong in Russia since 1938 could be attributed to him, and on arrival in Belgrade to be reconciled with Tito, Khrushchev had represented the Soviet-Yugoslav break of 1948 as his work.

With Beria's corpse to bear the blame for whatever of undeniable evil there had been in the glorious years of Stalin's rule, there was no need for the new holders of power to impute any of it to Stalin himself; on the contrary, they had the greatest interest in preserving the cult, for they were his legitimate heirs, who had replaced him, by a "constitutional" succession, and not by any coup d'état or insurrection such as would have impelled them to disparage the regime they had supplanted. Had a group of underground Trotskyites or Bukharinites seized power after Stalin's death, they might have been expected to denounce him as the man who had betrayed and corrupted the revolutionary cause he had inherited from Lenin. But the men ruling Russia in February 1956 —Khrushchev, Malenkov, Bulganin, Molotov—were men who for years had held the

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highest offices of state under Stalin and had been closely associated with him in all his policies. If they pulled down his idol, they could hardly avoid damaging themselves, to say nothing of the risk of bringing fatal discredit on what had been for so many years in all Communist propaganda "the party of Lenin and Stalin."

So we are brought back to the question: why did they do it? If they had in their attack on Stalin no rational political motive which could outweigh the manifest risks and disadvantages of the course they took, it remains only to consider the possibility that they felt a need to protect themselves personally against a suspicion that they were responsible for their late master's death. If there were any such suspicion in Russia, it would be highly dangerous for the ruling clique in so far as Stalin was regarded as a great, good, and wise man whose removal by assassination would have been an unforgivable crime. It would, of course, be much less dangerous if the politically important sections of the Soviet population could be persuaded that he had in reality been a blundering, bloodthirsty, and capricious tyrant, almost a madman, who was ruining the state and whose premature elimination would have been a public service.

There is no direct evidence of a widespread belief in Russia that Stalin was murdered. But one would not expect such thoughts to be openly expressed in the levels of Soviet life to which foreign journalists have access. Citizens of a totalitarian state learn to keep their mouths shut; Beria may be dead but Serov is still there, and it is better not to speculate publicly about political affairs in ways that can still cause anyone to be sent to Arctic Siberia. In view of the circumstances of Stalin's death, however, it is hardly conceivable that there should not have been any such speculation, taking the form no doubt of mere hints and insinuations in private conversation among friends, but ultimately reaching the ears of the men of the Kremlin through secret-police reports. The objective ground for suspicion, whether for Russians or for foreigners, lay in the fact that Stalin died just at the moment when the world was awaiting the trial of a group of doctors alleged to have confessed to participation in a major conspiracy against him, and that within a month after his death his successors had declared the confessions to have been extorted and the conspiracy a fabrication. It would indeed have been extraordinary if in this context, after so many years of alleged plots and only too real executions, of public confessions of treason and exhortations to perpetual vigilance, it had not occurred to anyone in the Soviet Union that the timing of Stalin's death might have been more than a coincidence.

The discovery of the so-called Doctors' Plot was announced on January 13, 1953, and the official statement already indicated that the range of the prosecution would extend far beyond the doctors themselves. It was declared that

> . . . the agencies of state security did not discover the doctors' wrecking terrorist organization in time. Yet these agencies should have been particularly vigilant, since history already records instances of foul murderers and traitors to the motherland in the guise of doctors, such as the doctors Levin and Pletnev, who killed the great Russian writer A. M. Gorky and the outstanding Soviet statesmen, V. V. Kuibyshev and V. R. Menshinsky by deliberately wrong treatment on orders from the enemies of the Soviet Union. . . . besides these enemies we still have one more enemy—the carelessness of our people. . . . to end sabotage it is necessary to put an end to carelessness in our ranks.

This was followed by talks of the need for cleansing the Communist party of "degenerates and two-facers"; no names were mentioned, but the hints of far-reaching conspiracy created an atmosphere heavy with fear of another great purge comparable to that of 1936-38. Against whom would it be directed? Those most obviously implicated in "carelessness" (which in Stalin's purge technique could so easily be turned into ill intent) were Beria and Abakumov, who (the latter as Minister of State Security) had been responsible for the "agencies of state security" at the time of the alleged murders

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of Zhdanov and Shcherbakov by the doctors, and had failed to discover the plot "in time." But the charge of "carelessness" could reach out further and involve those who held responsible posts in the administration of the party. That others besides those directly concerned with control of the police felt themselves endangered at this time was made clear by Khrushchev in his speech to the 20th Congress. Speaking nearly three years after Stalin's death, he then declared:

> Let us consider the first Central Committee plenum after the Nineteenth Party Congress, when Stalin characterized Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov and Anastas Ivanovich Mikoyan and suggested that these old workers of our party were guilty of some baseless charges. It is not excluded that had Stalin remained at the helm for another several months, Comrades Molotov and Mikoyan would probably have not delivered any speeches at this Congress. Stalin evidently had plans to finish off the old members of the Politburo. He often stated that Politburo members should be replaced by new ones. His proposal after the Nineteenth Congress concerning the election of 25 persons to the Central Committee Presidium was aimed at the removal of the old Politburo members and the bringing in of less experienced persons so that these would extol him in all sorts of ways. We can assume that this was also a design for the future annihilation of the old Politburo members and in this way a cover for all the shameful acts of Stalin. . . .

Khrushchev's mention of the "bringing in of less experienced persons" refers to the enlargement of the Politburo (or Presidium, as it was now renamed), whereby the old governing group was diluted by the addition of new men, several of whom had been rapidly promoted from obscurity since the war. There was a similar enlargement of the Central Committee Secretariat, membership of which was doubled. These changes certainly reduced the power of the older members who had held office since the pre-war period, but did not in themselves involve their "annihilation." This was a word which Khrushchev did not use lightly; he must have had in mind the long list of one-time members of the highest party organs who had been physically liquidated in Stalin's purges. But when he says that Stalin at the beginning of 1953 "evidently" had plans to "finish off" the old members of the Politburo of that date, the question arises whether this was for Khrushchev merely an inference from Stalin's general attitude and behavior or whether he received definite information that it was his master's intention.

THE category of "old members of the Politburo" certainly included Khrushchev, who had been a member since 1938. But he does not refer specifically to himself as an intended victim. He refers to Stalin's dislike of Voroshilov and Andreyev and his exclusion of them from meetings of the Politburo; he also, as in the passage quoted above, mentions his attacks on Molotov and Mikoyan and suggests that they were specially in danger. But if charges of disloyalty and treason were to be developed from the accusation of "carelessness," the persons most vulnerable were those who as members of the Secretariat were concerned with personnel promotions and discipline within the party. And the only two of the "old" members of the Politburo who were also members of the Secretariat—apart from Stalin himself—were Malenkov and Khrushchev.

Even if, however, Khrushchev regarded himself merely as included in a group destined for destruction in the impending purge, he might have been expected in his speech against Stalin to have shown how the Doctors' Plot had been fabricated with the aim of implicating this group in charges of treasonable conspiracy. For if Stalin had indeed intended to "annihilate" the older generation of the Politburo, and if the charges against the doctors—which had long since been officially declared false—had so ominously pointed to complicities beyond the accused doctors themselves, it was only logical to explain the Doctors' Plot as a means to the larger purpose—a cruel pump-priming for the new purge. But Khrushchev in his speech does nothing of the sort. His reference to the Doctors' Plot is in a different part of his speech from his allegation of Stalin's intention to purge the Politburo and is unconnected with it. Moreover, he

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represents Stalin, not as the prime mover in the fabrication of the Doctors' Plot, but as the dupe of false testimony. In his account of the episode he says:

> Actually there was no "affair" outside the declaration of the woman doctor Timashuk, who was probably influenced or ordered by someone—after all, she was an official collaborator of the organs of state security—to write Stalin a letter in which she declared that doctors were applying supposedly improper methods of medical treatment. Such a letter was sufficient for Stalin to reach an immediate conclusion that there are doctor-plotters in the Soviet Union. He issued orders to arrest a group of eminent Soviet medical specialists. He personally issued advice on the conduct of the investigation and the method of interrogation of the arrested persons. . . . Present at this Congress as a delegate is the former Minister of State Security, Comrade Ignatiev. Stalin told him curtly: If you do not obtain confessions from the doctors, we will shorten you by a head.

Stalin is here portrayed as a man no less gullible than he is brutal, for on the strength of a letter from one obscure individual he orders the arrest of a number of eminent doctors and demands that the head of the secret police compel them to confess. But elsewhere in his speech Khrushchev depicts Stalin as quite a different kind of man. Dealing with the purges of the thirties, he makes it clear—as is confirmed by evidence from other sources—that Stalin himself initiated and directed the whole process for political ends. He rejects the idea that the crimes of the *Yezhovshchina* were simply the work of Yezhov:

> Could Yezhov have arrested Kossior, for instance, without the knowledge of Stalin? . . . No, it would be a display of naivety to consider this the work of Yezhov alone. It is clear that these matters were decided by Stalin, and that without his orders and his sanction Yezhov could not have done this.

Here is indeed the Stalin of history rather than the man who is represented as flying off the handle in response to a single false denunciation. If Stalin had thus reacted to every slanderous charge anyone made against anyone else, he would not have lasted long. Morbidly suspicious as he undoubtedly was, his actions were governed by careful planning and political calculation. He set out to destroy and discredit in the first place those who opposed and thwarted him, but also those who, even though they accepted his leadership, had become too powerful and too well entrenched in high office. He had made himself an autocrat without either traditional legitimacy or theoretical justification from the revolutionary doctrine which he represented—for "collective leadership" was always the theoretical basis of authority in the Soviet party-state—and his technique for maintaining his personal power was continually to raise to high office new men who owed their careers to him alone and not to allow any individual or group to establish an independent positoin. In this way he had used his office as General Secretary to overthrow the old guard of the party, the colleagues of Lenin and veterans of the October Revolution, and in the Great Purge he had finally liquidated not only them, but many of his own faction who had seemed to him too ambitious or insufficiently subservient.

Those who survived at the top of the party had at that time passed the tests of loyalty which he imposed, but fifteen years later it was inevitable that they should appear to him potentially dangerous; they were too much consolidated as a group, too sure of themselves, and too widely accepted by the party and the people as part of the established order of things instead of as mere creatures of the despot's favor. We have Khrushchev's own word for it that Stalin planned to destroy them, and nothing is more probable. But, if he had had this intention, he would certainly have gone about it in a characteristic manner; a man over seventy may be expected to use methods to which he is accustomed rather than resort to new and untried devices. And the Doctors' Plot of 1953 was not a new device; it had been used before.

As the official announcement pointed out, one should not be surprised if doctors murdered their patients, because in 1938 the

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doctors Levin and Pletnev had confessed to having thus disposed of Kuibyshev, Menzhinsky and Maxim Gorky. But they had not acted thus of their own accord; they claimed that Yagoda, as chief of the secret police at that time, had threatened to exterminate them and their families if they did not obey him. Thus the alleged crimes of the doctors implicated Yagoda and through him the so-called "Bloc of Rights and Trotskyites" which was charged with having instigated the murders. It does not matter in this context whether the doctors did or did not commit these murders on orders from Yagoda (as the instrument of Stalin); under the pressure to which they were subjected they could equally well have committed the crimes and afterwards confessed to them or confessed to crimes which they had not committed. The important point is that the doctors—non-political professional men—were used to testify against high political personages who were on Stalin's death list. The only difference in 1953 was that the revelation of the Doctors' Plot came in advance of a political purge instead of in the middle of it. Otherwise the procedure runs true to form. The doctors confess to having murdered Zhdanov, who was supposed to have died of a heart attack. Perhaps they did; Zhdanov was too big for his boots in 1948, and his death was followed by a purge of his adherents, certainly on Stalin's orders. But in any case the doctors will confess what they have to confess, and when the case comes to trial, they will implicate people more important than themselves. And whither will the threads of conspiracy be found to lead? Khrushchev has given us the answer: to the Politburo.

WHY then does Khrushchev avoid making any connection between Stalin's intention to annihilate the old members of the Politburo and his instructions to Ignatiev to get confessions from the doctors at all costs? Why does he suggest that Stalin ordered the arrest of the doctors only because he was misled by a woman doctor "who was probably influenced or ordered by someone" in the organs of state security to make a slanderous accusation? Because in July 1954 Ryumin, Ignatiev's deputy in the Ministry of State Security at the time of the Doctors' Plot, had been shot for having fabricated the case against the doctors. On April 6, 1953, just over a month after Stalin's death, it had been announced that Ignatiev had been removed from his post as Minister of State Security because the Doctors' Plot had been found to be a fabrication, but that he had been misled by Ryumin, who was the real author of the frame-up. Since Ryumin had been executed under the reign of socialist legality inaugurated by Khrushchev and Malenkov, it clearly could not be admitted that Stalin himself had originally planned the Doctors' Plot affair, for in that case, in so far as officials could be held guilty for crimes committed on Stalin's orders, the Minister of State Security Ignatiev, who received instructions directly from the dictator himself, bore a greater responsibility than his deputy, who merely had carried out these instructions when they were passed on to him.

Why then was Ryumin shot, while Ignatiev, despite a demotion, continued a comfortable career in the party bureaucracy—he became First Secretary of the party in Bashkiria, and was nominated as a delegate to the 20th Congress? Khrushchev tries to get over this difficulty by suggesting that the woman Timashuk "was probably influenced or ordered by someone," thereby implying, without actually stating, that the initiative in the whole affair came ultimately from Ryumin, whereas Ignatiev knew nothing about it until he was ordered by Stalin to get the doctors' confessions.

It is impossible to give credence to this version of the origin of the Doctors' Plot, particularly as Khrushchev does not state the supposed prompting of Timashuk by Ryumin as a fact—which he could have done if it had been proved, or even alleged, at Ryumin's trial. Khrushchev's strangely confused account indicates a compromise between his knowledge that Stalin organized the whole affair and the need to suggest

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that the executed Ryumin had originated it. If he had not originated it, how was he more guilty than Ignatiev, who was sitting in the hall? Or to put the question differently —and it is a crucial one: why was Ignatiev spared? It was not only his deputy, Ryumin, who had paid with his life under Stalin's successors; his predecessor as Minister of State Security, Abakumov, was also executed in 1954 for having fabricated the "Leningrad affair," in which Voznesensky and Kuznetsov had been put to death.

What then was the basis of Ignatiev's immunity? It is all the more remarkable because Ignatiev was instrumental in 1952 in carrying out a purge of the Georgian Communist party which removed a number of Beria's henchmen from key positions; this purge was reversed at once after Stalin's death, when Beria for a period before his own arrest had full control of the security services, and it would have been natural for him then to take his revenge on Ignatiev. Further, this purge was mentioned by Khrushchev in his speech as one of the counts in his indictment of Stalin's rule, but without any reference to Ignatiev. In the passage immediately preceding, Khrushchev describes how Abakumov and others fabricated the "Leningrad affair" and "received what they deserved" at the hands of Soviet justice after Stalin's death; he then goes on in the same tone of high moral indignation to refer to the purge in Georgia, in which "thousands of innocent people fell victim to wilfulness and lawlessness," without ever reminding his listeners that all this happened after Ignatiev had replaced Abakumov as Minister of State Security. Indeed, he leans over backwards to avoid any mention of Ignatiev's name in this context.

It is a valid inference that Ignatiev must have rendered an important service to the men who took over power in the Soviet Union after Stalin's death, and thereby obtained immunity from the fate which overtook others who did the dirty work of Stalin's dictatorship. But as Ignatiev was precisely the man entrusted by Stalin with the task of preparing the destruction of those who in the event took power after his death, he can only have rendered such a service to them by informing them of Stalin's intentions. If he did so, it would also explain why Khrushchev was so sure that Stalin meant to annihilate all the old Politburo members and why there was so much venom in his speech against Stalin. After all, Khrushchev owed his successful career to Stalin's favor; he had been appointed by the dictator to one high office after another. It would be too much to expect sentiments of gratitude in such a case, but Khrushchev's manifest hatred for his former patron is hardly explicable simply because he had once been subjected to the humiliation of being compelled to dance the *gopak*. It is only fully intelligible if Khrushchev knew for certain that at the end he was on Stalin's death list, and he can only have known for certain from the man who was Stalin's chosen instrument for the projected purge.

If it is asked what motive Ignatiev could have had for double-crossing Stalin, it must be remembered that the instruments of Stalin's terror had hardly a higher expectation of life than the people on whom they preyed. Yagoda had perished as an "enemy of the people"; Yezhov had been liquidated without trial after being blamed for the "excesses" of the Great Purge; now Beria, the most faithful of henchmen, was to be destroyed. As Ignatiev became more and more deeply involved in the murderous work he was set to do and saw a new *Yezhovshchina* approaching, he must have reflected on the fate of his predecessors, and may well have wondered whether life would not be safer for him under those whom he was directed to liquidate than in the service of the terrible old man who seemed to grow ever more ferocious, incalculable, and inhuman. If such thoughts prevailed in his mind, he may at length have decided to disclose Stalin's plans to the two members of the doomed category with whom he was associated in the Central Committee Secretariat—that is to say, Malenkov and Khrushchev.

But such foreknowledge would be of no

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help to the intended victims unless something were to be done about it. The trial of the doctors was imminent and that would be the beginning of the end. It could only be stopped if Stalin were suddenly to die. And he did, just in time.

The men whose lives were in danger were at the apex of the party-state bureaucracy, but they had virtually no possibility of organizing an armed coup d'état against Stalin. The Soviet army and people were in the grip of the great Stalin myth, and authority had been cleverly distributed by the dictator between different agencies and chains of command. If Stalin were to be removed, it could only be by a secret and silent means from within the circle of those who were supposed to guard him. There was only one man who disposed of such means, and that was the Minister of State Security, who was responsible for the precautions to insure the autocrat's personal safety. An understanding between Ignatiev and the key men of the Politburo would have given the former an assurance—in so far as there can be any confidence between leaders of such a regime—of his future personal immunity, and would have enabled the latter to devise suitable publicity for the happy event about to take place and make arrangements for the succession.

There was, of course, Poskrebyshev, the head of Stalin's personal secretariat, who was always with him and who could be expected to defend him, since he held no public office and his power depended entirely on Stalin's survival. It would be necessary to remove Poskrebyshev at the same time. In fact, he disappeared utterly and has never been seen or heard of again.

It is impossible to prove in the present state of our historical knowledge that Stalin did not die a natural death, as the official version claimed that he did. It may have been only a coincidence that Stalin died precisely at the moment when he was about to destroy the men who in the event took over power from him. But it is an extremely improbable coincidence, and it is rendered even less probable by the facts with regard to Ignatiev to which attention has been called. Khrushchev's speech to the 20th Congress did not clear up the mystery, but by revealing how strong a motive Stalin's closest associates had for getting rid of him it greatly strengthened the case for supposing that he was murdered. While, however, giving testimony which a jury might regard as damaging to himself on a charge of complicity in homicide, Khrushchev at the same time piled up evidence to show that the homicide, if such it was, had been justifiable. The text of his speech might have been headed: "Why we would have been right to kill Stalin if we had done so." On the supposition that he was addressing an audience a part of which at least suspected that he (and others) *had* done so, we have an adequate motive for the amazing performance by which the myth of the superhaman Stalin was suddenly demolished. No other hypothesis can equally well explain it.

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ASPECTS OF ISRAEL

A Story and a Sketch

ISRAEL's immigrants, wherever they may come from, inevitably bring the aura of their old homelands into the new. This is as true for the melancholy, romantic German, as for the merrier-dispositioned Yemenite. ZEV TRONIK, who lives in the Jerusalem he writes about, was born in 1915 in Frankfort, Germany, and came to Israel in 1944. He has contributed frequently to German and French periodicals, and is now editor of an Israeli youth publication. This is his first appearance in our pages, and the first appearance, also, of GERDA L. COHEN, who now lives in Tel Aviv, after a year on the kibbutz "Ma'agan Michael." She was born in 1927 in England, and holds a degree from Cambridge. Her articles have appeared in the *Jewish Observer and Middle East Review*, the *Jewish Chronicle*, and numerous Israeli weeklies; at present she is a feature writer and correspondent for the Jerusalem *Post*.

Jerusalem Mood

ZEV TRONIK

I WAS almost sorry the tree had grown so tall—the trouble I had had keeping it alive! Now it was spreading in every direction, and each day it stole a little more of my view. Still, I loved to listen to the rustling of its leaves in the long evening hours, and I never tired of watching it bend and sway in the wind. But when I went to the window to look out before sitting down to work, or when I leaned out at sunrise to breathe in the fresh morning air, I missed the view into the distance. My friends, too, when they came to visit me, were distracted by the play of the wind and the tree—this physical presence seemed to make the great abstractions we were so fond of discussing distant and unreal.

The tree, which I had planted with my own hands, often made me think of what my existence was like in this city, for somehow it had become the symbol of my new way of life, with its painful limitations. Like most residents of Jerusalem, I treasured two things: a small circle of intimate friends, and the view into the distance, and I realized now that the view meant more to me than anything.

"Yes," said my friend Hillel, "we are the eyes of the people who are planting and building down below, and if we up here cannot look into the distance we are no good to them any longer."

Vlasta, stretched out gracefully on the sofa with her shoes off, extended her hands and smiled, "I love Jerusalem, it's the most beautiful city in the world."

Vlasta was in charge of a kindergarten, and she educated the children entrusted to her no better and no worse than anyone else might. She watched over their health, saw to it that they were clean and happy and developed according to schedule. She loved the climate—the light clothes she wore during the long summer months, and the color of the Oriental fabrics that were so becoming to her face and fitted in with the landscape.

She was content to have our conversation —Hillel's and mine—turn to lofty abstractions; she would put on a classical record and listen quietly to the music and our conversation. Against this double background, her loveliness and her delicacy took on a special emphasis. In those moments she was near yet far, present and yet absent.

Hillel would often come late on Friday afternoon, and stay over till Saturday night. He knew I was always home on the Sabbath and on holidays, and he too disliked mingling with the idle, dressed-up crowd

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in the streets. Vlasta would join us later on in the evening, looking delicate and rested after her long Friday afternoon nap. It was she who brought order into the room; she rearranged the flowers so as to display their real beauty, and she would open the little package which Hillel was in the habit of handing me when he came in, but which was really meant for Vlasta. Vlasta's arrival left us free for our great discussions; she served the tea at the right moment, and she put on the record when it seemed called for.

Around midnight, the sky was filled with high, white clouds sailing rapidly eastward; this was a usual sight in the fresh, cool nights of June, which is the happy month we wait for. In this season, the sunset often heralds a rush of thoughts and ideas that flow in a deep, wide stream straight to their far and invisible goal.

"It's time to go," Vlasta said, and she reached to shut off the phonograph. But she refrained, deciding to wait for the end of the movement. She slipped on a light sweater—the night was rather cool—and we walked down the stairs, one behind the other. On the first floor the light was still on, and we heard soft music coming from the open window.

Hillel, who led the way, turned round after he had crossed the threshold of the gate and looked at us pensively. "Music, wind, and the view into the distance," he said, "that's what we live on. Together they are an infinity, but if we should lose one of them, the other two would cease to exist."

We fell silent, walking slowly down the empty streets, looking at the sky, the houses, the trees. Slowly, yet irresistibly, the nocturnal city forced a peculiar gait upon us. It seemed to us that we were not really walking, but that we experienced a glorious, indescribable sensation of floating, of being immersed bodily in the dark, streaming waters of the night which refreshed and revived us with their coolness. The illusion was so strong, we began moving our arms like swimmers.

Suddenly we were going uphill, and soon the moonlit houses of the town lay before our eyes. Obeying an old habit, we walked in the middle of the broad street; it gave us the sense of being safe, of walking on ground that belonged to us. After a certain hour Jerusalem does belong to the night-walker. You are alone with the breath of her olive groves, and you are at your ease anywhere.

Vlasta walked between us, holding our hands. She breathed deeply the fresh, pungent air and from time to time turned to look at one or the other of us. Soon we reached a small, well-kept public park and sat down on a bench.

Hillel leaned forward, his elbows on his knees; he appeared to have fallen into deep thought. From time to time Vlasta said something that did not seem to call for any answer. We two men felt no need for conversation, but Vlasta begrudged us our silence. She was a woman, she had the right to some conversation, and we knew it.

"Do you remember Shlomo Schwartz?" Hillel asked quietly.

"Oh, yes," Vlasta said. "Poor fellow, what's the matter with him?"

"He is sick, very sick. I met him yesterday in the restaurant where I eat every day. He must have been waiting for me, I had hardly sat down when he came straight at me. I was shocked when I saw him. He was terribly thin, his eyes were bloodshot . . . he looked like a skeleton. His hand was cold, bloodless, almost dead. I saw that he didn't have a penny and I invited him to lunch. He was starved, but he ate without appetite, like a man condemned to death. Then he told me that he was going to the hospital very soon; after a great deal of trouble he had finally been admitted."

"Poor, poor man," said Vlasta, "he was always so hopelessly alone."

"It's a terrible fate being an old bachelor in Jerusalem," I said. "Shlomo has told me how he used to walk at night through the streets of the city, ashamed of his loneliness. All his friends and acquaintances knew he was wandering around." And I added, "Where can you go in Jerusalem once the movies have closed?"

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"To live in Jerusalem is to live alone, by definition," Hillel said grimly. "To exhibit one's loneliness is therefore ostentation."

"Let's visit him and bring him something nice!" Vlasta exclaimed.

"Perhaps that is the true greatness of this city," Hillel philosophized, "that she reminds us constantly of our human loneliness. Wherever and however we may live, in the end we have only ourselves to fall back on. It is one of the great truths of human existence, too easily overlooked in other big cities. But Jerusalem is a city without make-up and without illusions, and it is infinitely encouraging that she manages to be so stimulating and beautiful in spite of it. We in Jerusalem know that the naked truth is beautiful, more beautiful and more interesting than any lie."

Just then all three of us raised our heads. We had heard the sound of steps and a low singsong. In a little while we spied the round hats and sharp silhouettes of three yeshiva *bachurim* approaching in our direction, walking with characteristically hurried step. They must have been coming from their Rebbe, in the neighborhood, and they seemed still to be filled with his radiance. Very likely they were singing to let everyone know how completely they had surrendered to the joys of the *Shabbat*. They fitted perfectly into the landscape, much better than we in our conventional clothes.

Suddenly I recalled that once before I had encountered a group of Hasidim in the streets of Jerusalem at the same hour, but under very different circumstances. It was the middle of winter, January, I believe. Just before then, several persons had been murdered by *fedayeen* bands and the military authorities had decided to send nightly patrols into the most exposed quarters of the city. I was a member of the military reserve, and I had been ordered to report. I went on patrol with two comrades in an outlying part of the city which was inhabited mainly by Hasidim. My comrades and I, burdened down with full field packs, were not exactly in the best of moods. It was bitter cold and we waited impatiently for the morning and our relief. Sometime after midnight we saw small groups of Orthodox Jews walking home peacefully, appearing in no great hurry. We were rather surprised to see so many of them in the street at that late hour. We decided to find out where they were all from, and we finally came upon a synagogue from which small groups of them were still emerging. We stopped and looked at these people who belonged to another world and stood for values so different from ours. They in turn gave us some peculiar looks but remained silent. With a slight shudder I realized that we were absolute strangers to them, that our uniforms and our weapons symbolized for them everything that was not Jewish. Yet I think some of them wanted to say something friendly to us, but could not find the right words, or supposed we did not understand Yiddish.

My comrades and I had to pool our small knowledge of religious customs, and then we concluded that these people were just coming from *Tikun Hatzot*, the Midnight Lamentations for Solomon's Temple. This custom has, on the whole, fallen into disuse, but the Hasidim still guard it carefully.

A tall, slender Hasid silently took notice of our uncertainty. He held a prayerbook in his fine right hand, and his long *kaftan* glistened in the moonlight. He came toward us slowly, with great poise and looking at peace with himself, as do so many religious Jews. It seemed to me that he was sorry for us, and under his quiet glance I felt ashamed to be the representative of an institution based on force. I found it hard to look him straight in the eye, I was uncertain how to react to his self-possessed, benevolent look. I had a sudden impulse to throw away my rifle, but I stood motionless. As the Hasid passed us, he turned his head and said quietly, *"A gitte nacht, Yiden,"* and I answered, also in Yiddish, *"A gitte nacht, Reb Yid,"* grateful for the chance to show that I too, in spite of my martial get-up, had a Jewish soul and could understand his world which was founded on faith in God.

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Now, as the yeshiva *bachurim* walked past our bench, Hillel suddenly spoke up: "*Shabbat shalom,* where are you going?"

They were surprised, but not startled. They stopped singing and looked at one another.

"*Sholem, sholem,*" they said finally, pausing to look us over.

"Don't run away," Hillel said in Yiddish, "we are not lepers."

"It's late," one of them said, "time to go home." They seemed torn between friendliness and suspicion. Vlasta's presence quite obviously disturbed them. Some more hesitation, an awkward, hasty goodbye, and they were gone. Soon they started their singsong again, as if we no longer existed for them. The echo of their steps resounded for a long time.

THEN came a Friday when I was all alone. Hillel had for some reason decided not to come that week, and Vlasta had gone off for a holiday at the shore. When I came home late that afternoon I found a letter from her. I refrained from opening it, but put it carefully on the bookshelf. I still had a great many things to do before *erev Shabbat:* the usual shopping, the great housecleaning, the customary shower. Afterward, I loved to look out on the street and see the people and the traffic disappearing at the approach of the *Shabbat,* till, just before the moment of the *Shabbat's* arrival, there was a last-minute frenzied rush of stragglers hurrying to their destinations.

In common with many other Israelis, I observed the ritual of the great Friday afternoon house-cleaning as it is practiced in the kibbutzim. First, you place all your tools and the light pieces of furniture atop the heavy furniture. Then you pour great quantities of water over the tile floor and mop it up with a dry rag. Finally you open all the windows to let the sun and the air do the job of drying, while you enjoy your shower.

That afternoon, when I emerged from the cubicle of my shower, the floor was already dry and refreshingly cool. Obeying an old habit, I went through a few exercises, and then I put the room in order again. I find this a particularly pleasant chore, for one can envision the perfect harmony of the room while one is still engulfed in its chaos. Every move brings one closer to the ideal order, and one can identify oneself with each piece of furniture as it jumps back into its proper place as if by its own volition.

It was now five o'clock. I turned on the radio and stretched out on the sofa, basking in the thought that more than half the population of the city was at that very instant doing exactly what I was doing. This novel way of receiving the *Shabbat* in modern Israel marks a moment of national unity. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, bring into the homes a festive atmosphere of reflection and meditation. Throughout the country, in the cities, the villages, and the kibbutzim, at that hour, all those who are not getting ready for religious services are listening to the Friday afternoon program of classical music on the national broadcasting system, and each person knows that all the others are, at the same hour and in the same spirit, giving themselves over to a sense of communion and to the joys of the music.

A wonderful, familiar sensation of peace descended on me. I felt that perfect order had come not only to my own modest apartment, but to my neighbors and to my street, to the holy city of Jerusalem and to the entire country. I listened to the pure music; against the background of absolute silence it seemed to rise like a solid pillar of sound.

I took down Vlasta's letter and felt a sudden pleasure at the sight of her neat handwriting. Vlasta had written my address in Hebrew and I could see how she had struggled with it. I did not open the letter immediately, but examined the stamp and the postmark and the sender's name: Vlasta Mayrowitz, Pension Katz, Nahariya.

Nahariya was more than a word for me, it was a symbol. I loved the place and its name. I was in the habit of spending my vacations there, eight days in spring and ten days in the fall. I loved the restless sea and the people, residents as well as guests Nahariya is situated approximately at the

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midpoint of the glorious Haifa Bay and from the beach one can see the splendid half-circle of the bay and the mountains of Galilee. In the fall, when there are fewer guests, a mood of quiet sadness settles over the little town, fitting well with the brave resignation of its inhabitants. Curiously enough, at this season one always meets visitors from Jerusalem, easily recognized by their white skins and intellectual faces: university professors, physicians, scientists, higher officials. They speak to each other in German, and they seem to feel at home in that place and at that season.

I OPENED the envelope carefully, pulled out the thin paper, and unfolded two pages covered with Vlasta's neat handwriting. What she had to say was, in itself, not very important, but to feel close to her just then was intoxicating; the music, the quiet, the festive mood of the approaching *Shabbat* provided the ideal setting for her words.

"My dear, good Gideon" (she wrote) "I have been here now for three days, and I am enjoying life in a thoroughly physical way, almost pagan. The ocean, the sun, the swimming, the walks into the beautiful countryside . . . it is unspeakably wonderful to feel joy in one's body again, to run, laugh, dance, to drop, long after midnight, into one's bed, exhausted but feeling well and healthy.

"I already have quite a tan, and everybody says it becomes me. How are you, my dear Gideon, in cool Jerusalem? Sometimes I grow tired of all the bright noise here and long for the cool nights of our city. But do I really, or do I just force myself subconsciously to feel guilty about my easy life in Nahariya? I don't know, perhaps when I return you'll explain it all to me and bring back some order into my mixed-up emotions. You know how much I trust your judgment.

"I'll be back eleven days from now, and I am looking forward to it. I am in a mood where everything makes me happy.

"All my best
your Vlasta."

That was all; the letter of an intelligent woman, hinting at some things and omitting what was most important.

Suddenly I was sad. My body felt plump and awkward. I felt as if I were high above the world on light, drifting clouds, yet unable to free myself from the pull of gravity. I had an enormous desire to return to other people, to talk, laugh, and dance with them.

I jumped off the bed and noticed with a sudden pang that I was trembling with excitement. I stepped to the open window and looked into the dark night. I had missed the arrival of the *Shabbat*, the streets were empty and still now. A soft wind rustled through the streets, and many windows were illumined with lights. Try as I might, I could see no human face.

The Dark Aristocrats

GERDA L. COHEN

ALL day the *sharkeea* blew from Arabia and whipped stinging sand into our skin. Sharp maize stalks, dried to needles, pierced our hands, and the hot wind tore like a demon at the scratches. Bits of marble plinth carved with Roman laurel lay in the tractor path. I picked cobs with Saadya, who had the physique of a fourteen-year-old. Yemenites before they begin to raise a family look younger than they really are. Later they turn wizened, metallic, ageless. The Yemenite boys can work better than a grown man when they have a spurt of energy. Suddenly they run a race, or as suddenly, like spent elastic, they drag mournfully. Saadya pulled a row of cobs, yanking the heavy sack with dogged joy. Then his huge calf-eyes mooned, and he asked the time although he knew no one had a watch. His friends wandered moodily up the furrow, kicking cobs. They chanted a plaintive high-pitched song: "A young girl begs her lover, do not fear me that I am dark."

The Yemenites in the kibbutz have a dull inarticulate feeling of being alien. We "white-skins" went to college, we have a radio. The collective rigidly allots an equal

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share for equal labor, but it cannot yet do something special for the underprivileged. The little Iraqi whose bed is next to mine powders her coffee-brown arms every evening after the shower. The Persian girls put cream on their sallow cheeks; they want to be white. The Persians are docile, silly, and square-haunched. Saadya and company pepper them with rude questions. "We are Jews like them? It's impossible. They are slower than the big combine." I too feel more akin to a Cockney bus driver than a Persian tailor who happens to be Jewish. With the Yemenite adolescent, I feel quite differently, ashamed of my textbook proficiency and envious of his curious ignorance, his rhythm and instinct for formal pattern.

Galya, the only girl in the bunch, has arched eyebrows black as a witch's cat. Her white teeth flash grotesquely large from a miniature face. The boys tease her cruelly, while she defends herself with her nails and Arabic curses. Galya is fifteen, beautiful as a yellow cactus petal unfurled at the prickly leaf-tip. "Going to school" keeps her busy after she's done her stint in the baby-house. (She hates "sponja"—washing floors.) The Yemenites are coaxed into a hut, restrained from putting too many questions, and initiated into the marvels of mathematics and elementary socialism. Deprived of education until the most receptive age, they grab facts like candy, hear a new word and exhaust it like a toy.

Galya has higher ambitions. She peeps through the window as I type and announces, "I want to learn." "D'you know the English letters?" I ask, never doubting the answer. She squats on her heels in Levantine fashion, and hesitantly draws the alphabet till *J*, at each lopsided hieroglyph glancing at me to observe the effect. Then she humps onto the bed and wriggles her toes like bits of toffee. The Yemenites peel their shoes off at every opportunity.

"Don't you know any more letters?" "He died." "Your teacher?" "My *abba*." Rather humbled by this exchange, I afterward discover from Saadya that Galya's father used to clean the high school at Aden. Meanwhile Galya pegs away with surprising perseverance, arriving in our hut to light the oil lantern and pat at the keys most evenings after supper.

One night she didn't come. New members of the kibbutz were learning the latest polka, a tame collectivized version of the Slav original. At first Galya held back, wringing the hem of her skimpy skirt. Then Amir, the ginger cowherd, caught her and whirled her away. She leaped loose and dictated the step. The Yemenite boys ringed her round, drumming with feet and hands thin as wire netting. Then Galya became tired. Her lashes fluttered on her cheeks like a pomegranate in the lamp glow. She relapsed into her normal fidgety whipcord. The Yemenites went to "lift" an old tin for browning sunflower seed over a primus stove. They'd already grilled a wooden hut along with seeds. Amir followed Galya on the pretext of seeing to it that safety regulations were observed.

THE Yemenites came here from a transit camp, in cast-off pants and tattered T-shirts labeled "Dodgers." Saadya rolled up his pants to imitate shorts, and the whole crew hung around the clothes store, bent on getting a complete outfit. As the kibbutz ration system allowed us half a shirt per year, to bestow a trousseau nearly broke the heart of the matronly Berliner in charge. Galya of course loitered round the cupboard, unable to face the idea of removing her ankles from the shabby embroidered leggings inherited from her mama. She cuddled the darning egg, and whined an Arabic lullaby. "For heaven's sake, make up your mind . . ." said the Berliner, whose fat knees go always naked. Galya admired her own skinny thighs, and just as the boys went by, on with the shorts. She sallied out, her legs like oiled teak. Amatzia and Pesach pranced behind, tweaking her small bottom. Galya fairly preened with delight, then crumpled into woe because the elastic broke. Never having worn such a thing before, she imagined the elastic was an irreparable part.

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Yesterday Galya asked the kibbutz treasurer for 50-*grush* fare money: "To visit my cousin near Hedera." As Rina unlocked the cash-box, Galya deftly removed a comb from the box of toilet things doled out weekly. "Your cousin, eh?" Galya drove the clothes store crazy, altering her single best blouse, starching her khaki skirt until it grazed her knees. She got some lace-up boots and clean white socks, as a favor. Before the bus left, she flew from hut to hut, like a leaf in the *khamsin:* "I want a *shmutter* for my head." The Yemenites love parading their Yiddish. Galya borrowed an Arab *kefieh* and swathed the voluminous muslin so that its tassels fringed her brow. She asked me to play chaperon. After all, I had translated the Hebrew assignation—in its formality so Victorian, yet seductive. On the way to the bus, Galya told me that the boy friend really was her cousin. Her family in the transit camp had written to inform her of a marriage contract sealed while the parties were respectively two and three.

A WASTE of dingy huts, their canvas walls like discarded stage scenery, lay at the foot of Mount Carmel. Barbed wire had long ago been pulled down and turned into coops for the scrawny hens. Galya's people lived in a shack of corrugated tin. Filched boards guarded their pathetic patch of melon from dogs and a lively mob of children. An acrid odor of chlorine and excreta hung in the hot breathless air. Mrs. Ashurabi wept and chattered over her daughter, picking at the khaki skirt, fingering the shoes. "I'll call him," she said. At the irrevocable tone of her remark, Galya shrank into a prim figure on the bed. Too conscious of her situation for small talk, Galya gazed at the flies thickly clustered on everything. They blackened the white cheese hung to drip. A boy with narrow shoulders and corkscrew earlocks blocked the sun from the doorway. He resembled his cousin: flaring black brows, feminine luxuriance of hair, and fragility of hands and feet. His parents and more children somehow got into the shack. Galya had already unlaced her proud boots and reverted to Arabic, hardly different from the see-saw Hebrew she loved to display. Her betrothed said nothing. Mrs. Ashurabi brewed tea on the primus which stood on a grimy concrete floor surrounded by pots and children. She poured the tea, rusty and oversweet with a bit of dried mint. The uncle brought glasses still dusty from the shop: "I am keeping them for the young pair." Mrs. Ashurabi whimpered and plucked with her chicken fingers at Galya's new outfit. It was time to go, I hinted. Galya peeped coyly at her betrothed, the solemn dark unknown. Not a word did they exchange. It was not considered proper.

We walked over the throbbing tarmac, between the lines of sagging huts. Old men, propped against shady walls, opened and then closed one eye. The children crouched farther into the sand like bedraggled sparrows in a dust bath. We thought our own thoughts in silence. "When is it allowed to get married?" Galya inquired in her bold, shy way. "You must be seventeen at least." "Such a long time. . . . I shall know how to type letters by then, won't I?" With a look of unfathomable sorrow, she waited for the bus, her manicured paws folded. The boots tired her: Galya wriggled out of them and flopped down on her heels, her bottom just above the baking sand. "Why don't you try? It's so comfortable."

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SOME YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS

Art and Reality

G. S. FRASER

THE history of new movements in poetry in Great Britain since about 1930 falls into tidy patterns. The history of poetry in the United States does not. When we speak in Great Britain of "the 1930's," for instance, we think of Auden, Spender, MacNeice, Day Lewis; the Left Book Club; unemployment and hunger marches; the rise of Hitler; the war in Abyssinia, the war in Spain. The poets link directly with the background of historical crisis; as also do works of fiction like Christopher Isherwood's *Good-Bye to Berlin*. Now, of course, American writers were not unaware, nobody could be unaware, of what was going on in the world in the 1930's—but, nevertheless, I cannot think of any American poet so closely linked in much of his best work to that period that we still refer to him as "a poet of the 1930's"; as one tends, half consciously, to refer to Auden, say, though of course he is also a poet of the 1950's. Where there are no "movements" in this sense, there are no "reactions," either.

Already, in the 1930's, young English poets like Dylan Thomas, George Barker, or David Gascoyne represented a reaction away from Auden's group, from the idea that the poet's main duty is to diagnose and warn, toward a romantic subjectivism, a subjectivism that sought to do justice to the inner submerged life, to dreams, to anxiety and confusion, to religious awe. In the 1940's, when the actuality of war made the political idealism of the 1930's untenable, poets like Lawrence Durrell and Bernard Spencer found in the contrast between the poverty and decay of the modern Near East and the beauty of its landscape and the splendor of its past a metaphor for deep and disturbing feelings about the precariousness and transience of all civilization. Poets like Edwin Muir, Kathleen Raine, and Robert Graves made a special appeal after 1945 because they sought in a pre-historical or post-historical theme symbols of a kind of permanence, a ritual to be gone through, transcending such decay. And today the wheel has come full circle. The "New Movement" poets in Great Britain like Philip Larkin and Kingsley Amis are insisting that poetry should start again, as in the 1930's, from the given conditions of life. The difference is that political worry and hope are no longer made poetically articulate. The interest is personal and moral; poetry should shape its sense, it is felt, out of the drab complications, the confusions and hesitations, of everyday life.

All these movements and reactions and counter-reactions in the history of recent English poetry spring, it should be emphasized, less from strictly critical theories about what a poem should be, or what poetic language is or does, than from shared interests that could be called extra-poetic. The debate over the last quarter of a century in England about where poetry is going and should go has been really a debate about something else; about whether the right

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THE work being done by the younger generation of American poets today has struck many readers as overly preoccupied with problems of form, while lacking in vitality. From a British point of view, G. S. FRASER finds that the virtues of contemporary American verse and its defects can both be related to the fact that Americans look upon poetry as a luxury product, an "extra," rather than the expression of urgent feelings on socially relevant issues. Mr. Fraser, himself the author of several volumes of verse as well as a work of criticism, *The Modern Writer and His World* (1955), was born in Scotland, and now lives in London. This is his first appearance in COMMENTARY.

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basic attitude to life is political commitment (Auden and his friends in the 1930's), or a tragic and perhaps destructive but perhaps redeeming plunging into the thick of experience (Dylan Thomas and George Barker, say), or the sad but humane irony of the spectator of transience (Lawrence Durrell, Bernard Spencer), or a more or less religious seeking for deep meanings in archetypal images (Kathleen Raine, Edwin Muir, Robert Graves), or the heightening by poetic sensibility of a liberal, empirical attitude to experience (the poets of Robert Conquest's anthology, *New Lines*).

THE debate has been something like a debate on the rival claims to our attention of the ideal and the actual. It has had a relevance to the general intellectual history of Great Britain over the last twenty-five years: to the varying degrees to which the individual has now immersed himself in, and then sought to withdraw himself from, an urgent awareness of social problems; to the varying degrees also to which the individual has sought in politics a substitute for religion, gone back to a traditional religion or tried to work out a new one, or sought to do without religious enthusiasm altogether, basing his conduct on an empirical humanism. The future historian of Great Britain, in fact, will have to study the English poetry of the last twenty-five years for clues about changes in "the climate of ideas." Now, is anything like this true of recent American poetry? After looking through a dozen or so volumes by young American poets, recently, I very much doubt it. I see no such debate going on. And yet, on the other hand, I am not sure that the young American poets I have been reading are any the worse for lacking this kind of social relevance.

Even second-rate English poems of the last quarter of a century—some of Spender's more blatantly political poems of the 1930's, for instance—have the kind of extra-poetical, the kind of social-documentary interest, which I have been trying to indicate. I find almost no social-documentary interest, of that sort, among the younger American poets. But what I find in them, contrasting them with many of their English contemporaries, is a far greater concern with what a poem is, with the shaping of a poem as an object. I find recent American poetry in a sense more "professional," more consciously technically competent, more technically various and adventurous, also, than recent English poetry. I also find that sometimes, unlike English poems, American poems strike me as being *luxury products*—that the American poet is expensively and deliciously adding something to life, rather than expressing, perhaps awkwardly, something urgently arising out of life.

What I mean by this contrast can perhaps be made clearer if one thinks of an English and American poet of an older generation, Thomas Hardy and Wallace Stevens. Stevens is a very notable virtuoso, and Hardy is often an intolerably clumsy writer; but, quite apart from his far greater scope of human sympathy, one ranks Hardy higher because one has the feeling that his poems are forced out of him by concrete situations, whereas Stevens is sitting down, and can sit down at any time, to write variations on two or three abstract themes. What I mean could be summed up even more crudely by asking, "Is poetry, for Americans, an extra?"

But I can illustrate what I have in my mind best, I think, not by passing judgments on the general achievement of young American poets but by quoting, and examining closely, passages from individual poems by them. What will arouse my admiration will be craftsmanship: what I shall have to question sometimes is a certain insubstantiality, derivativeness, preciousness. And faults like these may indeed—to correct an earlier too sweeping statement—have a very important *indirect* social-documentary relevance. Insubstantiality, derivativeness, preciousness are likely to be the faults, especially, of the poet who feels he has not much of an audience except other poets, or, say, the very specialized audience, largely perhaps consisting of university teachers of literature, that reads and writes for the more abstruse American quarterlies. The assumption that

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there is an "intelligent common reader," that there is a fertilizing *indefinite* audience for poetry, may, even, in England be becoming a fiction. But the young English poet has access, for instance, to the British Broadcasting Corporation's Third Program and through it has the reassuring sense that he will be heard, sometimes, by a much wider audience than ever read him. The problem of "getting it across," of *gross* communicability, is real to him. I have a feeling that this is a less real problem to many young American poets; that they are therefore less aware, though often technically much more adroit in other ways, of the technical poetic problems connected with the nature of the audience—problems about diction, about tone. But I had better begin to give some illustrative substance to these generalities.

THE late Gene Derwood was about forty when she died, which, I think, in these days, still counts her as a "young poet." It is a year or so since her exciting posthumous volume came out, but I want to start off by examining some stanzas of hers which seem to me to illustrate admirably some of the typical faults of recent American poetic language. There are poems of hers, may I add, that I very much admire. But here she is yielding to temptation. These are the first three stanzas of "The Innocent," an elegy for a soldier killed in the Pacific war:

Beautiful always the littoral line,
Jointure of ocean and earth where globe winds lean
Over the lace whence Venus rose, the sands
From which little-less-than-gods flung history's sail,
Round wave, round shell, and myth-bound lands.

Pacific soft touches the gold beachhead,
Sand swells to a nectarine mound fringed with red,
The mould a shoulder freckle-fretted, pale
As sand, except for the pulse-ravished blood,
A young lad simply, newly dead.

His skin dipped golden on last summer's shore
As far past now as light years; life's no more
To this fruit of land where Columbus stood
Proving the global arc of earth, and trade.
The boy reached farther, and has stayed. . . .

The most obvious point about these stanzas is that they are unashamedly "poetic." A specific effect is aimed at and achieved; but achieved through the use of a diction which has a bruised softness, a morbid over-ripeness. "Beautiful" is a very worn emotive counter, indeed: a facile gesture-word. No doubt it works in here for a total sound-and-mood effect, a liquidly melting effect, with the *l*'s of "littoral"; and both words are dactyls, and so mirror each other more subtly than by the echoing of sounds. But "beautiful" is a clue that every kind of magniloquence is going to be shamelessly pressed into service: "littoral" for "shore," "ocean" for "sea," "globe winds," "the global arc of earth": poster phrases, which magnify.

This is an oratorical, generalizing way of writing: at the opposite pole, for instance, from Imagism. The effect of over-richness comes from other devices, too: the fruit images, the inversions, the Keatsian double epithets, "shoulder freckle-fretted," "pulse-ravished blood." "Nectarine mound," "freckle-fretted," "a skin dipped golden"—the dead body and its setting are robbed, firmly, of any associations unpleasantly actual: "a young lad" with its Housman echoes (and its pleonasm) has the same effect of putting us at a sweet, dreamy distance from whatever it might have been like to die on that beach. The dead body, to put it brutally, is only ostensibly the theme: the real theme is Miss Derwood's feelings about it; and she seems rather too easily certain that they are "beautiful" feelings.

A self-indulgent attitude to language like this makes the poet, also, blissfully unaware of the danger of colliding with a reader's sense of irony:

Morning's love was mine with sun-savage hair,
It was for love I trained to fight the best.
The turbulent harmonics of my rare,
My sexual-burnished youth in discord dumb
Fail, but not to give me rest. . . .

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A young man's sexual vitality is, of course, one of his most precious possessions; the feelings that Miss Derwood started from here are perfectly respectable; but all the same, "sun-savage" and "sexual-burnished" have an air of absurdly grandiose strident defiance, "turbulent harmonics" is a phrase that seems almost to burlesque itself, and "discord dumb"—not even out of Keats, out of Collins—with its pretentious archaism adds to one's embarrassment. Whatever real feelings the poem started with balloon away up, filled with hot air.

Women when reading a poem aloud have sometimes a way of implying, by something too suave, too unctuous, too possessive in the voice, "This is a beautiful poem, and this is *me* reading it!" There is something like that here: "These are noble, outsize feelings, and they are *my* feelings!" It is a complete lack of awareness of tone—of the sense of an audience, not merely stunned and passive, but critically cooperative—that leads Miss Derwood into this trap. (She has many much better poems, and this is a judgment not on her work in general, but on these stanzas.) When the literary language, as here, gets far away from the spoken language, the emotional gestures of the literary language are bound to become disastrously larger and simpler than the difficult emotional responses of actual life. Miss Derwood, here, is using her poem as an outlet: her verbal bravura disguises that fact from her. She is a good poet elsewhere, and she certainly must have known in her heart that there is more to a poem than grandly letting yourself go.

So my central worry about recent American poetry, I hope I have made clear, is a worry about tone and diction: which is fundamentally a worry about the poet's relation to an audience, and hence to society. But let me take now a short poem, "Piazzi di Spagna" (Early Morning), by a writer much more sophisticated about tone and diction than Miss Derwood, Mr. Richard Wilbur. The poem is short enough to quote in its entirety:

I can't forget
How she stood at the top of that long marble stair
Amazed, and then with a sleepy pirouette
Went dancing slowly down to the fountain-quieted square;

Nothing upon her face
But some impersonal loneliness,—not then a girl
But as it were a reverie of the place,
A called-for falling glide and whirl;

As when a leaf, petal, or thin chip
Is drawn to the falls of a pool and, circling a moment above it,
Rides on over the lip—
Perfectly beautiful, perfectly ignorant of it.

"Hello," one says first of all, "surely I have read something like that before?" And one has, of course: one has read Eliot's "La Figlia Che Piange." In its mood and movement Mr. Wilbur's poem is like a deliberate variation on that contemporary small classic. To make literature *out* of literature is more characteristic of contemporary American than of contemporary English poetry; and the habit reflects, again, the specialized nature of the American audience for poetry. One has nothing against the trick of literary allusiveness or reminiscence, except that the subject "in life," so to say, crude feelings about an actual girl dancing down steps in this case, seems to be taken farther away; but Mr. Wilbur could very properly reply that reading a poem is an experience "in life," too.

Here, again, one notices that the poet is much less scared than most of his English contemporaries would be of "the poetical." Here is the word "beautiful" again and another soft-centered, lush, coy word, "reverie": one even feels a certain relief that the girl's "impersonal loneliness" is not an "impersonal loveliness." Nor is Mr. Wilbur scared of properties with a Hollywood glamor: the long marble stair, the sleepy pirouette, the fountain-quieted square. He is aiming, quite frankly, like Miss Derwood in her more naive way, at writing a "beautiful" poem; and, indeed, he succeeds. Look at the virtuosity of the vowel sequences and the placing

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of the *l*'s and *r*'s in "A called-for falling glide and whirl. . . ." And the last stanza is perfection.

It is as an *object,* however, as a beautifully made small object, that one does tend to consider this poem rather than as a transcript and evaluation of experience. The feelings, outside one's feelings for the way the thing itself is shaped, that the poem appeals to are trite: feelings about youth and beauty, their transience, about how images of youth and beauty stick, in the memory, along with images of certain scenes and atmosphere. "How lovely, how sad, how just right in its way!"—that, and nothing profounder than that, would be an appropriate emotional response to the content of the poem. Our more intense emotional response is to the form, not to what the poem says, but to what it does. It dances, like the girl. Here is the scansion of the first stanza, with the stresses italicized:

I *can't* / *forget*
How she *stood* / at the *top* / of *that* /
long *marb* / le *stair*
Amazed /, and *then* / with a *sleep* / y
pir / ouette
Went *danc* / ing *slow* / ly *down* / to the
foun / tain-*qui* / eted *square*. . . .

In other words: a dimeter, two pentameters, an alexandrine, basically iambic, but with beautifully free anapaestic substitution. It seems to me that the two anapaests, followed by three very precise and staccato iambuses, in the second line give one the effect of the girl holding herself back: with the long vowel of "amazed" she is like a diver filling his chest before plunging: with the anapaest of "with a *sleep-*" she has plunged, she is twirling into the dance. Notice, too, how in the other two stanzas the order of dimeter, pentameters, alexandrine is altered not mechanically but expressively.

These minutiae—they are, I often think, the only kinds of points about poetry that a professional poet really enjoys hearing discussed—are probably pretty boring for the general reader. I dwell on them here because the handling of meters is something at which, set against young American poets, a lot of the better-known young English poets seem to me show up pretty badly. What has happened in England is that in reaction against Sir Herbert Read's absurd theory that Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Keats at their best were writing something like free verse (a theory that could only have been put up by a critic who had never read a single book on metrics, and was unaware both of the possibility of inverting and substituting feet in the five-foot English staple line, and of the difference between metrical and semantic stress), the younger English poets, particularly those of what is called "The New Movement," have in a panic aimed at a mechanical metrical regularity. Poets like John Wain, Donald Davie, or Kingsley Amis, or Thom Gunn—Philip Larkin and Elizabeth Jennings, two other members of this group, have subtler ears—tend to pound away at something that, years ago, I christened "the bold Drydenic line" (it is a line also frequently used by Empson in his more meditative poems). This line is an absolutely regular iambic pentameter or tetrameter, regular, that is, except for the occasional unavoidable substitution of a trochee for an iambus in the first foot; it is usually end-stopped, and even when there is not a comma or a full stop at the end of the line, the rhythm of one line is never taken up by, never runs over into and alters, the rhythm of the next. It makes an effect of flat assertion: "And, seeming doctrinaire, but really weak. . . ." (Amis); "Hers was the last authentic rape. . . ." (Gunn); "By vast straightforward bullies such as these. . . ." (Alfred Alvarez); "It seems the poet made a bad mistake. . . ." (John Wain).

A line of this sort becomes a kind of construction-unit, like one of the sections of an expanding bookcase, that can be fitted into couplets, quatrains, *terza rima,* or villanelles as required. It makes the same gesture over and over again, one of crispness: but the crispness, unrelieved, repeated, stiff-upperlipped, assertive and inexpressive, becomes a bore. A virtuosity like Mr. Wilbur's

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—it is more than virtuosity, it is an awareness of the *life* of meter—prevents the young poet from becoming, in this sad English fashion, the slave of a single gimmick. The life of Mr. Wilbur's poem is in its form; the form specifies, realizes the "meaning." The "meaning" or content of a lot of poems by the younger English writers seems to me to have more substance in it than Mr. Wilbur's usual content. I don't think he has any particularly original or striking insights into life. But he is a better poet than Wain or Amis for the simple reason that his form always grows out of his content where their forms are ready-made, reach-me-down.

ONE is less worried, then, about Mr. Wilbur's tone than about Miss Derwood's. One salutes him as a metrical virtuoso; and as a writer whose taste in language is very good if occasionally ("beautiful," "reverie") a little soft. But one does find in him a certain derivativeness and a certain insubstantiality. Is there a Wilbur "world" (as there is a Hardy world, a Yeats world, a Wallace Stevens world)? Or is there only a Wilbur manner? I want to take now a poet about whose exact level of accomplishment I am rather unsure—a poet about whom it is rather difficult often to know whether to say, "How accomplished!" or merely, "How clever!" or even, "How slick!"—but a poet who seems more caught up than Mr. Wilbur (in something like the contemporary English fashion) in the everyday life going on around him. I mean the poet Howard Moss, who, according to his publishers, responds vividly to "the multiplicity, the richness, and confusion of our day." Multiplicity, richness, confusion: is that a more polite way of saying: leaves without a tree, beads with no thread to string them on?

It is certainly hard to find thematic unity in Mr. Moss, but I think what holds his poems together is a unity of temperament. They are the responses to life of a neurotic wit, perpetually just avoiding the twin temptations, for a man of his temperament, of hysteria and sentimentality. There is another temptation toward sheer bravura, showing that one can do it and get away with it:

The light that hangs in the ailanthus leaves
The leaves' leavetaking overtaking leaves. . . .

That empty entertainment, air,
Of colorless, consistent hues. . . .

The storm is one idea of pleasure.
See how it sweeps away composure!
If half of it is coloratura,
The other half is all caesura. . . .

Stunningly accomplished? Devilish clever? Damned slick? About such passages, I confess, I cannot make up my mind. But the interest is in seeing how this sometimes too winsome trickiness can be used, occasionally, to control and evaluate the sad and frightening. As in the pun in the second last line here:

Some bloodied sea-bird's hovering decay
Assails us where we lie, and lie
To make that symbol go away,
To mock the true north of the eye.
But lie to me, lie next to me;
The world is an infirmity.

Or this which, quite desperately on the verge of both the sentimental and the hysterical, manages to be sadly funny:

Lopsided love in hotel rooms,
And desperate love, asleep in tombs,
And hour-glass brides and mock bridegrooms,
Are not the pure friends that once were we,
O Timothy, Timothy, Timothy. . . .

The neurotic, using wit and fantasy as self-defense in everyday life, is forced into an awareness of the audience. Yet there are themes that demand for their proper treatment an assumption by the poet of what might be called the normal sensibility. In one of Mr. Moss's most serious and ambitious poems, "Elegy for My Father," the final—very honorable and respectable—failure of the poem to reach the scale it aims at comes, I think, from a failure to assume the normal persona.

Father, whom I murdered every night but one,
That one, when your death murdered me,
Your body waits within the wasting sod.

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Clutching at the straw-face of your God,
Do you remember me, your morbid son,
Curled in a death, all motive unbegun,
Continuum of flesh, who never thought to be
The mourning mirror of your potency?

We have to work it out. The son, no doubt, murdered his father every night in dreams. He was morbid, curled in a death—did his mother die when he was born?—and all his motives were unbegun in, probably, the sense that an overpowering father-figure had reduced him to a neurotic or psychotic state. His father perhaps, as a father, stood for a sexual potency, a straightforward maleness, which the son envied, never hoped to emulate, and therefore did not expect to mourn. Rejecting the father had also involved rejecting the father's Father God ("the straw-face of your God": drowning men clutch at straws: the face of God is like a mask stuffed with straw). We do work it out, but the effort of sketching for ourselves a little Freudian case-history does interfere with the direct impact of the very powerful, slow rhythms, modeled, perhaps, on those of Donne. The rhythms feel as if they ought to be projecting a more generalized, a less extremely individual and specific, set of feelings about a father. Is it all too much a "case"?

This poem of Mr. Moss's does, in the end, in fact almost right its balance. The grief gets the better of the neurotic self-preoccupation, and the last stanza projects a more universal image:

Two months dead, I wrestle with your name
Whose separate letters make a paltry sum
That is not you. If you still harbor mine,
Think of the house we had in summertime
When in the sea-light every early game
Was played with love, and if death's waters came,
You'd rescue me. How I would take you from,
Now, if I could, its whirling vacuum.

If the risk of hysteria was not avoided in the first stanza, the risk of sentimentality is not, it may seem to some readers, wholly conquered here. The emotive jab of "paltry," the too vaguely genial associative nostalgia of "the house we had in summertime," the well-worn phrase (though it retains its dignity in its triteness) "death's waters" are all on the verge of the sentimental. One feels, more broadly, that the poet when writing the stanza has been too near actual tears; there is not the distancing effect of the highest art. But nevertheless, among the younger American poets I have been reading, I feel a peculiar personal sympathy for Mr. Moss; he is not nearly so sure about what he wants to do, or about how to do it, as Mr. Wilbur; but he conveys to me, as on the whole Mr. Wilbur does not, the impression of being a person of a definite kind, in our world, confronting definite problems. His poems connect with life more than Mr. Wilbur's.

I HAVE been observing a kind of progression, not so much in actual technical accomplishment, as in a kind of *awareness* I look for in a poet. Miss Derwood in the passage I quoted was letting "poetry"—letting a set of high-grade stock responses—write her poems for her. She was *poeticizing*, though with a great deal of energy: that she could be so energetically bad gave one hopes—which, when one considers her volume as a whole, are justified—that at other times she could be energetically good. The world of Mr. Wilbur's little poem was again, to make a crude distinction, a "poetry" world and not a "real life" world; his shaping of the poem became, for him and us, the relevant experience that the poem was about. A poem dances, he might have said, as a girl dances; and I have made this poem dance like a girl. With Mr. Moss, we did move on to the "real life" world; but not, if there is such a thing, the normal real life world but that of the neurotic for whom poetry is a way both of breaking down old defenses against the world, and building up new ones; for whom wit, condensation, is culture's beautiful alternative to vain rage and weak tears.

Can we find, at last, an example of poetry that is as much concerned with things that go on around—to put it as vaguely, but I hope as fruitfully, as that—as Mr. Moss's,

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but that has to struggle less hard to keep its balance? I find such an example, I think, in the work of two poets of whom one, Miss Elizabeth Bishop, has recently been published in England and the other, Mr. Anthony Hecht, ought to be. Miss Bishop is, perhaps, no longer strictly a "younger poet"; and her reputation in America is so very well established that my own views on her work may seem superfluous. As much as Mr. Wilbur, it might be said of her, she *stylizes* everything; but the stylization—the sense of tone, of poise, is so exact—never becomes "mere literature." Consider the poem about the sick woman tended by the inscrutable Spanish servant who may have a heart of gold . . . or on the other hand may not:

On bare scraping feet
Faustina nears the bed.
She exhibits the talcum powder,
the pills, the can of "cream,"
the white bowl of farina,
requesting for herself
a little coñac;

complaining of, explaining,
the terms of her employment.
She bends above the other.
Her sinister kind face
presents a cruel black
coincident conundrum.
Oh, is it

freedom at last, a lifelong
dream of time and silence,
dream of protection and rest?
Or is it the very worst,
the unimaginable nightmare
that never before dared last
more than a second? . . .

There is no way of telling.
The eyes say only either.
At last the visitor rises,
awkwardly proffers her bunch
of rust-perforated roses
and wonders, oh, whence come
all the petals.

Here we have dramatized, realized, a great general human theme: a theme that Jane Austen, if she had thought of it, and thought of writing a novel on it, might have called "Trust and Vulnerability." The *inconclusiveness* of the situation is beautifully dramatized:

The eyes say only either.

And the language is so much caught up in what it is doing, in its functioning for the total effect of the poem, that we do not—it is the first time that his has happened in this series of examinations—notice it for itself. "The unimaginable nightmare," for instance, is a trite phrase in itself, but the the right trite phrase for where it is in the poem; this kind of worried concern does not, in fact, in "real life," seek out new striking phrases.

The same concern with total precision can be seen in the opening of Miss Bishop's striking dream poem, "The Weed":

I dreamed that dead, and meditating,
I lay upon a grave, or bed,
(at least, some cold and close-built bower).
In the cold heart, its final thought
stood frozen, drawn immense and clear,
stiff and idle as I was there;
and we remained unchanged together
for a year, a minute, an hour. . . .

The precision, there, paradoxically serves to make clear the *impreciseness*—the gappishness, the incommensurability with waking experience—of experience in dreams. What one is lying on might be a grave or a bed or a bower. A thought that is immense and clear is also stiff and idle. A year, a minute, an hour are deliberately out of the obvious logical and rhetorical order ("a minute, an hour, a year" or "a year, an hour, a minute"); we have no waking clock to measure time in dreams. And this precision of Miss Bishop's, making often in the details of her poems no obvious rhetorical impact, seems to me to imply—just as the lush self-indulgence of the passage earlier quoted from Miss Derwood does *not* imply—an immense sense of responsibility toward *exactly* what the poem wants to say: which is, in other words, an immense sense of responsibility toward the critically cooperative audience.

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From Mr. Hecht, let me choose three passages, not quite at random: one is from a poem contrasting the Japan of a soldier's experience with early ideas of Japan:

Now the quaint early image of Japan
That was so charming to me as a child
Seems like a bright design upon a fan,
Or water rushing wild
On rocks that can be folded up,
A river which the wrist can stop
With a neat flip, revealing merely sticks
And silk of what had been a fan before,
And like such winning tricks,
It shall be buried in excelsior. . . .

One is from a perhaps slightly morbid little poem about pain (it made an English poet, a friend of mine, wince and suggest that toothache is an improper subject for poetry):

Mixture of chloroform and oil of cloves
Swabbed with a wadded toothpick on the gums
Grants us its peace by slackening the thread
Of rich embroidered nerve spun in the head,
And to the weak and wretched jaw it comes
Lighter than manna and in sweeter loaves. . . .

The last is a tribute to Hardy, which is also the expression of a radically un-Hardyesque sensibility:

These are the weathers that Hardy praised
In his best tongue;
When spring comes uttered forth unphrased
Straight from the lung;
And the deep, bearded roots unfreeze,
And soapsuds shake in the flimsy breeze,
And girls find cause to show their knees,
And a warm rain riddles the alders: these
He'd chiefly sung. . . .

These passages one doesn't need to say much about, because they are—in that English idiom which expresses very high praise by asserting that something just passes muster—"all right." There is nothing in the diction to quibble about; there is nothing in the feeling that seems either facile or forced. Mr. Hecht writes more poems on themes drawn from literature, history, and the arts, fewer poems coming directly out of personal experience, than an English contemporary of his, with an equally vigorous talent, would. But he is never a mere "university wit." He comes near in his basic attitudes—penetrating, humorous, realistic, balancing—to the kind of attitudes the young "New Movement" English poets approve of; but he is a much more skillful writer than any of them, except Philip Larkin. He seeks, as they do, not merely to record experience but to evaluate it.

To sum all this up, I think the current English worry about poetic content—about its substantiality, its relevance—and the English worry about tone, about the audience, about "getting it across," are worries with which young American poets could profitably burden themselves. But young English poets could certainly profit, even more strikingly, from sharing the concern of young American poets with form. Might they not even, tight-lipped as they are, profit a little from considering the American lack of diffidence about making poetry "poetic"? There certainly ought to be more intercourse between poets on both sides of the Atlantic, more exchange of ideas: I hope these rough notes help.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

A DEFENSE OF AMERICAN RIGHTS

An Address

LOUIS MARSHALL

LAST month, on the occasion of the American Jewish Committee's Half-Century Observance Conference (held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City), this department offered an excerpt from the papers of *Louis Marshall: Champion of Liberty,* two volumes edited by Charles Reznikoff, with an introduction by Oscar Handlin. Sponsored by the American Jewish Committee (whose president Marshall was from 1912 until his death in 1929), the work appears this month under the imprint of the Jewish Publication Society.

Here we publish a second selection, an address (somewhat abridged) that Marshall delivered in New York City on January 19, 1911, to the twenty-second council of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. This speech deals with a matter about which Marshall was passionately concerned both as an American and a Jew: the refusal of the Czarist government to permit American citizens of Jewish descent to enter Russia. Marshall takes the stand that Russia's discriminatory action was an insult not only to American Jews but to the sovereignty of the United States, and argues that America's acquiescence in it constituted a betrayal of her most sacred principles. Indefatigable in his efforts to get this flagrant breach of international law corrected, Marshall wrote a letter on the subject to the editor of the New York *Times* as late as August 24, 1916. But only with the fall of the Czarist government in March 1917 was the problem disposed of.—ED.

THE character of a nation is the reflex of the character of its citizens. If they are virtuous, virile, and self-respecting, the nation will of necessity possess the same qualities. If they have no pride in the honor and dignity of their citizenship, it inevitably follows that the national sense of honor is lacking, or falls below the ideal standard which should prevail. Whenever the citizens of a country as a mass fail to thrill in response to great achievements, or to resent a national insult, it must be due either to lack of information or to a want of that spirit by which great commonwealths have been created and preserved. Rome became a world power when, with conscious pride, its sons gloried in the declaration, "civis Romanus sum." It fell when the members of the State ceased to respond to that magic phrase.

American citizenship has hitherto been regarded as a priceless treasure. Men have gladly given for it their lives and all their material possessions. It has meant to them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It has been to them a badge of honor and distinction, and the richest guerdon of all their hopes and aspirations. It has peopled the wilderness and lighted the torch of progress and civilization. It has challenged universal respect, and has gained for itself the good will of well nigh all the peoples. . . .

And yet there rests a stain on the honor of our Nation and on the integrity of American citizenship; for the passport issued by the State Department of the United States, bearing the great seal of our country, and which vouches for the citizenship of him to whom it is issued, is dishonored, rejected, and arbitrarily disregarded by the Russian government whenever the citizen by whom it is presented happens to be a Jew. It matters not if he be able to trace his ancestry to those who landed with Columbus, to

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those who were among the settlers who came to New York in 1655, to those who fought in the War of Independence. It matters not that none of their kith or kin ever was a subject of Russia. All are denied the privilege of entering its domain, though panoplied with the armor and the shield of American citizenship.

For more than thirty years this has been the declared policy of the Russian Government. Its discrimination against our citizens has been persistently and constantly avowed and acted upon. Men of every class have suffered the same ignominy and contumely. No man within the hearing of my voice who professes to be a Jew, however eloquent in true Americanism his life has been, can venture within the walls which Russia has erected against the outside world, even though accredited by a passport from our Government, without having his credentials figuratively torn into shreds and cast defiantly into his face.

As a Jew he might look down upon his persecutors with pity and contempt, and suffer in silence as his ancestors did for centuries. But he is now more than a Jew—he is also an American citizen, and the hand that smites him inflicts a stain on his citizenship. It is not the Jew who is insulted; it is the American people. And the finding of a proper remedy against this degradation is not a Jewish, but an American question. . . .

THERE is no exception express or implied, in the first or any other article of the Treaty of 1832. Its terms are of universal application. They include, not some, but all of the inhabitants of the high contracting parties. They give the liberty to sojourn and reside within the territories of the respective nations, not to some, but to all of their citizens. There is no distinction of race or color, creed or sex. No discrimination is contemplated or permitted. All Russians are to be admitted here. All Americans are to be admitted there.

If it were suggested by our Government that no Russian subject who is a resident of St. Petersburg or of Moscow, or a member of the Greek Catholic Church, should be accorded the rights and privileges secured by this treaty, we would be regarded as guilty of a gross violation of its letter and its spirit. If Russia should declare that no citizens of the United States residing west of the Mississippi or south of the Ohio, should receive the benefits of this treaty, not only the South and West, but our entire country would stand aghast at the dishonor inflicted on the entire nation. If Russia should announce that it would not honor the passport of the United States when held by an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, a Methodist, or a Roman Catholic, our country would not look upon this breach of treaty obligation as a mere insult to the Episcopalians or the Presbyterians, the Methodists or the Roman Catholics of this country, but would justly treat it as a blow inflicted upon every man who holds dear the title of American citizen.

Though this proposition is so plain that discussion and illustration are alike unnecessary, Russia has persisted in the practice of requiring its consuls within the jurisdiction of the United States to interrogate American citizens as to their race and religious faith, and upon ascertainment thereof to deny to Jews authentication of passports or legal documents for use in Russia. . . .

During the past two years there has been an abundance of well-directed effort to induce Russia, by the ordinary diplomatic channels, to recognize the obligations of its contract. Congress has passed resolutions indicative of the same desire, and of a like recognition of the broad scope of the question at issue. Apparently we are today as far from a solution of this problem, which goes home to every American citizen, as we were thirty years ago.

The painfully slow methods of diplomacy have failed. We, a nation of 100,000,000 Americans, stand at the door of Russia, hat in hand, pleading with it that it shall recognize and perform its contract. With sardonic smile Russia answers: "Not yet." A nation is but an individual written large. Imagine the patience of a creditor who for thirty years waits upon his debtor and pleads with him at his home for the payment of his debt. The average man would be tempted, under such circumstances, long before the lapse of thirty years, to take such proceedings as would reverse the process and lead his debtor not only to ask for leniency, but to make ample amends.

Does this mean that we should go to war with Russia? Certainly not! War is abhor-

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rent to us. It is brutal, inhuman, cruel. Its horrors fall upon the innocent. Its effects are felt by the entire universe. The mission of America, as well as of Israel, is peace. But there is a simpler, an easier, and an equally effective method of dealing with a nation that insults another; the same method to which a self-respecting civilized man resorts when he is insulted. He does not shoot. He does not commit an assault. He merely ceases to have further relations with the individual who has disregarded the amenities of life. And so with nations. It is within the power of a country situated as ours is, to isolate Russia and to terminate all treaty relations with a Government which fails to recognize the solemnity and the sanctity of its treaty obligations, and that is exactly what should be done without further delay. . . .

But it may be argued that the suspension of commercial relations between the two countries may hurt our trade. I have a higher opinion of the American people than to believe that they are so destitute of idealism, so devoid of a sense of honor, as to regard a matter of this supreme importance with the eyes and souls of mere shopkeepers. However extensive our trade with Russia might be, we could well afford to jeopardize it rather than to have it said that our country rates the dollar higher than it does the man, that it esteems the volume of its trade more than its national dignity. . . .

It may also be said that Russia is about to engage in large undertakings which will enlist American capital, the development of mines, the construction of storehouses for grain, the building of railroads, and that we are imperiling such enterprises by denouncing our existing treaties with Russia. But what of that? Is it not better that we may know in advance what the attitude of Russia is to be toward American citizens before they invest their capital for the development of the resources of Russia, than to lodge complaints after the capital has been invested and promises have been broken? And after all, there are still opportunities in the United States for the profitable employment of adequate capital for the promotion of our own industries, and Central and South America still offer promising fields for the investor.

There are others who will prate of the historic friendship of Russia for America, and the tale will be retold of what Russia did for us during the Revolutionary War and during the Civil War. That fable has been thoroughly analyzed, and the real facts have been demonstrated. But assuming that in the past we may have profited from Russia's attitude, who is so credulous as to believe that the land of the Czars, the country of absolutism, has been so enamored of freedom, of constitutional government, of Democracy or of Republicanism, as to have acted either from love of us, or of our institutions? Whenever Russia has acted, it has been simply and solely for political expediency. But let us assume that Russia has, from any motive whatsoever, extended to us offices of friendship. Have we not fully requited all of its kindnesses? Was it not through the intervention of President Roosevelt that Russia was extricated from one of the bloodiest and most disastrous wars known to history? The account between the two countries has been fully balanced so far as political favors are concerned.

But there still remains a long account against Russia of broken promises, of violated obligations, of a compact contemned and disregarded, of dishonor inflicted upon our country and its citizens, and unless the virtue of manhood has deserted this Republic, its citizens will no longer patiently witness the mockery of diplomatic procedure, but will insist on a complete abrogation of every treaty now existing between the United States and Russia.

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ON THE HORIZON

JAPAN'S "LOST GENERATION"

Postwar Moral Crisis

PETER SCHMID

IF, AT this moment, any place in the Far East can be said to have inherited Shanghai's old reputation as the "City of Sin," it is Tokyo, where crime, corruption, and vice proliferate under a blaze of neon lights rivaling Times Square, and gangsters are well organized and brazen enough to rob people on the Ginza, Tokyo's Fifth Avenue, in broad daylight, without the bystanders even daring to call for help.

Tokyo's police force is too understaffed to do much about all this. Gangsters are rounded up periodically, only to be bailed out and set free to resume their activities with hardly any interruption. The newest weapon of the police is a light meter with which they try to enforce a minimum of illumination in the night clubs that seem to compete with each other as to which can keep their premises darker; their customers are almost exclusively male, and are served by girls clad usually in bathing suits. At other bars the unsuspecting newcomer is intimidated into running up a high check. Almost every day there are newspaper stories of teen-agers—usually from respectable backgrounds—caught in sex orgies.

Spokesman and symbol of this violent "emancipation of youth" is a good-looking young writer and movie actor named Shintaro Ishihara. From his first novel, *Season of the Sun,* published in 1947, the Japanese teen-agers take their identity and their name—"Generation of the Sun." (The Japanese word for it, *taiyozko,* is employed with the same frequency and point as our "Lost Generation" was after World War I.) Ishihara's book, which is not without its merits, was given a coveted literary prize, and subsequently made into a sensationally successful motion picture. Since then movie companies have been competing with each other for his services, and his first film, and the two following it, have encouraged a score of imitations. The streets of Tokyo are placarded with movie ads showing boys feeding girls sleeping pills and then, with contorted faces, ripping the clothes off their somnolent bodies.

The hero of Ishihara's *Season of the Sun* is a high school student from a rich family. He is without scruples or inhibitions—a good boxer, he enjoys pounding his opponents in the school gymnasium to the screams of admiring school-girls. Among these is the heroine. She too belongs to the *jeunesse dorée.* They meet in dark bars, dance, fall in love. Or rather, they don't fall in love—love is too old-fashioned: they go in for unadorned sex instead. In praising the book, many critics pointed to its climactic love scene as being particularly original: it contains not a word of endearment. The affair continues to the accompaniment of violent barroom brawls. But when the girl finds herself in love with the hero and admits it, he "sells" her for 5,000 yen ($14) to his timid elder brother. In the meantime she has become pregnant, and she dies after an abortion. Both book and movie end with her funeral: the hero steps up to her coffin at

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which relatives and Buddhist priests are praying, seizes a bronze ceremonial vessel and smashes it down on the girl's picture, which, according to custom, is attached to her coffin. "How stupid of you to die!" he cries, and rushes out. No remorse, no sorrow, no humanity.

Older Japanese indignantly repudiate this picture of their younger generation. They see *Season of the Sun* and its many imitations as calculated attempts to exploit sensationalism. Women's clubs urge the local authorities to ban these films, and teachers picket them to try to keep young people away. Thus Shintaro Ishihara has become the focal figure of a bitter struggle between the younger generation in Japan and the one that was brought up before the war—before surrender and democratization. This older generation, despite its own more relaxed behavior (by pre-war standards), has remained essentially moral and innocent.

In the years separating these two generations changes have taken place in Japan of so marked a kind as to be obvious even to the uninstructed eye. In the past Westerners used to praise Japanese women for their accommodating grace and their butterfly playfulness, for a charm carefully developed through centuries of male domination; but her physical attributes—short, bandy legs and waddling gait—were another matter. Today it is difficult to recognize in the young women of Japan the sisters of Madame Butterfly, so complete has been their metamorphosis. Their bodies are tall and slim (every year now the average height of the Japanese woman increases by over an inch), and their legs, no longer bowed by squatting on *tatami* straw mats, have become attractively straight.

And they have put off the kimono, which was created in the first place to hide the defects of the Japanese female form, for Western dresses. In one of modern Tokyo's most modern buildings, a ten-story circular tower in Shinjuku, 20,000 dressmakers are trained in the latest Western fashions. The Daimaru department store sells gowns designed by Dior. Recently an American brassière manufacturer visited Japan to inspect what he considered a vast new market for his product—for, to the regret of the teen-agers, the Japanese bosom is still discreetly muffled. But even as Westerners applaud the beauty of the new Japanese woman, they must deplore, as do many Japanese men, her increasingly brazen forthrightness, her loss of appealing modesty.

How account for the striking change in the character of Japan's youth? One answer is supplied by Ruth Benedict's perceptive study of Japanese society, *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword,* published ten years ago. Traditional Japanese education, she explains, is diametrically opposed to that of the West.

The Western child is subjected early to elementary restraints, and with increasing maturity he is taught to assume responsibility for his own freedom. But the Japanese child enjoys unlimited freedom, is permitted and forgiven everything: he can even strike his mother without fear of retaliation. Only when he reaches fourteen do (or rather did) a boy's parents begin to rein him in, and then, all of a sudden, he is clamped into an inhumanly tight system of morality and convention. But after his early years of anarchic freedom, he is not able to "internalize" these new values sufficiently, which is why his observance of them is so rigid and complete. And when something happens to rip this straitjacket open, he becomes utterly demoralized, as American troops discovered to their embarrassment during World War II, when Japanese who let themselves be captured instead of fighting to the death, as their code prescribed, unashamedly betrayed their former comrades.

Something similar has been happening to the "Generation of the Sun." These teenagers enjoyed the anarchy of a normal Japanese childhood, but at the moment when in former years they would have been laced into the straitjacket of the Samurai, they entered instead into a freedom they did not understand, "made in U.S.A." In other words, because traditional norms are no longer valid, and because he has not been prepared for the new democratic standards that have largely been imposed on him by an occupying power, today's young Japanese grows up without any moral values at all.

This does not mean that Japan is turning overnight into a country of juvenile delinquents. The social tone is on the whole still reserved, even somewhat inhibited. The

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days when it was a punishable offense to link arms with a woman in the street are recent enough so that couples walking arm in arm in the new American fashion—the Japanese call it *"avec"*—still seem to be watching out for police. Even a goodbye kiss in a railroad station is frowned on as indecent. And despite the unprecedented new liberty granted the postwar generation, many marriages are still arranged in the traditional way by relatives and friends—as a sober business transaction—between young people who have seen each other only at a distance in a coffee house or movie theater. This is true even in academic circles, though it might be thought that the lecture hall offered sufficient opportunities for striking up friendships. (Japanese men prefer uneducated brides—they think them easier to manage. As a result, young women, frustrated in their search for husbands, are beginning to leave the universities in droves.)

The Japanese defend their arranged marriages by the observation: "In the West love comes before marriage, in Japan after." But often it does not come at all. For the husband a loveless union is not particularly tragic: the moral code permits him his geisha, or should his means be insufficient, a teahouse girl; but his wife can find fulfillment only in her children. The unromantic sexuality of the "Generation of the Sun" becomes more understandable in the light of these traditional Japanese attitudes.

That Japanese women have suffered cruelly under this system is indicated by the statistics on suicide recently published by the World Health Organization. Though Japan stands fourth in the world—after Denmark, Austria, and Switzerland—with 20.5 suicides per 100,000 deaths, she has an unusually large proportion of female suicides. In Germany the total of female suicides is less than half the male, in Switzerland less than one-third, and in the gynarchic United States less than a quarter. But in Japan there are 16.5 female suicides per 100,000 deaths as against 24.5 male. It is the tragic protest of the Japanese woman against a society that turns the housewife into a child-bearing machine and the geisha hetaera into a stylized caricature of charming helplessness.

Obviously, the new surge for freedom that created the "Generation of the Sun" has its justification and redeeming side. The brazen behavior of the "Sun girls" is the reverse side of the demand made by her more sober sisters to be taken seriously as human beings. But Japanese women do not fight as hard for their rights as do other Asian women, and at the moment they would appear to be following an international vogue rather than acting out of genuine rebelliousness. Under the American occupation, when for the first time they were given the right to vote and hold public office, thirty-nine women were elected to both houses of Parliament; but with successive elections their number has shrunk to twenty-two. Yet even if Japanese women have developed no real, abiding interest in politics, it is encouraging that they should have gained a voice in public life at all.

And throughout Japan, women are now beginning to inquire seriously into their own problems. In recent years an Osaka paper, *Sankei Jiji*, has managed to equal the circulation of the "Big Three" papers in Tokyo—*Asahi, Mainichi* and *Yominuri*—by running a woman's page (edited, of course, by a man). Women's organizations and clubs are active even in the smaller villages; in some of these, peasant women gather together at night, after working in the fields, to play accordions, flutes, and drums in a primitive orchestra—in order, so I was told, to create deeper mutual understanding. When I asked at one of these meetings what the women present considered their most urgent problem, they answered: improvement of the relations between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law.

Like her counterpart in pre-revolutionary China, the Japanese mother-in-law is encouraged by tradition to rule her son's wife with almost sadistic overbearingness. As a result, the eldest sons, who inherit the farms, now find it hard to get brides: if only in order to escape mothers-in-law, girls prefer younger sons together with city life, as insecure economically as it may be.

The women of Japan—and especially the peasant women—regard prostitution as their second most important problem, and the ban on prostitution which, after many delays, was passed by Parliament last May is their most signal political triumph to date. It is a moderate and reasonable law, directed less against prostitutes themselves than

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against their procurers and managers, who long before the present period of postwar immorality had made prostitution an efficiently organized industry in Japan. The brothels of the red-light district of Yoshiwara were the first new buildings to rise from Tokyo's ashes after the surrender in 1945, and until recently the vice lobby was very powerful in Parliament.

Japanese tolerance of commercialized sex is due less to moral laxity than to overpopulation, unemployment, and poverty. Tokyo's Ueno station used to be the terminus of an unending stream of recruits for the whorehouses who came from the miserable peasant farms of the North; there, when the family was starving, when something essential had to be bought, the daughter was the first to go. The peasant, in return for the small loan he got from a procurer, consigned his daughter to bondage until the loan was paid off—which a cunning system of mounting charges and interest postponed indefinitely.

The American military government had tried to abolish prostitution, but its reforms remained mostly on paper, and the first attempts in that direction by the newly elected women members of Parliament, led by a Socialist, Kato Shizui, nearly met with the same fate. The vice lobby had strong connections in the ruling Liberal-Democratic party, and the prostitutes themselves joined that party *en masse* in order to forestall the proposed ban. The bill would probably have been tabled once again if the pressure of public opinion on the eve of new elections to the Upper House had not forced a debate on it. Public opinion in this case was motivated less by prudery than by the profounder feeling that prostitution entailed an exploitation of the individual that was incompatible with human dignity. It is encouraging that a people until now renowned for its tractable, ant-like qualities should abolish a centuries-old institution for the sake of human dignity, and do so, moreover, by bringing an informed public opinion to bear.

Unfortunately, under the terms of the new law, vice lords have been given one to two years in which to reform before the government cracks down on them—time enough for them to camouflage their establishments by turning their houses into "hotels" and their girls into "maids." Besides, the geishas, those nobler priestesses of love, do not fall under the ban—all business in Japan would come to a standstill if they were not permitted to hover over the negotiations of sober businessmen—and it is easy enough to train teahouse girls to play the *samisen* and to dance, and thus transform them into geishas.

Obviously it is going to be difficult to abolish prostitution until the poverty that spawns it has been alleviated and its victims offered better work—and that day is still far off. Meanwhile the postwar mood enables vice to flourish in more hidden and possibly more dangerous forms.

IN THE midst of this moral crisis, Japan's overpopulation, the cause of many of her economic ills, shows signs—even dangerous ones—of yielding to treatment. In 1947 the birth rate was still over thirty-four per thousand, but by 1955 it had dropped to nineteen per thousand—and in large cities like Osaka to fifteen. This is far below the present American or West European birth rate. In the years immediately after World War II it appeared likely that Japan's population would reach 125 million by the year 2000 because of the sudden postwar upswing in the birth rate and the drop in the death rate due to better nutrition and medical care. But recent forecasts see the population becoming stable in thirty to forty years at around 110 million.

This astonishing drop in birth rate is largely the result of a 1948 government measure which not only publicized methods of birth control and made the means available to everybody, but also legalized abortions "if the birth, for physical or economic reasons, would endanger the mother's life." These qualifications soon became lost sight of in the epidemic of legalized abortions that followed. In 1955, according to official figures, there were 1.17 million abortions registered as against 1.5 million births. But at the Ministry of Health I was told that a truer figure would be 2.5 to 3 million abortions—or two to every birth. Obviously, this goes far beyond what the government had in mind. Furthermore, according to the Ministry of Health, one abortion out of every five hundred results in death and 40 per cent in temporary physical impairment—all this quite apart from the heavy psychological burden the operation places on some

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women. If we bear in mind that, according to the Ministry of Health's estimate of 3 million abortions in 1955, every tenth woman undergoes one abortion per year, we can understand the government's alarm.

The two population experts in the Ministry of Health, Dr. Koya and his associate Dr. Muramatsu, who are both Westernized Christians (the former also happens to be Japan's leading authority on Goethe), regard the problem as primarily a moral one, and they link it to the licentiousness of the "Generation of the Sun." "Japanese women," Dr. Muramatsu told me, "obviously do not know how to make responsible use of the freedom put in their hands. We are even more worried," he went on, "about the growing number of sterilizations than about the abortions. Of 42,000 cases of sterilization in 1955, no less than 25 per cent were below thirty years of age, which is the end of the normal maximal child-bearing period. The reason is principally the young people's love of luxury and entertainment. They prefer to surround themselves with television sets . . . rather than with children."

Drs. Muramatsu and Koya are trying to remedy the situation for the time being by a vigorous campaign to replace abortion with contraception. Under their direction, and with the active cooperation of health centers scattered throughout the country, the distribution of contraceptives has spread from the cities into the villages, and especially into the poor Northeast—the main source of supply for the brothels of Yoshiwara. Throughout Japan one can see midwives instructing groups of six or seven women in the use of contraceptives: many of the listeners have babies strapped to their backs. But the wide distribution of contraceptives has so far failed to diminish the number of abortions—perhaps because people are more abandoned and no longer as careful as formerly. Besides, abortion has been traditionally more popular than contraception in Japan as a method of birth control: in the Tokugawa and Meiji eras it was still quite common—as it was in the Greco-Roman world—to kill unwanted infants, so that to many Japanese, abortion seems morally less reprehensible than the use of contraceptives, which are decried as unnatural and harmful.

IN PAST months the debate over the new freedom in Japan and its abuses has extended from sexual morality, where Shintaro Ishihara put it, into politics. There, the main disputants are writers and professors. Many of these have been to Red China recently, and are enthusiastic about the collective discipline they found there. Tatsozo Ishikawa for one, a liberal writer and president of the Japanese Pen Club, who in his youth rebelled against Japan's militarism, came back from Peking a perfect apologist for Communism. In a series of articles in *Asahi* he censured Japan for having too much "freedom from" and too little "freedom for"—for embracing an "escapist" instead of a "constructive" freedom. But Red China does have an aim, and if she, in her passion for constructive achievement, permits only the barest minimum of liberty, the freedom-surfeited Japanese intellectuals are not alarmed. The fact that there has not been a single burglary in the city of Peking this year strikes the citizen of gangster-ridden Tokyo as something of a miracle; and so, too, does the fact that Chinese youth has had its energies harnessed not to a "nine-month" but to a five-year plan.

The Japanese are beginning to envy the Red Chinese both their faith and their straitjacket. This new yearning for discipline, in the main still subconscious and unacknowledged, finds indirect and distorted expression in the violence of the "Generation of the Sun," who, instead of enjoying their erotic adventures, seem to plunge into them with clenched teeth, as if sex were a sort of military obstacle course. The "Generation of the Sun" seduce and rape because they want to fulfill the modern law of freedom to the letter; and in their freedom they are as mechanically brutal as the unleashed soldiery of the Mikado were—brutal by order. They would spring to attention the moment Japan found a new authoritarian formula. If, as seems likely, Communism will not be able to conquer Japan by political or economic means, it may still find a way through Red China's growing prestige. For precisely those aspects of the Red regime which are most repellent to Westerners are what now begin to make an appeal to Japan's new generation in search of chains.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

DESEGREGATION, LAW, AND SOCIAL SCIENCE

What Was the Basis of the Supreme Court's Decision?

MORROE BERGER

WHEN, in May 1954, the Supreme Court held that segregation in public education was unconstitutional, it brought to a head another question that is less immediately explosive but perhaps equally important for the future of our legal system. The nine Supreme Court justices unanimously found that segregation in the public schools implies the inferior status of Negro children and retards their "educational and mental development." And it added that "this finding is amply supported by modern authority." In what has now achieved a certain fame as "footnote eleven," Chief Justice Warren cited the works of eight social scientists as "modern authority." Here, then, is the crux of the question. To what extent did the Court base its decision on the findings of social science? And if the Court relied on social science to a significant degree, how does this tendency affect the future of both American jurisprudence and American social science?

Among those who deplored as well as among those who welcomed the end of segregation's legality, there are many who agree that the Court relied mainly on social science in coming to its decision. But not all agree that such reliance is either beneficial or justifiable. Some wonder whether social science is sufficiently "scientific" to provide a firm basis for legal decisions; others ask whether social science may not itself be harmed by having to bear such a heavy burden of responsibility in "practical affairs."

A little social science can of course be a dangerous thing. Those lawyers (and a very few social scientists) who are disturbed by the Court's apparent confidence in the findings of social research may have a point—for judges may not be adept at using these findings. It is one thing for a judge to consider the testimony of social scientists called in as experts, just as he may consider the testimony of doctors, ballistics experts, and engineers. But it is quite another thing for a judge himself to play the part of social scientist by trying to decide not only if social science findings are relevant to a given problem, but also what the findings are themselves. And it is also easy for a judge to overestimate the validity of what he thinks are "findings."

The absurd extent to which such misconceptions can go may be seen in two instances that occurred about a decade ago, when the social sciences in their present form were beginning to exercise an influence on judicial proceedings and rulings. In a case before the New York State Supreme Court, a woman sought to deny her husband, from whom she was legally separated, the right to visit a daughter born to her by artificial insemination at a time when the couple were still united. The judge told her counsel: "If you are successful here, the child will be established as illegitimate. How will that help the child?

THIS month marks the third anniversary of the Supreme Court's historic decision declaring segregation in the public schools unconstitutional, and MORROE BERGER here seeks to assess how far the Court was influenced in its decision by the findings of modern social science—and indeed what the role of social science in jurisprudence can and ought to be. Mr. Berger is assistant professor of sociology at Princeton University. He is author of the recently published *Bureaucracy and Society in Modern Egypt* (Princeton), *Racial Equality and the Law* (1954), and other works.

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This court will not lend itself to making any child illegitimate. It would be inhumane, inhuman and contrary to the highest precepts of sociology." To this judge the "precepts of sociology" were apparently moral judgments, rather than statements about human behavior that all of us interpret according to our own moral conceptions. For him, sociology was a kind of scientific (therefore higher) ethic.

A more serious misapplication of social science in the courts occurred after World War II, when the New York City police, in an effort to restrain juvenile delinquency, launched a campaign to hold parents responsible for their children's misdeeds. In this move to visit the sins of the children upon the parents, the police were encouraged by many amateur social scientists who drew what seemed to themselves the "obvious" conclusion from "sociological" evidence: that juvenile offenders came from "bad" homes. When the community was faced with the consequences of this brand of "enlightened" law enforcement, it drew back in horror. The confrontation took place in 1947. A judge in the Domestic Relations Court sentenced the mother of a fourteen-year-old delinquent boy to a year in jail. "By your own acts," he told the mother, "you encouraged delinquency in your child. How could it be different with your way of living? Drink after drink—living in one apartment after another with various men." The director of the Society for the Prevention of Crime (Edwin Lukas, now head of the National Affairs Department of the American Jewish Committee) pointed out that the mother had come to this country when she was eight years old, was married off at nineteen to a much older man, had two children by the time she was twenty, and had been abandoned by her husband and left to support the children as best she could. Applying the judge's own reasoning, Mr. Lukas pointed out that "just as children are seen as the products and victims of their environment, so are parents products and victims, too." If the mother of the boy was the guilty one, how about *her* mother? The most eloquent verdict on this kind of "sociological" approach came after the mother had served several months of her jail sentence: she was committed to a hospital for the criminally insane. Her attorney commented: "The court sentenced a woman to jail for failing to be responsible for her son's behavior when actually she was not even legally responsible for her own."

THE usefulness of social science in the courts is only one aspect of the broader question of its role in the solution of what are called "practical" problems, that is in public affairs. The rapid multiplication of social problems (or the increase in the public awareness of them) beginning with the depression of the 1930's was accompanied by new tendencies in social science that have convinced potential consumers of research that it would be of help to them. Civic agencies, corporations, and government at all levels have been spending increasing amounts of money on social research. The Federal government leads in all this, disbursing over $50 million annually.*

Just as lawyers and constitutional experts are uncertain about the relevance and value of social science for the law, so is the government divided on the usefulness of social research for administration. Opinions in the legislature range from enthusiastic and hopeful support to impatient dismissal of it as a waste of money. Senator McClellan, for example, in 1953 opposed appropriations for studies of Russian and satellite vulnerability: "What do you get, just a lot of professor theories and all that stuff? Is that what you get out of it? To me, that is simply throwing money away, nothing else. If we have not sense enough in the Army and the Navy and the Defense Department and as American citizens to know how to counteract Soviet propaganda without hiring a bunch of college professors to write out a lot of theories, this Defense Department is in one darn bad shape in my opinion."

This rejection of research in favor of "common sense" probably expresses the private feelings of most Congressmen. But there is an influential group of legislators who doubt the adequacy of the "common sense" approach. In 1952 the Cox committee investigating the foundations remarked: "Few individuals feel themselves qualified to express an expert opinion on nuclear fission or the value of isotopes but most of us will not hesitate to express our

*This amount is three times that spent for similar purposes fifteen or twenty years ago, according to a Brookings Institution report. Social research, however, now represents a much smaller proportion of the government's total scientific research budget—2 per cent, compared with 24 per cent in 1937. Funds for research in the physical sciences—physics, chemistry, biology, and so on—have increased at a much faster pace. Most of this research, in both the social and the physical sciences, is related to defense needs.

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opinions on such homely subjects as divorce, the causes for the increase in the cost of living, the psychological effects of segregation, the increase in juvenile delinquency, or the impact of television on the study habits of children. But these and other subjects within the orbit of the social sciences are proper subjects for objective study and analysis under conditions of control which give promise of revealing scientific facts."

The introduction of social scientific evidence in judicial proceedings goes back further than the recent controversy over its place in the 1954 segregation cases would indicate. For half a century now, law has known the "Brandeis brief," an early use of social research in the courts. This is one of those innovations which are hailed as revolutionary by specialists but seem tame, if not obvious, to nonspecialists.

In 1908 Louis D. Brandeis, not yet on the bench, represented the State of Oregon before the Supreme Court. The constitutionality of Oregon's law limiting women to an eight-hour work day in factories was being challenged on the ground that it restricted freedom of contract unreasonably and hence violated the "due process clause" of the Fourteenth Amendment. For twenty years the Supreme Court had been declaring social legislation enacted by the states unconstitutional on the ground that, according to the social philosophy of the judges, it was an "unreasonable" restriction of freedom. To save the Oregon law, therefore, Brandeis had to show that the restriction of the working day for women in factories to a maximum of eight hours was a "reasonable" (hence not unconstitutional) means to protect "public health, safety, morals, or welfare." He submitted a long brief that made only a cursory legal argument, but offered about a hundred pages reviewing American and foreign legislation restricting the working day for women and quoting many authorities on the ill effects of long hours of work.

Although the Court received the Brandeis brief favorably and upheld the Oregon law, Brandeis's biographer, Alpheus T. Mason, has suggested that the elaborate brief was not the basis of its decision. Instead, says Professor Mason, the court apparently relied on "common knowledge" about women's physical capacity and the need to protect them through law, "rather than on the knowledge gained from Mr. Brandeis's brief." Yet Professor Mason's point does not tell the whole story. It is true that the Court rested its decision on the ground that the physical vulnerability of women and the importance of their health to the "well-being of the race" were "matters of general knowledge"; therefore the Court did not rely on the social research contained in the Brandeis brief. But it is clear from the decision that the brief did convince the Court about something: that such views about the physical capacity of women were indeed "matters of general knowledge" of which it was entitled to take "judicial cognizance." Although the Brandeis brief presented facts and opinions which, according to the Court, might not be "technically speaking, authorities," yet, the Court added, "they are significant of a widespread belief that woman's physical structure, and the functions she performs in consequence thereof, justify special legislation. . . ." In other words, the Court learned from the Brandeis brief just how widespread was the belief, both among medical experts and the general community, about women's physical capacity upon which it rested its decision upholding the Oregon law.

DID the testimony of social scientists play a similar role in the 1954 segregation cases nearly fifty years after the introduction of the Brandeis brief? The answer is in dispute, for Chief Justice Warren, in his opinion for the unanimous Court, did not, as I have said, refer directly to the testimony given by social scientists in the trial courts, but mentioned "modern authority" on the effects of segregating Negro children and in a footnote cited eight such authorities.

The segregation cases presented the Court with a new issue growing out of an old problem. The old problem was the admission of Negroes to state-supported schools from which they had previously been barred. Since 1938 the Court had held that a Negro was entitled to admission to state institutions of higher learning for whites if "equal facilities" were not provided in colleges and universities reserved for Negroes. In a series of cases, the Court had given an increasingly stricter interpretation of what constituted "equal facilities," until in 1950 it declared unanimously that a Negro had to be admitted to the University of Texas Law School because the state's law school for Negroes was inferior in "those qualities which are incapable of objective meas-

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urement but which make for greatness in a law school"—that is, in reputation of the faculty, school tradition and prestige, and influence of the alumni. The new issue before the Court was double-barreled: Would the Court require that Negroes be admitted to white schools below the university level? Would the Court accept the argument advanced by the lawyers for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (backed by an impressive number of other organizations) that segregated facilities can *never* be equal facilities?

In the Federal and state courts in which the cases were argued before they reached the Supreme Court, social scientists were called to the witness stand to testify as experts about the ill effects of segregation on the Negro children's personalities—the "intangible" factors. (Other educators were called upon for traditional testimony concerning what the Supreme Court called the "tangible" factors of equal school facilities: plant and equipment, teaching staff, library, and services.) Herbert Hill and Jack Greenberg, associated with the NAACP in these cases, have pointed out the advantages of the oral testimony in the *Citizen's Guide to De-Segregation* (Beacon, 1955): "Much of the same information" given by the social scientists on the stand, they remark, "could have been culled from books and articles and placed in the briefs. But the live witnesses produced a different effect. They could talk about the specific children and schools in the cases. Educators inspected the schools; social scientists examined some of the children who were plaintiffs. The experts were cross-examined, and their testimony was subject to rebuttal; this gave the defendants [arguing for the legality of segregation] a certain opportunity but it enhanced the persuasiveness of the testimony if it could not be shaken."

When the cases reached the Supreme Court in 1952, the NAACP appended to its brief a statement signed by thirty-two sociologists, anthropologists, psychologists, and psychiatrists in which two conclusions were emphasized: (1) segregation adversely affects both white and Negro children; (2) desegregation (which presents problems of execution that firmness will overcome) will lead to "more favorable attitudes and friendlier relations between races." The social scientists directed their comments not to the "moral and legal issues" but to the "factual issues" of the "consequences of segregation" and the "problems of changing from segregated to unsegregated practices." They were frank to acknowledge that some of these questions are not finally resolved but lie "on the frontiers of scientific knowledge." They added, however, that all of them were "in agreement that this statement is substantially correct and justified by the evidence, and the differences among us, if any, are of a relatively minor order and would not materially influence the preceding conclusions."

IN HIS opinion for the unanimous Court, Chief Justice Warren was cautious and brief but clear. At the outset, he stated that the issue was not whether the facilities in the Negro schools were equal to those in the white schools "with respect to buildings, curricula, qualifications and salaries of teachers, and other 'tangible' factors." What was at issue was whether the doctrine of the Plessy case of 1896, that the provision of "separate but equal" facilities in public accommodations did not violate the Fourteenth Amendment, was applicable to public education in 1954. "We must look," he said, "to the effect of segregation itself on public education." He then reviewed briefly the importance of public education today in the community and to the individual; in this he relied on common knowledge, without referring to special studies or social science data.

He next turned to the real issue: does segregation mean inferior educational opportunity for Negro children even if the "tangible" facilities are equal? "We believe," the Court said, "that it does." In coming to this conclusion, the opinion cited the "intangible considerations" upon which the 1950 law school decision was made. "Such considerations," it went on, "apply with added force to children in grade and high schools. To separate them from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone." But here Chief Justice Warren felt less sure of general agreement. On the importance of education to the nation and the individual, he could rely confidently on what all of us know and none would deny. On the effects of segregation, however, the community *is* divided, as evidenced by the segregation laws themselves, the legal arguments in their defense, and the

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attitudes of many whites in the North as well as in the South. So the Court turned to social science to support its belief about the harmful effects of segregation: "Whatever may have been the extent of the psychological knowledge at the time of *Plessy* vs. *Ferguson* [in 1896] this finding is amply supported by modern authority." Whereupon Justice Warren cited some social scientific studies. In overturning the separate-but-equal doctrine that had prevailed for more than half a century, the Chief Justice was careful to go only as far as necessary: "We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of 'separate but equal' has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal." The ground on which the decision rests is made quite clear in the very next sentence: Negroes are, "by reason of the segregation complained of, deprived of the equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment."

THE Court seems to have reasoned somewhat as follows: (1) Public education is vital to the nation and the individual—no one would dispute this. (2) Segregation of Negro children impairs their education. Not everyone agrees that this is so, nor among those who do believe it is there agreement on the extent of the harm segregation causes; but those qualified to judge these matters believe that segregated facilities do mean unequal facilities. The Court, too, finds that it does. (3) Inequality in public educational facilities violates the Fourteenth Amendment.

Where does this line of reasoning base itself upon the findings of social science? In the second step. The Court took the position that segregation is *inherently* unequal—that is, the very act of enforced segregation implies, as the lone dissenter in the Plessy case put it in 1896, that "colored citizens are so inferior and degraded that they cannot be allowed" to commingle with whites in public facilities. But, aware that the nation was not unanimous on this point, the Court sought to buttress its position by referring to what it must have considered the best knowledge on the subject. The Court was not compelled to mention the "modern authority" it did in footnote eleven; it could simply have stated, quite baldly, that it took "judicial notice" of the fact that segregation means inequality, and relied, as it did, on the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amedment. But the Justices chose to take account of research findings in exactly the same way that their predecessors took account of the data in Brandeis's brief: to buttress their "judicial notice" of the effects of a social situation at the moment of the decision rather than at some earlier time. To outlaw the practice of segregation, the Court relied on a series of precedents for interpreting the Fourteenth Amendment, not on sociology and social psychology. The Court made its own assessment of the meaning of public education and of segregation *in our time,* (not, as Chief Justice Warren plainly said, in "1868 when the Amendment was adopted, or even . . . 1896 when *Plessy* vs. *Ferguson* was written"); though it was probably aided in this assessment by the testimony social scientists gave in the lower courts, to which the Supreme Court obliquely referred but which it could have ignored completely without changing its decision in the slightest.

Although we can only guess the effect the testimony of the social scientists had upon the Court, we can feel more certain about evaluating that testimony itself. Both the oral testimony given in the lower courts, and the studies cited as "modern authority" in Justice Warren's footnote eleven, are very weak indeed and inspire no great confidence. Very little research, good or bad, has been done on just the point that the social scientists were trying to establish: the harmful effect of enforced segregation upon the personalities of Negro children. Of the seven books and articles mentioned in the footnote, only two deal directly with this issue, and they only review the meager data on it. One of these, *Personality in the Making* (edited by H. L. Witmer and Ruth Kotinsky, 1952) plainly admits: "There has not been much scientific research on the effects of prejudice and discrimination on personality formation." Another study cited by the Court reports the opinions of 517 social scientists as to the effects of segregation on personality; 90 per cent said its effects were harmful. Asked on what they based their opinion, whatever it might be, 29 per cent cited their own research. It was odd, as Professor Isidor Chein, who conducted the survey in 1947, pointed out, that so many social scientists should have claimed to have done research on the subject when only a "negligible" amount of material had appeared in print. A survey of the literature just completed by Professor Melvin Tumin (*Segregation and Desegrega-*

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tion: A Digest of Recent Research, Anti-Defamation League, 1957), turns up no more than a piece or two of recent research.

It is fortunate that the Supreme Court, although it seems to have been influenced to some degree by the social scientists, did not rest its protection of the rights of minorities on the largely irrelevant books and articles cited in footnote eleven or on the need to establish as a fact that segregation has a harmful personality effect. As Professor Edmond Cahn of the New York University Law School has pointed out, until now we have been entitled to equality under law even if inequality was *not* harmful. If later decisions hold that the Supreme Court in 1954 rested its opinion on the social scientists' evidence of damage to personality, then we may reach a point where we shall be entitled to equality under law *only* when we can show that inequality has been or would be harmful. The point is that segregation *itself,* irrespective of its consequences, signifies inequality, an illegal, immoral, and scientifically unwarranted proclamation of inferiority. The danger of resting the right to equality under the law upon the ability to prove damage is perversely illustrated in an argument recently advanced by two Southern lawyers (one of them the Attorney General of Georgia). Reminding their readers that the Supreme Court considered that segregation of Negro school children "may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone," the authors comment: "Absent from the opinion was reference to the effect on the hearts and minds of white children and their parents because of enforced commingling with Negro children." This is the garden path down which the argument about damage to personality leads one. Our right to equality must be protected even if, in someone else's judgment, it does us no good, or even harms us.

Nonetheless, despite its weak role in the segregation cases, social science can play a useful part in the courts, both to enable judges to interpret legislation in the light of current social needs and to establish facts in dispute. Surprisingly, there has been little cogent analysis by lawyers or social scientists of its part in the segregation cases or in others. Among the more able legal commentators were the late Judge Jerome N. Frank and Professor Cahn. Both have deflated the notion that the Court's opinion was based on the findings of social science. Both approved the Court's reliance upon a combination of constitutional provisions and judicial precedent, feeling that social science was far from ready to provide the kind of certainty about human behavior which they considered the law requires of its auxiliary disciplines. "The basic trouble" with social science, Judge Frank said, is that its "generalizations relate to the customs and group beliefs (the mores, the folkways), matters which, especially in a changing modern society, are not readily predictable, because of the numerous elusive and accidental factors. . . ." Professor Cahn asserts: "Among the major impediments continually confronting this science* are (1) the recurrent lack of agreement on substantive premises, and (2) the recurrent lack of extrinsic, empirical means for checking and verifying inferred results."

Let us concede these strictures and admit that social science generalizations based upon study of some human beings and groups are not easily applied to others. A simple question remains: do we have more reliable knowledge of human behavior than social science offers? I do not think so.

When they point to the weaknesses of social science, some legal scholars display a misconception about science in general. They seem to want a body of data that is error-proof. There is no such body of data even in the physical sciences. All the sciences make tentative statements of relationships that are frequently upset by new findings or are encompassed by new generalizations. The fact that scientists (social scientists among them) offer their findings modestly, and with the contrary evidence carefully noted, does not detract from the logical superiority of their methods and conclusions. Lawyers, judges, and journalists, for example, are more addicted to pontification and bald assertion, but this does not make their reasoning or their methodology any more reliable. Scientific humility is humility in the face of what remains to be learned and understood; it is not humility before other kinds of approaches or claims. Users of science (especially of social science) are often misled by its humility into believing that there is a better way to learn about the external world or about human behavior. But as Professor Cahn concludes, the issue about social science in the

*Professor Cahn is referring to social psychology, but I am sure he would make the same judgment of all social science.

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courts is not *whether* it shall be used but *how*. "We ought," he says, "no longer debate the general admissibility of testimony from authentic social-science sources; on the contrary, we ought to welcome and encourage evidence of this kind. Our studies and criticisms should be addressed rather to considerations of weight and materiality."

Not all lawyers welcome social science in the the manner of Judge Frank or Professor Cahn. As a profession, they have been no less protective of their own domain than the other professions. As Morris Ernst recently pointed out: "Other experts are often better qualified than we—or at least as well—for the human problems which come before us. Yet the legal profession jealously guards its traditional prerogatives against 'intruders' from other fields." Lawyers are still skeptical of testimony from physicians even though the courts have long admitted it to a place of importance. Recently, for example, New York City courts experimented with the appointment, by the judge in personal injury trials, of a physician from a panel established by the New York Academy of Medicine and the New York County Medical Society. Reporting the success of the innovation, a special committee of the New York City Bar Association remarks that, even in the case of so venerable an art and science as medicine, "A few judges and lawyers have been disturbed by the special status occupied by an impartial expert. They feel that . . . he may usurp the functions of judge and jury. Medicine, they argue, is not an exact science. . . ." Nor, we might add, is law. So long as judges must be learned only in law, they cannot help but rely on experts when the law, as it does to an increasing degree nowadays, touches human relations in all their ramifications and complexities, from mental states to the nature of the physical world in which we live.

Yet there is no doubt that the social sciences will be called on more and more to testify in judicial proceedings. Are they up to it? This is hardly the question. No science or art is "up" to all that may be demanded of it. Two fundamental points are clear. First, law shows increasing need of knowledge of human behavior. Second, social science is our best—even if it is not a perfect or even reasonably satisfactory—means of acquiring such knowledge. Not all social scientists are happy about such a prospect. The profession as a whole feels a pressure toward objectivity which many fear would be compromised by a role in "practical" affairs. Doubtless, too, some social scientists fear the possibility of disclosing to public view the inadequacies of their discipline more than they fear a compromise of their "objectivity." These groups are very likely a minority. Even if they are not, they will have to stand the test. Social scientists must have the courage of their conviction that they are dealing more reliably than anybody else can with human behavior. Without equating "pure" with "applied" science, I suspect that a social science with no relevance or usefulness in "practical" affairs is not likely to be of much use as a "pure" science either. At the turn of the century Justice Holmes pointed the moral both for law and social science when he wrote: ". . . in the law we only occasionally can reach an absolutely final and quantitative determination, because the worth of competing social ends which respectively solicit a judgment for the plaintiff or the defendant cannot be reduced to number and accurately fixed. . . . But it is of the essence of improvement that we should be as accurate as we can."

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Park Forest's Community

To the Editor of Commentary:

As residents of Park Forest and active participants in the program of Congregation Beth Sholom, we have read the interesting and provocative article "Progress of a Suburban Jewish Community" by Herbert J. Gans (February). There are, however, a number of statements and conclusions with which we cannot agree. . . .

The very title of the article prompts us to challenge the techniques and scope of the study: it implies a description of the entire Jewish community of Park Forest, yet practically all of the discussion centers around the Temple. Only passing mention is made of other Jewish organizations such as B'nai B'rith, National Council of Jewish Women, etc., etc., whose contribution to Jewish community life is far from negligible. Hence, an unbalanced view has been presented. . . .

We are somewhat distressed by the freely used quotations of various "leaders" whose statements, given a disproportionate amount of weight, have been utilized almost as if they were statistical deductions derived by the author as a result of having interviewed many people—which he admits he did not do. In particular, we have reference to the misleading quotation about $600 per year being necessary for active Temple membership. The very informality of the survey and lack of objective data make for a want of confidence in Mr. Gans's generalizations and conclusions.

There are a number of factual inaccuracies. . . . The allegation that the head of the company that built Park Forest exerts a great deal of influence on the policies of the Temple is not true. The gentleman referred to, while exceedingly generous to the Temple, is often absent from Park Forest in pursuit of his duties as president of an international Jewish organization. Furthermore, he has deliberately avoided exerting the very type of influence alluded to in the article.

Another fallacious statement is the one which implies the Temple was built by *only* fifty families, i.e., a narrow base of participation and interest. As in many congregations, a relatively small group of donors contributed a large proportion of the money required to erect a building for Beth Sholom. But the plaque in the Temple lobby containing the names of several hundred donors to the building fund, from 1952 to 1955, indicates wide participation.

We also take exception to the statement that a small in-group runs the Temple . . . [and] others are deliberately kept out. Those willing to assume responsibility are few, as with many other organizations. Thus, in essence, a relatively small number of individuals are concerned with the actual operation of the organization. But there is nothing exclusive about this group; a willingness to work for the common good is the best ticket of admission.

Concerning the Temple itself, we find a serious lack of understanding of some of the major issues involved. The assumption is made, for example, that a quasi-adult status has been conferred upon the children of the congregational family. This view was based on an observation of a Saturday morning service—a service which was intentionally geared to the level of the children in the Confirmation Department. The Saturday morning service is in no way a substitute for the main Sabbath service for adults which takes place on Friday night in accordance with the practices of Liberal Judaism.

Certain religious practices of the congregation which may be parallel to those of some Conservative congregations have been misconstrued as a concession to Conservatism. This is patently incorrect. Congregation Beth Sholom follows the current trend of Liberal (Reform) Judaism which stresses the inclusion of meaningful pageantry and ceremonialism in the home, as well as in the synagogue, in order to enhance the folk feeling and to strengthen the religious ties of our people.

In discussing the major difference between the community school and the Temple school Mr. Gans states that the emphasis of the latter is on "Jewishness" while the emphasis of the former is on "Judaism." We maintain that the feeling of Jewishness which the Temple engenders in no way lessens its concern with teaching Judaism. The social and cultural programs of the Temple develop a feeling of Jewishness, while its religious and educational

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programs teach the principles and practice of Judaism. These are the "body" and "soul" of Temple activities.

One concept which Mr. Gans strongly emphasizes is that of the "child-oriented" community. This is contrasted with the "adult-oriented" community. The attitude prevailing in the article is that the nature and future of the community is a function of whether it is child-oriented or adult-oriented. We in the Temple do not look upon this as an "either-or" proposition, i.e., either we will be child-oriented *or* we will be adult-oriented. Our aim is to establish a *family*-oriented institution with a program of activities established to meet the religious, social, and educational needs of both child and parent.

Though there are a number of additional points of disagreement (the nature and functions of the Sisterhood, the intellectual schism in the community, etc., etc.) . . . there are two areas of the article wherein, for the most part, we concur with Mr. Gans.

First, the treatment accorded the development of the school situation. This, at best, was a somewhat complicated problem beset at times by the emotionalism and conflict with which such situations frequently are confronted. Mr. Gans has managed (from our point of view) to give a rather clear and concise picture of what happened. Second . . . the five factors which Mr. Gans uses to "explain" the community. Although we would have a few reservations, in the main the five-factor synopsis is reasonably adequate.

In conclusion, we feel the article has served a most useful function here in Park Forest in that it has caused a considerable amount of discussion, debate, self-examination, and the like. . . .

SAMUEL Z. JAFFE (Rabbi)
MORRIS FELLER (President)
Congregation Beth Sholom
Park Forest, Illinois

MR. GANS *writes:*

The objections raised by Rabbi Jaffe and Mr. Feller seem to hinge on differences of interpretation, rather than disagreement with findings. I had tried to analyze the community from the perspective of the outside observer. They reinterpreted my analysis from their perspective—to describe the community and the Temple as they want it to be—but then restated my findings in slightly different words.

For example, I wrote that about 20 per cent of the people contributed some funds toward the building of the Temple, but added "it is said that the contributions of no more than fifty people really built the Temple"; they say: ". . . a relatively small group of donors contributed a large proportion of the money required to erect a building." I wrote that "the Temple was said to be 'run' by the small group that had founded it"; they agree that "in essence, a relatively small number of individuals are concerned with the actual operation of the organization."

Moreover, the interpretations they criticized were theirs, not mine. I described the Temple's religious orientation as Reform, but with a quasi-Conservative array of ceremonials, and they agree. Many students have pointed out that the denominations of Judaism are becoming more alike. I tried to show how and why this was happening in Park Forest, but did not and would not view it as a concession on anyone's part.

Let me comment briefly on the other criticisms. I limited myself to the material I reported to retain the continuity with the previous article, and not to award credit or blame to any organization. The quotations from leaders did not claim to be statistical deductions, but neither were they idiosyncratic comments; I was careful to keep out the latter.

I asked many people about the influence of the person who directed the company building Park Forest, and I said that he supported the small group of founders, several of whom were old friends, co-workers, and employees. I should perhaps have described his influence as indirect. However, since I tried to show throughout the article that the wishes of the residents shaped the essential character of the community and Temple, I was not trying to "expose" the Temple leadership; the interpretation is that of the critics.

Finally, I did not say that the Sabbath service was a substitute for the Friday night one, but showed how giving the children an adult-like role provided the Temple with the larger number of worshippers it needed. Nor did I say that the Temple emphasized Jewishness rather than Judaism, but suggested that this was the image which the parents had, or wanted to have of the Temple. Likewise, it is clear that both the Temple and the community school wanted to be family-oriented, but the residents seemed to have acted toward these institutions so as to encourage their children's participation in religious matters, but to discourage their own. People tend to see what they want to see, and to use that part of an institution that fits their purpose, but to ignore the rest. This would perhaps be more apparent to an outside observer than to those responsible for an institution's leadership. I am glad that the report of an outsider has, however, been useful to the community.

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Freud & Fromm, & Judaism

To the Editor of Commentary:

Will Herberg has written an interesting article on "Freud, Religion, and Social Reality" (March), but I wonder to what extent Mr. Herberg's comments have been conditioned by his own essentially conservative and pessimistic political and religious views. It would seem that Mr. Herberg has taken only certain aspects of both Fromm and Freud and used them as straw men in argument against social change and in support of his personal interpretation of Judaism.

Taking only the social side of Fromm's theories, the side that Mr. Herberg has emphasized, one could point to the similarities between Fromm's socialist communitarian society and that of Martin Buber, whom Mr. Herberg would seem to admire. It is true that Fromm's utopia is secular and Buber's is religious, but the relation is striking—and altogether understandable considering that Fromm studied the Bible and Judaism under Buber during his youth in Frankfort. If, in this secular age, Mr. Herberg speaks of the "naivety" of Fromm's "panacea," then surely he must consider Buber even more naive. Rather, I think that Mr. Herberg is doing an injustice to both of them.

Mr. Herberg credits Freud with a secular doctrine of original sin and a profound pessimism to go with that doctrine. Yet Freud offered more than a pessimistic secular theology, and Mr. Herberg has failed to take note of Freud the optimist. It was Freud who also said, "The voice of the intellect is a soft one, but it does not rest until it has gained a hearing. Ultimately, after endlessly repeated rebuffs, it succeeds." And it was also Freud who said, "Men are not only worse, but also better, than they think they are."

Mr. Herberg seems to feel that history is unredeemable through human effort and thus attempts to focus on goals outside of history. To do this, he uses Freud and Judaism, but I would venture to say that transcendent goals are alien certainly to Freud and very likely to much of Judaism. If Freud was pessimistic about tomorrow, he was optimistic about the day-after-tomorrow. Isn't this the spirit of Judaism?

Eugene Mornell

Los Angeles, California

Multi-National Yugoslavia

To the Editor of Commentary:

It seems to me that Mr. Hugh Seton-Watson ("Program for a European Settlement," March) is wrong when he characterizes the Serbs or Croats as being a less "educated and skilled nation" than the Poles. The following facts may explain why the Croats and Serbs have not forced "liberalization" on Tito's regime:

1) Poland is a united nation, Yugoslavia a multi-national state; however much the Serbs, Croats, and all the other peoples of Yugoslavia may hate Tito's Communism, their national divergencies would be bound to hamper any effort toward forcing Tito to liberalize his monolithic, Stalinist, more than "Titoist" grip on Yugoslavia.

2) Moreover, if the Serbs and Croats have not been more active in their resistance to Tito's monolithic totalitarianism, the responsibility must be laid at the door of our own diplomacy . . . which . . . has backed Tito, and only Tito, to the extent that anyone opposing him would thereby risk being put in the position of opposing U.S. interests in Yugoslavia and in the Balkans; this would be an impossible position for the Yugoslav peoples —to be hostile to the only power from whom they know they can expect help, namely the United States.

Yet the Djilas affair gave convincing proof that there *was* "skill" and "education" enough among the Yugoslavs, and if U.S. diplomacy had insisted upon Tito's moving in the direction suggested by Milovan Djilas, Yugoslavia would today not be so weak as it is, and the possibility of a flexible U.S. policy in the Balkans would have been forcefully demonstrated.

Bogdan Raditsa

New York City

Strachey: Pros & Cons

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. William Petersen's article in the February Commentary, "John Strachey Twenty Years After," is so full of . . . distortions, it is difficult to know where to begin. . . . I shall deal only with the most important errors. . . .

1) Surely it is questionable for Petersen to link in one quotation statements in Strachey's book which are separated by one and one-half pages of text, and which are not part of the same discussion. He quotes Strachey as follows: "Nearly all democratic parties of the Left are in fact in danger of being deflected from their struggle with their real opponents on the Right; they are in danger of being deflected into fighting a defensive action on their left flanks. . . . It must not be supposed that lifelong and earnest socialists have thus been converted—as in effect they have been—into conservatives either easily or without extreme provocation. . . . [However] nothing would

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be more barren than to try to assess the blame for this development." In Strachey's book *Contemporary Capitalism* (pp. 338-339), the sentence ending "without extreme provocation" is 450 words removed from the sentence beginning "Nothing would be more barren. . . ." The latter sentence is preceded by the following: "This process [of excluding not merely a Communist but any "left-wing" point of view], however natural, is an almost wholly disastrous one for a party of the Left. The historical function of such a party can never be anything else then to transform the economic and social system in the interests of that 90% of the population who have until recently received about half of the national income. Once its leading figures no longer feel in their hearts that this is their mission, virtue will have gone out of them." Strachey's major point, totally missed by Petersen, is that anti-Communism must not become the sole interest of the democratic socialist parties; indeed, he argues that "social transformation by democratic methods . . . is the sole way in which the communists themselves can ultimately be defeated." There is nowhere in Strachey's book support for Petersen's statement that "fighting Communism still makes a socialist, in Strachey's eyes, into a 'conservative.'" What makes a socialist into a "conservative," in Strachey's view, is neglect of the task of social transformation. Democratic socialists, he writes (p.339), "must indeed reject the communists —almost as a matter of course—yet they must contrive to remain at the same time determined democratic socialists, devoting themselves wholeheartedly to the struggle for socialism."

2) Petersen's suggestion that the peanuts (groundnuts) project in East Africa, undertaken when Strachey was Minister of Food, "was guided to some degree by the example of Stalin's forced collectivization of agriculture . . ." is preposterous! Such a statement reveals ignorance of the functioning of British government, the peanuts project, and Strachey's role in it. The salient facts are as follows: (1) the peanuts project was designed and carried out by employees of the United Africa Company, a subsidiary of Unilever, Ltd.; (2) the plans were approved at the highest cabinet level; (3) no principle or practice of collectivization at any stage was involved; (4) Strachey's own role in the venture was limited, and while the principle of ministerial responsibility necessarily applies, his *personal* responsibility was always more formal than real.

3) No one would gather from Petersen's article that Strachey's central thesis is the generally accepted one that modern capitalism has survived, and much of the Marxist analysis has not, because the capitalism of Marx's day has been transformed by democratic political processes. Strachey argues that the New Deals, the Labor governments, planning, the political process at large, have tamed capitalism, but that there still remain problems, and inherent instabilities, that only socialism will solve. Surely this is a legitimate point of view for a socialist to take? Surely, too, if Petersen does not agree with it, he should attempt to refute it without distorting it, or confusing it?

ARNOLD A. ROGOW
State University of Iowa
Iowa City

MR. PETERSEN *writes*:

I will comment briefly on each of Mr. Rogow's three points.

1) Whether an omission in a quotation constitutes a distortion depends not on the number of words deleted but on the sense. In Strachey's text, the sentence I quoted—that "nothing would be more barren than to try to assess the blame for this development" of excessive anti-Communism—comes at the beginning of a new paragraph. I took it to be a comment on the whole of the preceding discussion, rather than on the preceding two sentences. That my interpretation of Strachey's intent is correct is indicated by the passage that follows the quoted sentence.

2) The history of the groundnuts scheme was indeed a long and complex one, but Mr. Rogow need not have assumed that the brevity of my footnote was based merely on ignorance of the details I omitted. None of the points he makes is especially relevant to my argument. He is correct in saying that the project began under the United Africa Company, a private corporation, but he does not mention that even in this early stage the scheme, though organized by the company, was administered by "a managing agency of the Minister of Food, operating under his direct instructions" (*Economist*, November 12, 1949). To say that Strachey was not personally involved is just wrong; on the contrary, one can hardly imagine any reason why the Minister of Food should have been given formal responsibility for a colonial development project except that the Minister was Strachey, its originator.

I commented that "it is perhaps not fanciful to suggest" that Strachey was guided to some degree by the example of Stalin's forced collectivization of agriculture. I find it surprising that someone as sensitive to the nuances of distortion as Mr. Rogow should have omitted the above-quoted words when he cited the passage from my review; but let that pass.

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Let me list some of the parallels, as I see them, between Strachey's groundnuts scheme and the much larger project of his one-time mentor. (1) Reckless speed, which is the one characteristic I specifically mentioned; according to the *Economist* (November 5, 1949), Strachey was "in fact personally responsible for the disastrous speed with which it has been pushed forward." (2) Collectivization, which Mr. Rogow denies took place. What does he then term the transformation of a primitive family-unit agriculture into a single project of some 3.2 million acres, all administered by one public corporation? (3) Grandiose bureaucratic inefficiency. The 1949 report of the Overseas Food Corporation announced, for example, that more money had been spent on office furniture and equipment in East Africa than on the whole of the company's successful Queensland venture. (4) Disingenuousness. In his repeated attempts to defend the scheme in Parliament and before the public, Strachey was as slippery a public-relations operator as ever graced Madison Avenue. Partisan Laborites may explain this away as his attempt to defend the party, but what can they say of the fact that the public auditors were dissatisfied with the corporation's accounts? "We are unable to report that in our opinion proper books of account have been kept by the Corporation and that we have obtained all the information and explanations which . . . were necessary for the purposes of our audit." (5) Socialist virtue: "The Minister of Food clearly considers himself to be a very ill-used man. He has convinced himself that since he is the originator of the groundnut scheme, he is also the only man who has the true interests of colonial development at heart. He has made it clear that he regards any criticism as inspired by partisan political motives or the malice of a capitalist press, and to be disregarded by a courageous minister. Is this political courage or political megalomania?" (*Economist*, November 26, 1949).

3) The notion that a capitalist economy and a democratic political system are basically opposed is indeed one of Strachey's main points; and, as Mr. Rogow points out, this is so "generally accepted" as to be banal. That is no reason, however, why I should accept it. History is against it: democracy developed together with capitalism and has disappeared wherever a collective economy was established. Logic is against it: a Marxian should not have to be instructed that the total centralization of the economy will always tend to centralize political power. Only ideology is for it, and what a flabby, irascible ideology it is. What is "the task of social transformation" that Mr. Rogow makes so much of, other than "dissent" to everything that is? Does he really still believe that nationalization of industry creates a "workers' state"? In warning his fellow members of the British Labor party against cooperating with Conservatives, Strachey pointed out that this task required a resolute dedication to the "aim of socialism." "It is perfectly true," he wrote, "that the native Conservative forces are, in Britain and America, far more humane, civilized, and, for that matter, democratic than the Communists." I remember when the "aim of socialism," "the task of social transformation" that socialists took upon themselves, was precisely to make the world more humane, more civilized, more democratic.

Correction

To the Editor of Commentary:

The correspondence [of] the late Simeon Strunsky . . . and the late Jacob Gordin . . . which you published in your department "Cedars of Lebanon" in your March issue calls for a correction. . . .

There is no reason in the world why Mr. Gordin should have addressed a rather lengthy lecture on the subject [of the drama] to Mr. Adam W. Wagnalls, of the Funk and Wagnalls Company, which issued the . . . *Jewish Encyclopedia* . . . (1904-1912). Unable to identify the Wagenhals referred to, Dr. Jacob Shatzky, the editor of this correspondence, surmised that this matter of Jewish literary interest was somehow connected with the publishing firm . . . [which published] a brief biography of the playwright . . . in Volume VI [of the Encyclopedia]. . . .

Mr. Gordin was surely addressing his letter not to Mr. Adam W. Wagnalls, but to Mr. Wagenhals of the firm of the theatrical producers Wagenhals and Kemper, which subsequently produced an English translation of his play "The Kreutzer Sonata." . . . [It opened] with Blanche Walsh, famous actress, as star, on August 13, 1906, at the Manhattan Theater and ran for twenty-nine performances. . . .

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Militarism and Anti-Militarism in America*

GORDON A. CRAIG

Call war an extension of diplomacy, condemn it as a plague, thrill to its so-called glories, as you will. The fact remains that it is not just a phenomenon, something monstrously foreign to our civilization, but—whether we like it or not—it has been a fundamental element of man's struggle for existence. Therefore, until man's nature changes, war is likely always to be with us, in one form or another. Nor is war an act of God, comparable, for instance, to elemental cataclysms such as earthquakes or hurricanes. Rather, it arises from international relationships, from the aspirations, ambitions, successes, failures, and trickeries of the men and the governments directing the nations of the world."

These words come from the first page of the Dupuys' long and detailed military history of the United States, a book designed, one gathers, for use in college ROTC courses. Thirty years ago, even twenty years ago, it would have been safe to predict that this passage—with its expressed belief in the permanence of instability and the inevitability of war—would, in any university where the book was considered for adoption, be criticized as an overt attack on the principles of American liberalism or a subtle attempt to insinuate militaristic thinking into American education. Most Americans of the recent past were fully convinced that war *was* "something monstrously foreign to our civilization." They regarded it as an aberration from the main concerns of mankind, a wasteful and willful denial of progress, a destructive pastime in which less enlightened nations might indulge but which must be avoided by the United States. And, since they believed firmly that they controlled their own destinies, most Americans still believed that war *could* be avoided, by wise statesmanship and, among other things, by keeping the soldiers under the firmest political and financial control, lest the kind of thinking illustrated above become too influential in the land.

How much strength is left today in the anti-military tradition which was characteristic of 19th and early 20th century America? According to Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr., not very much. Mr. Ekirch's book is a history of that tradition and its varied expressions. By anti-militarism, the author means opposition both to a large military establishment and to the extension of military influence and modes of action and decision into the civilian sphere; and he traces it from the 1760's (when Samuel Adams, in the pages of the *Boston Gazette,* was describing as "a very improbable supposition" the idea "that any people can long remain free with a strong military power in the very heart of their country") until the end of the Second World War.

To Mr. Ekirch, who identifies himself completely with the cause he describes, the story he tells is one with a sad ending. For, he writes, "under the impact of World War II, the American people largely discarded the anti-militarist convictions of the past"; and, since the war, we have been moving, with giant steps and with few signs of popular resistance, toward the garrison state. The country has been saddled with a gigantic military establishment and a military budget that grows bigger every year. Military men have moved into key positions in Federal agencies; military

*A review of *Military Heritage of America,* by R. Ernest Dupuy and Trevor N. Dupuy, McGraw-Hill, 794 pp., $10.00; *The Civilian and the Military,* by Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr., Oxford, 340 pp., $6.50; *The Soldier and the State: The Theory and Politics of Civil-Military Relations,* by Samuel P. Huntington, Belknap Press, Harvard, 539 pp., $7.50; and *Arms and Men: Study in American Military History,* by Walter Millis, Putnam, 382 pp., $5.75.

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thinking has permeated our foreign policy to such an extent that we rarely do anything in foreign affairs that is not based on some real or fancied strategical calculation and justified by elaborate military arguments; military spending threatens to win a determining role in our economy; military research and the subventions that support it are already exercising an unwholesome influence in American education; and all these developments have subverted the anti-militarist tradition which, throughout our history, has been the main support of peace and democracy.

IT IS unlikely that Samuel P. Huntington would agree with much of this. One gathers, indeed, from reading his brilliant essay on the theory and politics of civil-military relations in the United States, that he would be inclined to argue not only that the anti-military tradition is much healthier than Mr. Ekirch seems to believe but that, if anything threatens the security and the institutions of this country, it is the influence which this tradition continues to exert.

At the risk of overemphasizing certain aspects of Mr. Huntington's long and carefully constructed book, one may guess that his response to Mr. Ekirch's complaints might run something like this: The United States has been, and remains, a liberal country, and liberalism as a philosophy does not furnish the means which enable one to think realistically about war or military institutions. Liberal military policy varies between the attempt to eliminate all institutions of violence ("the policy of extirpation," in Mr. Huntington's phrase) and the insistence that, if there must be military institutions, they must be refashioned along liberal lines (the "policy of transmutation"). The policy of extirpation has become unfashionable with the passage of the years because it flies so obviously in the face of the realities of international existence; but those realities have not prevented the inveterate liberals from pursuing the policy of transmutation. In the 19th century, this generally took the form of an unrealistic belief that amateur soldiers were better than trained ones and popular militias safer and more effective than standing armies—a prejudice which delayed the development of a true military profession in the United States for a century. More recently, Mr. Huntington implies, transmutation has expressed itself in an inability to leave the military alone, in an unceasing attempt to assert control over them by persuading, or forcing, them to become less military. (The American liberal, he suggests, does not like the really professional soldier, the Ridgway who steers clear of politics; but he dotes on the soldier who forswears professional modes of thought—like Eisenhower, perhaps, who, when he entered politics, embraced the principles of business liberalism and began criticizing military budgets.) Generally speaking, the liberal attitude toward military affairs has had deplorable results.

Those persons who, like Mr. Ekirch, are worried by the increased involvement of the military in politics have good reason for their concern, for such involvement threatens to weaken the professional competence of the military and thus jeopardize national security. But are not the liberals themselves responsible for this? Mr. Huntington believes that the military are drawn into politics by the very eagerness of liberal-minded civilian groups to control or "civilianize" them. This process is, of course, encouraged by the lack of any clear definition, in our Constitution, of the authority and limitations of the military establishment or of its relationship to civilian agencies of government. The Commander-in-Chief clause, the militia clause, and the separation of powers interject politics into military affairs and military affairs into politics. But, even if this were not so, the liberal antipathy to the very idea of an independent military sphere would be enough to drag the soldiers into the political arena, making even strategical questions matters of political controversy and constantly threatening to riddle the military establishment with faction and dissension.

As for military performance of policy functions once reserved to civilians, it may be pointed out that this stems from the traditional liberal repugnance for matters having anything to do with the actual business of war. In the 1930's, to cite an example, it was lack of interest in the non-military aspects of war on the part of civilian branches of the government, and the absence of civilian institutions equipped to perform them, that led the War Department to assume the job of mobilization planning. Here "the civilians imposed a civilian war function on a military agency." Nor was this the last time this sort of thing happened. The increase in the number of policy functions performed by soldiers since

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the end of World War II has certainly been due in part to civilian defection. In Germany, for instance, it was primarily the reluctance of the State Department to assume responsibility for occupation rule that prolonged military control until 1949.

Mr. Huntington is not unconcerned over the expanding functions of the military in our society, as he demonstrates in his thoughtful discussion of the political role of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and in his intelligent suggestions for the improvement of the administrative structure of the Department of Defense. But he is less worried by this than by the kind of doctrinaire liberalism that is so suspicious of military encroachment that it is blind to the more serious dangers in our world situation. After all, we are involved in a desperate rivalry with the Soviet Union which threatens to go on for a long time, and during it we shall depend upon the skills of our soldiers, whether they are performing military or policy functions. Since we have reasonable institutional protection against any serious military domination of our society, we should be well advised to focus our attention on the problems of our international situation and, while doing so, to try to overcome "the American attitude of mind which [seeks] to impose liberal solutions in military affairs as well as in civil life."

There is much sense in all this, and it is more convincing than Mr. Ekirch's sovereign disregard for the international causes of some of the tendencies he deplores. Mr. Huntington is persuasive also when he argues that it is high time Americans learned to regard the military profession as being at least as respectable as the bar or the clergy. Unfortunately, he pushes his point too far and, in his very last pages, advances the startling suggestion that the best way for American society to ease the tension existing between its traditional liberal values and the needs of national security is to abandon its liberal past completely. "The requisite for military security," he writes, "is a shift in basic American values from liberalism to conservatism. Only an environment which is sympathetically conservative will permit American military leaders to combine the political power which society thrusts upon them with the military professionalism without which society cannot endure."

What this means is never made quite clear, and perhaps it should not be taken too seriously, for there seems to be more rhetoric than logic in Mr. Huntington's last few pages. "Is it possible to deny," he asks, "that the military values—loyalty, duty, restraint, dedication—are the ones America most needs today? That the disciplined order of West Point has more to offer than the garish individualism of Main Street?" Surely the answer to this double-barreled question is "Yes!" Surely individualism, initiative, intelligence, and imagination are just as important to America in its present situation as any of the more passive virtues mentioned by Mr. Huntington.

This is all the more true when one reflects on another problem. In his personal campaign against stereotyped liberal thinking, Mr. Huntington would have us, at long last, begin to think more realistically about war as an institution. But just how does one go about doing this? Is there any correspondence between war in our time and the kind of thing described in the Dupuys' big book? Throughout most of the period covered by that comprehensive and colorful account of the exploits of American arms, war was still something that could be controlled and managed; it could be used as an instrument of policy to achieve national ends; and its political uses could be studied profitably by students or practitioners of foreign policy. This is hardly true today.

In *Arms and Men,* Walter Millis has written a concise and lively commentary on the military history of the United States in which—after discussing the evolution of the art of war through successive stages which he has entitled "The Democratization of War," "The Industrial Revolution," "The Managerial Revolution," "The Mechanization of War," "The Scientific Revolution," and "The Hypertrophy of War"—he addresses himself to the question of the "future of war." Mr. Millis isn't sure that war *has* any future, at least as an instrument of national policy. Polk or McKinley, he writes, could use war as an instrument of policy, but, even by Wilson's time, war was bursting out of the restraints imposed by statecraft and, by the time of Franklin Roosevelt, "war had been magnified to a point at which it could neither serve a policy nor be justified by one; it had become a naked instrument of defense, of defense alone and of defense only in an extremity of crisis." And, after the introduction of nuclear weapons, its utility even for this purpose became questionable, since even defense seemed to imply total destruction.

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We seem, in other words, to have reached a stage in history in which even Mr. Huntington's professionals know rather less about the management of violence than they always care to admit, and in which military maneuvers—like the Carte Blanche air exercises in Europe in June 1955 or Operation Sage Brush at Camp Polk, Louisiana, in December of the same year—leave observers with only one firm conclusion: namely, that in any future war it will be impossible to tell the victors from the vanquished and that, consequently, war makes no sense any more. The thought of nuclear conflict is so insupportable that, while we continue to strike attitudes and to talk as if we were prepared to resort to force in order to attain our objectives, neither we nor anyone else believe that we mean what we say. We are, in consequence—as the current muddle in the Middle East demonstrates—confronted by a set of problems quite new to statecraft: the difficulties caused by the necessity of adjusting international power issues without recourse to the arbitrament of war.

It may be easier to solve those difficulties if we learn not to worry too much about the garrison state and power-hungry brass hats, and if we cultivate a more realistic attitude toward military affairs. It will not be easier to solve them if we go to the extreme of becoming conservative converts in order to make our professional soldiers feel happy or if we start, at this late date in our history, to give precedence in our scale of values to the exclusively military virtues.

"Resurgent" Arabs?

THE SPHINX AWAKES. By GERALD SPARROW. Pitman Publishing Corporation, New York, for Robert Hale, Ltd., London. 217 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by RAY ALAN

ONE notes with approval, early in the first chapter of Gerald Sparrow's book, that its author was once a judge—a British judge at that, with international experience, chiefly in Siam. Just the sort of chap, one feels, to hack a clean path through the undergrowth of partisanship and passion presently infesting Middle Eastern affairs and give us a sane, honest, judicious summing-up. Sixty pages later one is thanking one's stars that one's life and property were never at stake in any court presided over by Judge Sparrow. His conception of justice appears oddly . . . well, un-British, to say the least, however well it may have gone down in Siam.

Prior to 1940, he tells us, there were no more than fifty thousand Jews in Palestine. But somehow, eight years later, this ruthless little community succeeded in expelling the great majority of Palestine's Arabs and set about systematically persecuting the 175,000 who remained. In organizing this persecution the Israel government "slavishly followed" the "Nazi pattern."

Half an hour's research would, of course, have enabled Mr. Sparrow to unearth evidence to suggest that the propaganda of ex-Mufti's Arab Higher Committee and the Arab League (which urged Arabs to leave their homes "so as to facilitate the advance of the victorious Arab armies") played at least as big a part in the creation of the Arab refugee problem as the sum total of "Jewish" excesses. This discovery would not have impelled him to exonerate Menachem Beigin's Irgun Zvai Leumi for the outrage it committed at Deir Yassin; but it might have helped him set the whole problem in the sort of perspective a competent judge would wish to establish.

Blurbs will be blurbs, of course; but Mr. Sparrow's is a collector's piece. His shallow, one-sided chapter on Arab-Israel relations, which devotes seven of its eleven pages to Israel's persecution of her Arab minority, is singled out for attention as "perhaps the most startling exposure of the origins and realities of the Arab-Israel dispute published." It is indeed a startling exposure—but of Mr. Sparrow's pretensions. "The theme of the book," we are told, "is the resurgent movement of the Arab states the world over . . ." The world over, presumably, because the unfortunate Mr. Sparrow is under the impression that Pakistan and Persia are "Arab states"; but what is meant by the phrase "resurgent movement," or what the socio-economic roots of such a movement might be, is nowhere made clear.

EVEN on the fairly straightforward subject of inter-Arab relations, Judge Sparrow is pathetic. Take, for example, the Egyptian-Iraqi feud which has divided the Arab League for the last nine years. It has its roots in geography, history, and religion as well as 20th-century

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power politics: a fascinating volume could be written about it alone. But all Mr. Sparrow sees is total Egyptian-Iraqi harmony, since both Egypt and Iraq are Arabic-speaking and "Mohammedan." The nearest he gets to political analysis or even straight reportage on the subject is this: "So Major Salah Salem, Colonel Nasser's Ambassador at Large, talks to King Feisal of Iraq and to his Prime Minister in the friendliest terms, noting how similar Egypt and Iraq are, how common their aims, how identical their ideals." That is all. Major Salem's Sarsank talks with the Iraqi leaders were, of course, quite remarkable—though Judge Sparrow clearly hasn't a glimmering of understanding why. Precisely because he had adopted a conciliatory attitude toward Iraqi aspirations, the dancing major was disowned by Colonel Abdel Nasser and fired. Iraqi Premier Nuri es-Said, on the other hand, whose contempt for everything Egyptian is well known throughout the Middle East, took a tape recording of Major Salem's indiscretions and had it played to a gathering of fence-sitting Jordanian politicians to show them "what your Egyptian friends are really worth." Having raised the subject, Judge Sparrow ought at least, in all honesty, to have given a balanced outline of the facts. But facts are not his forte.

Moreover, his ignorance of the basic factual background to Arab affairs is complicated by an extraordinary woolliness of expression which invests even routine statements with ambiguity. "The rate of exchange," he writes, "is a little less than the official 100 piastres to the pound." Since the only kind of pound mentioned so far has been the Egyptian pound, which consists of 100 piastres, the average reader will be left with the impression that the Egyptians no longer have confidence in their own currency. On reflection, one can only assume that Mr. Sparrow means the pound sterling, which is worth about six cents less than the Egyptian pound at par. Similar imprecision gives the impression that the Arab League consists of a "triumvirate" of Egypt, Syria, and Saudi-Arabia, though even Mr. Sparrow must know better than this. At one point Gamal Abdel Nasser is Ataturk-ish, but a few pages later we find him an apostle of Pan-Islam. Once or twice he is admitted to be a dictator, but his constitution is described as "democratic in the true sense of the term"—providing for "a form of direct and practical democracy with-

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—Manchester Guardian Illus. $6.50

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out losing its essence, which is the actual participation of the citizens in running the affairs of their country." Again: "The Constitution is of a socialistic nature in which every Egyptian characteristic is clearly manifested." One wonders if Mr. Sparrow himself knew what he meant when he wrote this.

In one respect, though, Mr. Sparrow's account of the Nasser constitution is the most valuable section of his book. Much of it appears to have been copied, more or less verbatim, from official junta handouts. Even the casual reader will recognize in it the same off-color blend of naivety and cynicism which ran through the constitutional conceits of such heroes of the "New Egypt" as Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini; and he will be reminded that Gamal Abdel Nasser's dupes and admirers in the West are the same kind of folk who admired or were duped by this grisly trio. "Well, say what you like, but he does make the trains run on time." "After all, the constitution's democratic enough." "Admittedly, they're only paper safeguards as yet, but the intention's there." As for the thousands of mere human beings interned, robbed, tortured, and murdered in the name of efficiency, punctual trains, national regeneration, and/or "democracy in the true sense of the term"—well, to make an omelet one must obviously break a few eggs. The naive never learn until it's too late; and the cynical, of course, don't want to.

Man Without Grace

THE FALL. By ALBERT CAMUS. Knopf. 147 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by LIONEL ABEL

MOST Europeans believe that their culture is dead. Here is a fact which explains, at least in part, the attraction so many cultivated Europeans have felt for Communism. Any doctrine which presents a plan for a new beginning, for initiating a movement forward, is bound to find sympathy among people who feel that their inherited stock of ideas and attitudes is no longer fecund. Here is something Americans find particularly hard to grasp when they discuss the question of Communism with Europeans. What seem to us obvious disvalues in the Communist world are often regarded favorably by Europeans. We call the Communists fanatics, but this, from the European point of view, means that they are not skeptics. We say Communists have no appreciation of literature and art. In the European, there is a feeling of the uselessness to him of the art and literature he has so long appreciated. We say that Communists are bloody. To the European this means that they are serious and thoroughgoing. We call them immoral. He finds them politically intrepid. We criticize Communism from the point of view of a people who believe that European culture has come alive again in us. The Europeans look upon Communism as a possible deliverance from this very culture.

Albert Camus is one of the leading European intellectuals who rejected Communism, as a solution for European culture as well as for the economic needs of the European masses. We must bear this in mind if we are to understand the character of his new novel, *The Fall*. For the rejection of Communism by Camus could not but have been something far more difficult, painful, exasperating, and numbing than we, as Americans, can readily conceive. His rejection of Communism separated him from his old comrades in the Resistance, with whom he had fought against Hitler, and from his friend, Jean-Paul Sartre, together with whom he rose to political and literary eminence; their quarrel is famous. But what was most difficult in such an intellectual act was to find a spiritual alternative to Communism, and to find it in the set of received ideas which Camus, along with so many other Europeans, has been accustomed to thinking of as dead.

To reject Communism must have meant for him nothing less than raising the dead and getting them to speak livingly again. The rejection had to be accompanied or followed by an act of the highest poetry, or it meant simply turning to the right, becoming conservative, joining the camp of capital and property.

Now I do not mean to assert that Camus succeeded in elaborating a new political doctrine, or even a new cultural attitude. And I do not believe that his effort to reassert past values in his book *The Rebel* has been fruitful or clarifying. Camus is not a man from whom we are to expect a new synthesis or doctrine, but he is a man who has to look for one. This is his pathos and, to use a Greek word only applied to noble persons, his *arete*. We cannot regard him as a failure if he does

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not satisfy our questions. But he has to regard himself as a failure if he does not succeed in answering his. This is the position he put himself in, deliberately, I think, when he rejected Communism. And now, in his new novel, *The Fall,* he has taken stock of his spiritual situation: the subject of this strange and beautiful book is the soul of man today without fear of God and without enthusiasm for his fellows.

Reviewers have already pointed out that *The Fall* is about the fall of man from grace. But since Camus was never to our knowledge a believer in Christian grace, any connotation of this in the book is surely metaphorical. Let us not forget that there is a humanist concept of grace as well as a Christian one. The humanist concept is described in Marxist literature as the liberation of man from alienation, the collective acquisition of grace by the whole social body through a great enterprise of purification and education. And Communism was supposed to be the technique for the carrying out of this project. So the rejection of Communism meant for Camus the rejection of the very possibility of what might be called man-made grace. *The Fall* is about what it means for a cultivated European—or, at any rate, a cultivated Frenchman—not to be a Communist.

But here there is no argument for Communism. Far from it. What we have in the novel is an exploration of what the human soul is reduced to when it can expect nothing ideal from God or from other men. The only objective left is not to be naive, to turn every positive idea inside out, to place under a microscope every human virtue and enlarge its essential seaminess. This Jean-Baptiste Clamence, Camus's hero, does in a style of great eloquence and moral refinement. He speaks with the precision and detachment of one whose sole purpose in life is to be disabused. Speaking for Camus as well as for us, he is quite pitiless in his instant execution of every moral impulse he is able to find within him. Why should he not be pitiless? What other enjoyment is possible to him?

In a sordid bar in Amsterdam—the Mexico City Bar—Clamence, an ex-lawyer, now sunk to petty acts of legal shiftiness, lies in wait for unwary clients or visitors, to whom he tells the story of his own fall from grace with a view to eliciting from them similar confes-

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sions; these he then judges pitilessly. He calls himself a "judge-penitent," and asserts openly that his sole aim in judging himself mercilessly is to earn the right to overwhelm others, when it becomes his turn to judge them. Now, what was Jean-Baptiste Clamence before his fall? Not simply a respectable figure in society, but a man noted for his devotion to noble causes, a defender of the weak at the bar of justice, a defender even of criminals, the very prototype of the man with positive social aims and a noble social role.

How Jean-Baptiste fell is the story of the novel. The actual incident—his unwillingness to rescue a drowning girl—has been found not completely convincing, that is, dramatically. But here there may be a misunderstanding on the part of critics. The state of sin Camus is describing might be called sin without error, sin produced not by an actual transgression but simply by the absence of grace. *Sin without error* is, of course, hardly an American type of sinfulness. In this regard too, the differences between Europe and America are most important.

It may be asked: why is it so serious to reject so dreadful a thing as Communism? Some years ago a book appeared composed of revelations by a number of famous writers about the manner in which they became disillusioned with Communism as a philosophy and as a social goal. Among these writers were Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, Stephen Spender, André Gide, and the American, Richard Wright. The title of the book was *The God That Failed*. I think that this title is misleading. For Communism, at least as understood by its great originators, was not supposed to set up a God who might fail or not fail, but to present mankind with the possibility of dispensing with God once and for all. This is one of the issues at stake in the rejection of Communism: can man dispense with God? The revivers of religion tell us that man cannot. Now Communism is certainly a dreadful thing, and Camus has said so again and again, and categorically, but for men not to be able to dispense with God—a God Camus believes is dead, in a culture which everywhere proclaims his glory gone—is also a dreadful thing. It is about this latter dreadfulness, preferred and accepted, that Camus is writing in *The Fall*.

The novel has already occasioned much misunderstanding. I take it as a confession by Camus that having rejected Communism he has not been able to find any alternative goal. The dead have not come to life, however he may have tortured himself in trying to make them speak. Camus will not tell us that if we read and re-read the old books we can be saved. He does not preach a return to received ideas. His spiritual effort has indeed been to try to find something living in them, but failing that, he tells us now with lamentation, that the dead bones do not live.

Israeli Sociology

THE CLASH OF CULTURES IN ISRAEL. By ABRAHAM SHUMSKY. Teachers College, Columbia University. 170 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by ALEPH V. SHERMAN

THOUGH it originated as a doctoral dissertation, this is a most ambitious little book. In a mere 150 pages it sets out not only to demonstrate that there is a good deal of tension between ethnic groups in Israel, but also to offer a complete program for solving the problems created by this "clash of cultures." Mr. Shumsky, however, has done no original research or field work, and his account of Israel's ethnic conflicts is little more than a digest of what has already been written on the subject in Hebrew.

He begins by pointing out that there is a large degree of coincidence between ethnic origin and social standing among Israelis, and that discrimination against Oriental Jews persists partly because their cultural and economic inferiority tends to be self-perpetuating. Unskilled laborers from backward countries with no education and small personal discipline too often produce children who are unprepared by their home environment to benefit from the opportunities Israeli society has to offer. Not only do these children come to school with the minimum of cultural background and family encouragement that any school system takes for granted, but they come to the worst schools, the most overcrowded and ill-equipped, staffed as a rule by teachers who were unable to find posts anywhere else. As a result, the second generation of Oriental Jews is hardly better equipped than its parents to improve its lot or raise its status in Israel, and the picture of a "white" Ashkenazi upper

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class and a "colored" Oriental lower class, though not the whole story, continues to have enough truth as a description of Israeli society to bedevil Israeli politics.

But Mr. Shumsky is not content to bring this situation to the attention of readers who are unfamiliar with the material written on the subject in Hebrew, readers who may be unaware that Israel has the same social problems as any other country, and who think that it is a place composed entirely of pioneers, intellectuals, and exotic peoples. A graduate of Israel's Zionist youth movement, Mr. Shumsky believes that social problems are the result either of bad will or lack of understanding on the part of "the ruling class"; he preaches to his fellow Israelis, condemns, denounces, and exhorts in the manner of a political pamphlet. His program for dealing with the "clash of cultures" includes a vague and unrealistic plan for "democratizing" the army ("through greater freedom of choice, delegation of more planning and decision-making to the private soldier and a relaxation of prevailing rigidity in the pattern of organization . . . [thus] creating a wider field of action for soldiers and allowing closer association between the sexes . . .")—which seems to mean, if it means anything, that the army should be turned into a youth club; and a scheme for "democratization of the schools," which turns out to be nothing more than a rehash of progressive education ideas, and which is utterly irrelevant to the problem of the Israeli schools whose main need is not more theory imported from America but more good teachers, especially for immigrants and their children.

His set of instructions to Israeli writers reminds one of a *ukase* by the Union of Soviet Writers ("Literature should present the story of immigration in terms of human experience [*sic*] and as an aid to understanding . . . should stress and analyze these inter-personal problems") and ignores the fact that novels and plays dealing sympathetically with the problems of new immigrants have by now become very popular in Israel. All this rather dates Mr. Shumsky; he appears to be crusading not against the "evils" that are plaguing Israeli society today, but against a pre-1948 state of affairs.

EXPERIENCE of the last dozen years has weaned most graduates of the youth movement away from many of the attitudes they once shared

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with Mr. Shumsky. They have discovered that not all problems can be blamed on lack of good will or on poor understanding, and indeed they have reacted strongly against preaching and "pep-talks," whether of the old-fashioned "Zionist" kind or the new "scientific" style dear to Mr. Shumsky. In this sense *The Clash of Cultures in Israel* serves as a reminder that Israeli social thinking has matured considerably during the past decade.

Yet this ill-informed and self-righteous book could not have been written for foreign consumption were it not that Israel's social scientists are both overcautious about committing themselves to print, and a prey to the feeling that such matters as ethnic problems ought to be "kept inside the family." Where serious thinkers hesitate to speak because of prudence and a sense of responsibility, others not so inhibited are encouraged to take the field. To this extent, Israel herself must accept a share of responsibility for the misrepresentations spread by a book like Mr. Shumsky's—it was she who indoctrinated him and whose inhibitions gave him an opportunity to address the English-speaking world.

Occupied Germany

PRIDE OF INNOCENCE. By DAVID BUCKLEY. Holt. 346 pp. $3.95.

OFF LIMITS. By HANS HABE. Frederick Fell. 466 pp. $4.95.

Reviewed by PETER JACOBSOHN

APPARENTLY the past dozen years have tempered the trauma that the immediate postwar period represented for the Germans, and in part too for their American conquerors, and it is now easier for both peoples to look at this period with a certain detachment. The recent rash of books on the occupation of Germany is also evidence of the attraction which this unique era—a time of unprecedented corruption—holds for the novelist.

Promiscuity, shady deals, betrayal, and denunciation were so much part of the everyday life of a conquered people who had lost their moral bearings that the conquerors soon succumbed as well. Because they brought the wherewithal—cigarettes, nylons, food, and money—to buy it, vice, which would otherwise not have led more than an exiguous, unglamorous existence, became a well-traded commodity, almost an industry. To the end, the Americans paid official lip service to the values and rules imposed by a Calvinist and missionary morality—non-fraternization and re-education—which in the course of time had to be thrown overboard or side-stepped by the realistic administrators on the spot.

Apart from the fact that they both deal with the occupation, *Pride of Innocence* and *Off Limits* are two very different books. The former, a first novel by a young American writer, is the story of a G.I. catapulted into the cesspool of occupied Germany. The dazed air of unbelief and discomfort which envelops Allen Dunne, the hero, extends at first also to his fellows. They soon become acclimatized, but Dunne, who arrived in Germany a self-righteous Shelley-reading agnostic, is driven to suicide when one of his German girl friends dies after an abortion.

In this curiously confined and uneven book, the author's actual experience noticeably limits his cast of characters, but the soldiers' talk in the lonely warren of their exile rings wonderfully true; there is little action except as violence, yet that is excellently described; the places do not come alive, but the stuffy air of the orderly room and the cold smog around the barracks which suffuse the book are authentically rendered.

It is a pity that *Pride of Innocence* does not quite come off, because Mr. Buckley has, I believe, set himself an important theme: to give symbolic form to the destruction of American innocence—both personal and political—abroad. You can lose your innocence and become sophisticated, or you can lose your innocence and become corrupt. Allen Dunne, after dreaming of "going to bed together," is given practically limitless opportunities for doing just that in postwar Germany. In his own eyes, he becomes corrupt, and the result is tragedy.

On the political level, the destruction of American innocence abroad after the last war took the form of the question: "Did we do the Germans wrong?" Like Dunne, we are idealists, and when, however unwillingly, we get involved abroad as a nation and perforce betray our ideals, we find it, in Mr. Buckley's words, "difficult to endure." But his novel does little to clarify this dilemma.

HANS HABE'S *Off Limits* is a horse of an entirely different color. The author, a journalist,

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This *I Believe*

By FEREIDOUN ESFANDIARY*

"It seems to me that the individual Asian fights for reasons much closer to himself than political causes. What he is asking on a national scale is essentially what he wants for his own individual needs. He is very like the juvenile delinquents in the United States, for though his rebellion is expressed politically it is in reality a social rebellion. The young Indian or Chinese, Iranian or Arab who wreaks havoc in the streets of Asia is basically directing his defiance and hostility against the restraints of cultural and religious traditions, the sickly mysticism, the sacred superstitions, the autocracy of well-meaning but unenlightened parents and teachers—all the forces that robbed him of dignity, self-confidence and freedom to grow; the forces that, earlier in his life, strangled his helpless, defenseless, unfinished self.

"And it is not historical accident that the countries of Asia are so backward today. How can people handicapped by deeply absorbed fears, suspicions, feelings of inferiority and vindictiveness rise and act in a sober and constructive quest of their rights as human beings? How can they improve when they have not the will to improve—when their initiative, their hopes, their faith were early arrested, and they therefore cling to the perverted but convenient superstition that their fate, or Kismet, as predestined by God, is to suffer, and that they should do nothing to go against His will?

"For it cannot be said that our continents are poor. An inestimable wealth lies beneath our soil; there is more than enough to sustain our peoples. All we need do is to dig and plow.

"But the Asian does not dig and plow; instead he sits in the corner of his dingy hut, underfed, underclothed, his mind handicapped by the sicknesses of centuries, weaving elaborate tapestries of fatalistic self-consolation.

"Nor can it be said that we are not politically free to progress. Many of our countries have long been free. Still more have gained political freedom in recent years.

"But freedom is not just a political privilege. A man who has no will to self-betterment, whose inner freedom has been robbed by fears and negative feelings, cannot use freedom constructively. To tell him he has political freedom means nothing. It is like telling a blind man that he is free to see. The freedom is meaningless without the capacity to see. Political rights and democratic equality are a travesty when people lack the self-esteem with which to feel equal. To be suddenly told that one has been given equal rights does not help one regain the self-confidence and dignity of which one was robbed early in life."

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**Is It the Mysterious—or Neurotic—East?*
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novelist, and autobiographer, who was born in Hungary but who became by choice a German writer, has also lived in America. His novel aims, disingenuously, at striking a balance between the German and American sides during the postwar years. But there is an insidious undercurrent of anti-Americanism in *Off Limits*. Mr. Habe conveys the impression that the stupidity, corruption, and expediency of some Americans somehow cancel out the guilt of the mass of Germans for such monstrosities as the extermination of the Jews. When, for example, he describes the decision of U. S. Counter-Intelligence to join forces with a highly incriminated Nazi general who is to direct espionage against the Russians, the implication is clear: the Germans are being punished for having nurtured the Nazis—with whom their re-educators associate freely in the name of higher expediency. With this incident, modeled on our dealings with General Reinhard Gehlen, Mr. Habe has indeed exposed the moral Achilles heel of our postwar relations with Germany. But what sort of morality is it that suggests American opportunism weighs as much on the scales as the Nazi crimes?

Its foreign locale notwithstanding, *Off Limits* reads like any competent American journalistic novel, and like most such novels it is slick and faceless, that is, it has no recognizable personal style. The book, about German and American intrigue in postwar Munich, has everything: the black market, de-Nazification, Germans—innocent and guilty—in American detention camps, glimpses of the big war criminals, a fictionalized Ilse Koch, etc., etc. Yet there is no feeling in it, at best sentimentality. One of the reasons, of course, is that the reportage style succeeds only when it deals with actual people. A novel, to be believable, has to have more. A comparatively artless book like *Pride of Innocence* rings truer and touches you more directly.

THESE two books once again raise the question of why no really outstanding novel has been written about the Germany of the past quarter of a century. To be sure, the climate of dictatorship, revolution, and war is an unpromising one for good art. But the Latin countries have managed to overcome these obstacles. Cela's *The Hive,* to mention only one book, is a minor work of art because it makes the life of *individuals* under the Franco dictatorship credible. Germany has produced no such book.

The deeper reason here seems to be that the immeasurable guilt weighing at least on the thinking members of a whole people prevents them from coming to grips with the essential truth of their time in terms of individual experience. For all we have been offered so far are, in effect, evasions: documentaries like Plievier's *Stalingrad,* vicious apologias like Salomon's *Fragebogen* (Questionnaire), or the parables of Elisabeth Langgaesser.

Even an outsider like Buckley can only cope with the enormity of German crimes by postulating them as potentially universal: "But he also wondered . . . just how guilty they really were, and, if they were guilty, what was the nature of their guilt, and we both tried to picture to ourselves the reaction of our own countrymen, had they been confronted with a similar situation in the years before the war. And we were afraid . . . that their reaction would not really have been different."

And a writer like Habe, who has seen both sides, as an officer in the American occupation army and as a civilian in Germany, strikes a spurious balance between Nazi crimes and American postwar brutality and expediency. Both their novels are evasions too, Buckley's a very understandable one, Habe's a piece of meretriciousness.

Fulfilling a Mitzvah

VISAS TO FREEDOM: THE HISTORY OF HIAS. By MARK WISCHNITZER. World. 286 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

IN HIS message to Congress vetoing the McCarran-Walter bill—which was then passed over the veto to become the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952—Harry Truman affirmed that in recent years American immigration policy had become a matter of major national concern. "What we do in the field of immigration and naturalization is vital to the continued growth and internal development of the United States—to the economic and social strength of our country. . . . Our immigration policy is equally, if not more, important to the conduct of our foreign relations and to our responsibilities of moral leadership

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in the struggle for world peace." President Truman told Congress that the McCarran-Walter measure would perpetuate injustices against many nations of the world by confirming the discriminatory national-origins quota system that had been put into effect in 1929, and that under the terms of the new bill immigration would not keep up with the manpower needs of our economy.

These charges, supported by over six hundred persons and organizations that presented evidence before President Truman's Commission on Immigration and Naturalization, were summed up in the Commission's report, *Whom We Shall Welcome*. This report was released by Truman as he turned over his office to Dwight Eisenhower.

Although our immigration policy affected many nations and peoples in all parts of the world as well as Americans themselves, it was Jewish scholars, Jewish leaders, and Jewish organizations who provided much of the factual data and reasoning that disclosed its stupidity and injustice. Of particular importance were the contributions of Senator Herbert H. Lehman, the late Felix S. Cohen (especially through the memorandum he prepared for the American Jewish Committee, *Americanizing Our Immigration Laws*), and Harry N. Rosenfield, a member of the Displaced Persons Commission and Executive Director of the President's Commission on Immigration and Naturalization.

President Eisenhower, touching on immigration policy in his first State of the Union Message, told Congress and the nation that "Existing legislation contains injustices. It does, in fact, discriminate." Early this year he called upon Congress to enact a liberalized immigration law, and subsequently a bill was introduced under whose terms the annual usable quota of about 90,000 would be increased to about 300,000 by abolishing mortgaged quotas, pooling unused quotas, and shifting the emphasis from British, Irish, and German immigration to immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe.

While every American who wants a fair immigration policy adopted should support the pending legislation, it should also be kept in mind that the administration bill, if and when enacted, will accomplish little for the Jews of Europe and Asia. The remedy will come too late for those millions of Jews whose failure to find refuge cost them their lives.

ONE cannot help but read *Visas to Freedom: the History of HIAS* with this tragic fact in mind. The book is the sober story of the rescue work accomplished over the past seven decades by the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigration Aid Society, now officially the United HIAS Service, but always and universally known as HIAS. It was written by Professor Mark Wischnitzer, who died in 1955 at the age of seventy-three.

The jacket calls the story of HIAS "dramatic," but the drama is in the material and not in the telling—the book itself is altogether factual and statistical. This is as it should be. The reader himself will bring to the book his own sense of drama. All that is needed are the raw facts, and these Dr. Wischnitzer provides, with skill and a nice sense of proportion.

I recall that only twenty or twenty-five years ago almost every American city with a Jewish community had a *hachnoses orchim*, a house of shelter for the wayfaring Jew, a diminutive HIAS to serve as a *nachtlager*. For the Jew had learned from the Torah that he must love and take care of the stranger, and from the Mishnah that hospitality to wayfarers is one of the *mitzvot* (commandments) the fruits of which he enjoys in this world, even while the stock remains for him for the world to come. Since the *mitzvah* of hospitality toward the stranger offered the Jew enjoyment of both worlds, no deed was performed with more alacrity and personal concern.

HIAS symbolized this basic commandment for the American Jewish community. As the boats with their human cargo reached our shores, HIAS representatives—really representing Jewish immigrants who themselves had come to this country only a relatively short time before—met them and guided the newcomers past the government inspectors, provided them with shelter and food, and helped them find relatives and jobs. Who can measure the help to human beings that was involved in acts summarized in skeleton form by a statement such as the following? "HIAS representatives met 703 boats bearing Jewish immigrants in 1937, and 955 boats in 1938; 21,768 nights of lodging and 189,208 meals were offered in the Shelter in 1937; and 27,305 nights of lodging and 210,208 meals in 1938; 19,337 affidavits [to help bring in relatives] were drawn up in 1937, and 37,666 in 1938."

It is related that a man came and com-

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plained to Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Rymanov that he could not fulfill the commandment of hospitality because his wife did not like to have strangers in the house, and that whenever he brought one she quarreled with him. What, asked the poor man, could he do to fulfill the commandment? The rabbi quoted to him the saying of the Jewish sages that welcoming strangers is a greater virtue than welcoming the *Sh'chinah* (Divine Presence). The *Sh'chinah* rests in a home where there is peace. But welcoming a stranger is a greater virtue even than welcoming the *Sh'chinah*. "Even if hospitality destroys the peace of the home," concluded Rabbi Menachem Mendel, "the commandment to be hospitable is still the greater one."

The work of HIAS still is, and will continue to be, important, and even indispensable, fulfilling the commandment of hospitality; but there will never again be a time when Jewish immigration to this country will reach high figures. *Visas to Freedom* belongs to the past in more ways than one as a history of a humanitarian endeavor and of a traditional *mitzvah* fulfilled in a typically Jewish way—through community organization and responsibility that combined efficiency and planning without sacrificing personal concern and commitment.

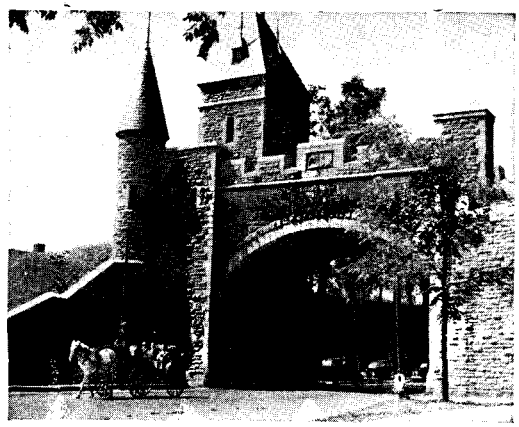
Holmes of New England

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: THE SHAPING YEARS 1841-1870. By MARK DEWOLFE HOWE. Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. 330 pp. $5.00.

Reviewed by DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

BY 1870, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., had been graduated from Harvard College, wounded in battle in the Civil War, attended Harvard Law School, enjoyed a grand tour of Europe, and begun his apprenticeship in the respectable Boston law firm of Chandler, Shattuck and Thayer. This was only the beginning of a career and one sharply cut in the pattern of the better Boston families. Professor Howe, whose many qualifications for this work include a thorough at-homeness in the scene of Holmes's youth, describes that scene with a vivid economy of detail hard to match in any other recent American biography.

For most readers who know only Justice



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Holmes the national figure, and who think of him as a formulator of the profound issues of American federalism, this portrait of the young Holmes will be especially valuable. The confinement of Holmes's youth to New England, his almost exclusive preoccupation with local, sometimes even provincial, concerns, reminds us of a historic feature of our national leadership. Scarcely any of our political and cultural leaders have been men raised with their eyes on the nation as a whole. Their orientation has rather been that of some particular region, and they become national figures precisely because they express the pungent peculiarity of the locale in which they grew up: Emerson, New England; Mark Twain, the West; Faulkner, the South. American life offers few examples, whether in politics or in letters, of a man who leaps directly onto the national stage. We can find no greater contrast to this than in the English ruling class of the 19th century, which was educated at Harrow or Eton, Oxford or Cambridge, where local idiosyncrasies were supposedly submerged in the habits of a national aristocracy. The only political arena in which they wanted to play a part was the national one: in Parliament they represented districts where they had never lived. Jefferson, on the other hand, could become a great American only because he was a great Virginian first; his youth was as rooted in provincial Virginia as Holmes's was in New England. And of course Holmes did not become a great Federal judge until after he had served Massachusetts for many years. This difference between two kinds of national leadership—and avenues to leadership—tells us much about our cultural as well as our political federalism.

Holmes's early years were dominated by a few families and a few local institutions like Harvard College and the Boston bar. Even where his life touched the larger movements of American history, he saw them from a distinctively Bostonian point of view. His Civil War adventure cast a long shadow across his life (the dramatic intensity of which Professor Howe captures for us), but it remained the experience of a member of the 20th Massachusetts, colored by the camaraderie of officers from the leading Massachusetts families. Even Europe was a good deal less exhilarating for Holmes than it might have been for another young man; it, too, was bounded for him by

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New England, by close association with Charles Francis Adams, Henry Adams, and their friends in London, and by introductions from Holmes's father and his father's friends. Holmes willy-nilly carried New England with him, and he sifted the world through his own peculiar past.

At the end of this volume Holmes has still not begun to express any profound or subtle ideas. But he has seen some action; and the strength, turbulence, conflict, and restraint of his feelings—toward his father, toward classmates lost in war, toward women—are of great interest. Even the general reader, with no special concern with the law, will be rewarded by the opportunity to immerse himself wholly in the regional life of mid-19th century New England. This biography, whose careful crispness of language makes it one of the most attractive of recent years, will humanize the lawyer's view of a great judge; it should help law professors discover the relative unimportance of curriculum in legal education. Like the writings of Justice Holmes themselves, Professor Howe's book has something to teach doctrinaires of all kinds. No one would have been more pleased than Holmes to learn that his biographer had the talent and the insight to uncover his strong local roots.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Gordon A. Craig, professor of history at Princeton, is the author of *Makers of Modern Strategy* and *The Politics of the Prussian Army, 1640-1945*.

Ray Alan's "Jordan: Rise and Fall of a Squirearchy" appeared in our March issue.

Lionel Abel is a playwright and critic who lives in New York City.

Aleph V. Sherman has been a correspondent for the London *Observer* and a contributor to the Jerusalem *Post*.

Peter Jacobsohn is on the staff of the *New Leader*.

Milton R. Konvitz is professor of industrial and labor relations and professor of law at Cornell.

Daniel J. Boorstin teaches American history at the University of Chicago, and is the author of *The Genius of American Politics*.

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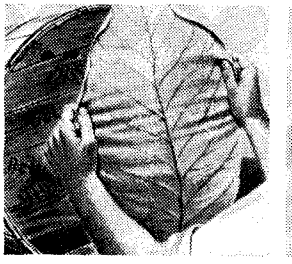

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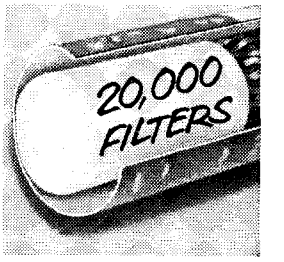

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